

THE DONEGAL
HIGHLANDS

ILLUSTRATED

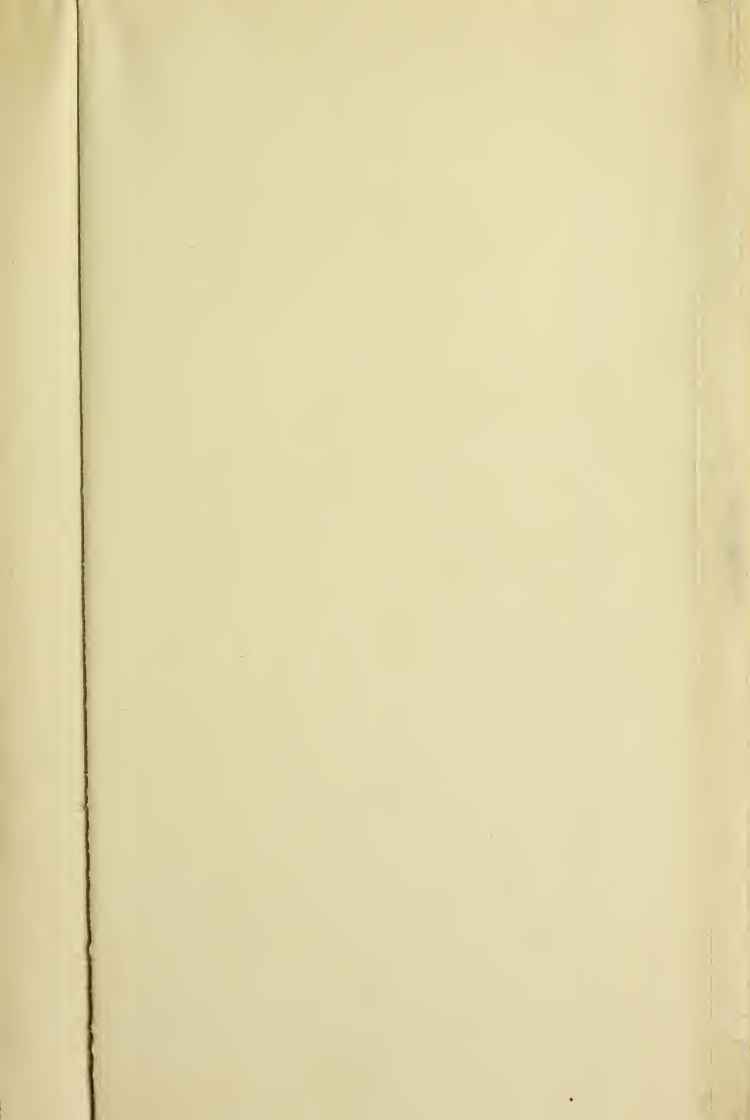
**THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY**

From the collection of
James Collins,
Drumcondra, Ireland.
Purchased, 1918.

914.163

Il6

BOOKSTACKS



MAP OF
CO DONEGAL.

RAILWAYS SHOWN THUS 
PUBLIC ROADS 



K34-6

THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION
OF
THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

RECAST AND ENLARGED.

“How divine,
The liberty for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps ; regions consecrate
To oldest time.”

WORDSWORTH'S "EXCURSION."



DUBLIN :
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER
(A. T. & C., L.),
94, 95 & 96 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

1894.

DUBLIN :
PRINTED BY SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER
(A. T. & C. L.),
94, 95 & 96 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

Microfilm Negative # 96-0596
Humanities Preservation



PREFACE.



AY by day increasing intercourse with our neighbours, and the growth of correct information, are making Ireland better known. Hence it comes that between powerful England, with her piles of money, and the "Sister Isle," where most of the people are poor is taking place a diffusion of kindly feeling which will of necessity lead to beneficial results, especially for the latter.

Happily the old caricature depicting Erin as a land where nothing is to be seen but fighting, drinking, and superstition, has been taken down from its high place, and it is no small satisfaction that our island is now being regarded as one of the most desirable places in the world to spend a holiday with pleasure and profit. There is no Irish county to which this inviting description is more applicable than the one here submitted to the notice of the public. Wicklow, no doubt, and the Killarney Lakes furnish softer and more sylvan beauty, but in what is grandest, as well as most exciting in landscape, above all in early remains, and memories of the past, Donegal is unsurpassed, while its coast offers some of the finest cliff scenery in the world.

A glance at the map attached to these Excursions

will enable the traveller to understand their arrangement, and at any moment to define his position. One main route is traced, touching at the most attractive centres, and from these there are trips to all the other places of interest. By this plan the visitor can contemplate on the spot all that is most venerable, all that is most stirring, in the history of Tyrconnell, and, indeed, of Ireland, while he will be able to interpret more accurately the traditions and legends of the Donegal Highlands, for their poetic, if not their historic interest. Then, as he wanders on, over or under the cloud-capped mountain, into the lonely glen, by the margin of the shining lake, Nature on her throne salutes him at every turn, while he drinks deep draughts of the bracing air, is made pensive with the ocean's roar, or cheered by the laugh of the tumbling river.

Though most of the ground covered may be admirably suited to the pedestrian, strapped, Bohemian-like, to his knapsack, still "the outside car," on the whole, is not only the readiest means of progress, but decidedly the best for seeing the country, and, perhaps, for comfort also, in the absence of rain falling or threatening. Railway locomotion is a luxury of modern civilization that has not so far invaded the virgin solitudes of Donegal. The heart of its Highlands, is, however, pierced by two excellent narrow-gauge lines running from the Finn Valley Terminus at Stranorlar—one through the frowning gap of Barnesmore to Donegal, and the second in course of construction by the winding Finn over the purple heather into Glenties.

There are at present many good hotels in Donegal, and, if in some places the supply is not all that could be desired, the visitor will be sure to find the people civil, intelligent and kind. In the meantime let us hope devoutly that the want of proper accommodation in every promising resort, within its bounds, will soon be met by building and fitting up substantial structures, without any attempt at display, but exclusively for comfort. Nothing more can be reasonably expected, and nothing less will succeed in making a sojourn in the Donegal Highlands popular. To divert the golden stream of jaded brain-workers and strained bread-winners in Great Britain from tedious, expensive tours abroad, while within a few days' journey of home, they leave unvisited scenery incomparably finer than much of what they go so far to see, is a truly patriotic work. There is really nothing formidable in the undertaking, so that with a little more of the generous enterprise, as well as organising capacity, exhibited by the gentlemen of the Irish Tourist Development Scheme, its triumph may be looked upon as assured.

Donegal, they say, is richer in mineral wealth than any other part of Ireland. Besides its marbles, it possesses rare and useful clays, such as pipeclay, also iron ochre, iron, and copper pyrites, lead ore, and granite in great abundance. Yet, though so encouraging a field for mining speculation, it has not been fortunate enough in bringing the capitalist to its borders. Mines have been opened, here and there, but in every case abandoned, chiefly, it would appear, from want of funds.

The proportion of unreclaimed waste to the arable land of the County, though so much as seven to three, shows a considerable change for the better during forty years of the near past. The number of acres of arable and pasture land to each person in Donegal in 1841 was only 1·3 as compared with 2·9 in 1881. So, too, within the same period there has been a wonderful improvement in the great social blessing of primary education, for the figure 61·7 of the persons over five years old, who could neither read nor write in 1841, was reduced to 39·8 in 1881 ; while in 1866, or thereabouts, there were between eighteen and twenty thousand children in the National schools, which are vigorously pushed by the Catholic clergy, especially in the remote districts. In 1841, the population numbered 296,448, but in 1851 it fell to 255,161 ; in 1861, to 237,395 ; and in 1891 to 185,635.

That there is in these pages too much of local history for the general tourist, is perhaps true, but the book is not intended for fugitive or travelling readers only. It was right, therefore, in fact necessary, to introduce a good deal of what may have little or no interest for outsiders, but they too cherish a love for the memories of native home, and will be glad to know something of those proud ones that cling to the Donegal Highlands, which, to say the least, possess as many charms for the tourist as any part of the United Kingdom.

DUBLIN, *June, 1893.*



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
BELLEEK TO BALLYSHANNON	7
Ballyshannon	16
The Abbey Asharoe	17
The Ford Athseanni	19
The O'Donnell Castle	19
Helen O'Donnell	20
Kilbarron Castle	23
I.—EXCURSION TO BUNDORAN AND LOUGH MELVIN	25
Bundoran	25
Kinlough	26
Garrison	28
II.—EXCURSION TO LOUGH DERG	29
The Martyrology of Donegal	31
PETTIGO TO DONEGAL	32
Drumholme	37
Donegal	39
Donegal Abbey	40
Red Hugh, the Bayard of Tyrconnell	47
Battle of the Curlew Mountains	53
The Traitor, Nial Garv	56
The Four Masters	61
The O'Donnell Castle at Donegal	64
The Battle of Kinsale, 1601	65
The Bayard of Tyrconnell dies in Spain	68
III.—EXCURSION TO THE GAP OF BARNESMORE, BALLYBOFEY, STRANORLAR, AND BUTT'S GRAVE	72
FROM BALLYBOFEY TO GLENTIES	74

	PAGE
Dumboe Castle	74
Glen of Glenties	75
Reelan Bridge	75
DONEGAL TO KILLYBEGS	78
Banagh and Boyleagh	78
Inver	80
MacSwine	84
Killybegs	86
KILLYBEGS TO KILCAR AND CARRICK	91
Fintra	91
Muckross	93
Kilcar	93
Carrick	96
IV.—EXCURSION TO SLIEVE LEAGUE	97
Carrigan Head	97
The Awark Mor	98
The One Man's Path	99
View from the top of Slieve League... ..	102
A Tale of Slieve League	105
Story of the Spaniard	110
V.—EXCURSION FROM CARRICK TO GLENCOLUMBKILLE, OR SEAN GLEAN	120
VI.—EXCURSION FROM GLENCOLUMBKILLE, ROUND GLEN HEAD AND SLIEVEATOOEY TO GLENTIES	126
The Sturrell	127
The Sawpit	127
Tormore	128
A Hiding-place of the Pretender	131
Sailing under the Cliffs of Slieveatooley	132
View from Summit of Glenlough	135
The Caves of Maghery	137
The Pass of Glengesh	137
Ardara	138
Glenties	138
VII.—EXCURSION TO INISKEEL, PORTNOO, AND KILCLOONEY	141
Iniskeel	141

	PAGE
Kilclooney	144
VIII.—EXCURSION TO THE ROSSES	147
The Problem of Congested Districts...	147
Dungloe	150
Crohy Head	151
Burton Port and the Islands	152
GLENTIES TO GWEEDORE	155
Lough Finn and its Legend	156
Finntown	158
Ducarry	158
Lough Barra	159
Glenveagh	160
A Lineal Descendant of the McSwine Chief	161
Glenleck	166
Dunlewey Valley	167
The Poisoned Glen	167
Gweedore Hotel	168
Bunbeg	168
IX.—EXCURSION TO ERRIGAL, DERRYBEG, &c.	170
GWEEDORE TO DUNFANAGHY	173
Bloody Foreland	173
Falcarragh or Crossroads	174
EXCURSION TO TORRY ISLAND	174
St. Columba's Colony in Torry	177
The Nun's Grave in Torry	178
FROM FALCARRAGH TO MUCKISH	179
St. Columba's Huge Cross	180
Horn Head	181
Dunfanaghy	181
MacSwine's Gun	185
DUNFANAGHY TO LETTERKENNY	186
The Master of Ards	187
Doc Castle	189
Owen Roe O'Neil Lands at Doe Castle, in 1642	192
The Battle of Benburb	197
Kilmacrenan	200

	PAGE
Inauguration of the O'Donnell	201
The Rock of Doon	202
Doon Well	202
The Rising of Sir Cahir O'Doherty	204
Sir Cahir shot at Rock of Doon	210
Sir Arthur Chichester	212
Lough Salt	217
Letterkenny	221
X.—EXCURSION TO GARTAN	222
Scariff-Hollis	225
Bishop Heber MacMahon	225
Birth-place of St. Columba	228
St. Columba	230
Cathac of St. Columba	234
The Derryveagh Evictions	234
XI.—EXCURSION TO RAPHOE	243
Raphoe	243
St. Eunan	243
Convoy	245
Castlefin	246
Lifford	248
Famous School of Clonleigh	248
LETTERKENNY TO ROSAPENNA	252
Ruined Abbey of Killydonnell	252
Ramelton	254
Milford	254
The Mulroy	255
The Murder of Lord Leitrim	255
Carrigart	258
The Buried Mansion of Lord Boyne	259
Rosapenna Hotel	261
FROM ROSAPENNA TO RATHMULLEN	261
Fanad of the Galloglasses	262
Portsalon or Croughross	263

	PAGE
The Lake of Shadows	264
Rathmullen	264
Flight of the Earls	264
Death of the Earl of Tyrconnell	270
Romantic History of Mary O'Donnell	272
The Great O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone	278
FROM RATHMULLEN TO BUNCRANA	281
The Abbey of Fahan	281
Grianan of Aileach	284
Legend of Aileach	286
Rye or Ryemochy's ancient Cloister... ..	287
Inishowen	288
Buncrana	289
XII.—EXCURSION TO DUNREE, GAP OF MAMORE AND CLONMANY	290
BUNCRANA TO MOVILLE	292
Carndonagh	292
Malin	295
Culdaff	296
Moville	296
FROM MOVILLE TO INISHOWEN HEAD	297
FROM MOVILLE TO STRABANE	297
Fort of Culmore	298
Derry	299
Strabane	301



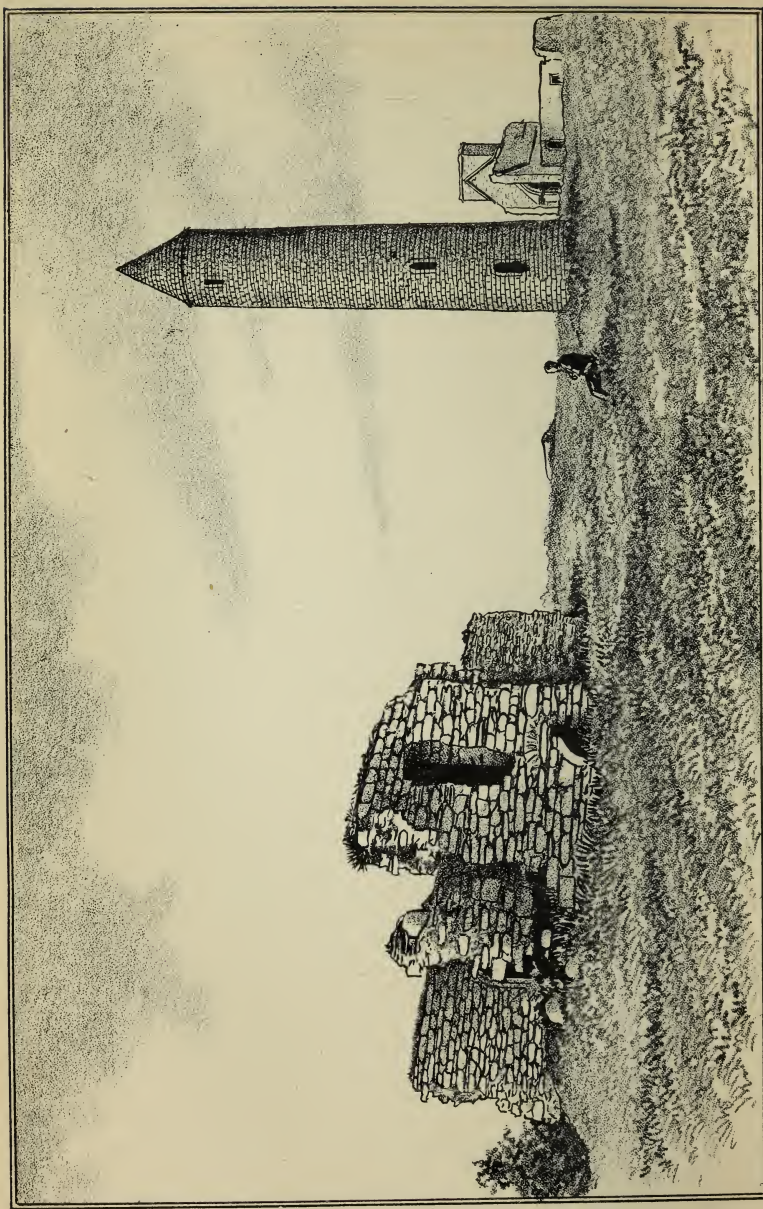
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

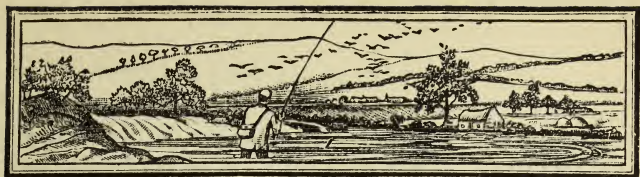


FACING PAGE

MAP OF CO. DONEGAL	<i>Title</i>
RUINS ON DEVENISH ISLAND, LOUGH ERNE	7
ST. PATRICK IN THE ACT OF BLESSING THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL	9
BALLYSHANNON FALLS, CO. DONEGAL	16
LOUGH MELVIN, CO. DONEGAL	26
LOUGH DERG, Do.	34
FRANCISCAN ABBEY RUINS AT DONEGAL	40
FIGURE OF ST. COLUMBA	44
McSWYNE'S CASTLE, RATHMULLEN, CO. DONEGAL	48
DONEGAL CASTLE, DONEGAL	64
BARNESMORE GAP, CO. DONEGAL	72
ONE MAN'S PASS, SLIEVE LEAGUE, CO. DONEGAL	100
MALIN BAY, CO. DONEGAL	104
GLENCOLUMBKILLE, CO. DONEGAL	120
GLENGESH, CO. DONEGAL	138
PORTNOO, THE GLENTIES, CO. DONEGAL	141
THE ROSSES, CO. DONEGAL	146
DUCARRY BRIDGE, CO. DONEGAL	158
GLENVEAGH CASTLE, CO. DONEGAL	160
GWEEDORE, DUNLEWEY, CO. DONEGAL	170
TORRY ISLAND, CO. DONEGAL	178
DOE CASTLE, Do.	190
PORTRAIT OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL	194
ABBNEY OF KILMACRENAN, CO. DONEGAL	200
DOON WELL, CO. DONEGAL	202
ST. EUNAN'S CATHEDRAL, LETTERKENNY, CO. DONEGAL	221
HOME OF ST. COLUMBA, CO. DONEGAL	228
IONA AND ST. MARTIN'S CROSS, CO. DONEGAL	230
GARTAN LAKE, CO. DONEGAL	234
KILLYDONNEL ABBEY, CO. DONEGAL	252
MULROY BAY, CO. DONEGAL	256
CARMELITE RUINS, RATHMULLEN, CO. DONEGAL	264
GRIANAN OF AILEACH, CO. DONEGAL	284
LOUGH SWILLY, CO. DONEGAL	288
GAP OF MAMORE, CO. DONEGAL	290
MINTIAGH'S LAKE, CO. DONEGAL	292

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS





BELLEEK TO BALLYSHANNON.



N the Season, Tourist Tickets are issued by Great Northern Railway Co., so that it would be well to ascertain their arrangement at the Amiens Street Station before leaving Dublin for Enniskillen ($4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Hotels: *Imperial* and *Royal*. Pop. about 6,000).

After a sail from Enniskillen down Lough Erne, that beautiful Irish Windermere, and passing Devenish Island, furnished with the greenest of carpets, the most wonderful of ecclesiastical relics, and the finest example of Round Towers, the traveller lands at Belleek (*Johnston's Hotel*), a small village of pottery or porcelain notoriety, reposing very picturesquely on the western end of the lake. The first colony in Ireland was planted by Partholan, the Scythian, about fifteen centuries before Christ. A favourite dog (Saimer), belonging to his queen, was killed on a little island near the Fall at Ballyshannon. Hence Inissaimer, and river Saimer, now the Erne, which, from this point, pursues a broad and rapid course westward to the sea. A ford here in past times formed one of the oftenest contested points in the history of the Irish wars. Towards the end of the fourth century of the Christian era (379) reigned Niall of the Nine Hostages, among the most

celebrated of the Pagan Kings of Ireland, and founder of the Hy-Niall, a Royal Line for many an age in the land. His eight sons divided their number equally between the North and South of Ireland, and Grianan of Aileach, on the hill of the same name, overlooking the Swilly, was long the chief residence of the Princes of the Northern branch of the stock of Niall, who for many centuries shared the monarchy of Erin, alternately with the collateral branch, the Southern Hy-Niall. From Conall one of the four, who settled in Ulster, came the race of Kinel-Conall and the territory of Tyrconnell, while Eoghan (Owen), his brother, was the father of Kinel-Owen, and Chieftain of Tyrone. That Connall was a man far above the common sort we may gather from the traditions in which his strength and daring have been handed down with all the exaggeration of an Ossianic tale. Having been fostered at Ben-Gulban, the modern Benbulbin of County Sligo, he is known as Conall-Gulban.

In A.D. 432 St. Patrick came to Ireland with the message of Salvation, but instead of its being dutifully accepted by Carbery, another brother of Conall-Gulban and one of the Royal founders of the Northern Hy-Niall, “he desired to slay Patrick, and scourged his household into the river Seile. Whereupon Patrick used to call him ‘God’s foe,’ and he said to him thy seed shall serve thy brother’s descendants, and of thy seed there shall never be a King.” Again, when the Apostle in the progress of his mission through Ulster, arrived on the Southern bank of the Erne, which marked the limit of Carbery’s dominion, he characterised the

**St. Patrick's
Visit to
Tyrconnell,**

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



ST. PATRICK IN THE ACT OF BLESSING THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL.

conduct of that wicked and impenitent Prince :—"The river (Erne) that God hath given thee, O ! Cairbre, saith Patrick, thy share therein shall not be fruitful in regard of fishing. Howbeit the share of Conall will be fruitful." Then pointing to the opposite side he promised that St. Columba would render it more pleasing to God than it was made now by his own prayers. These particulars are taken from the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, edited by Mr. Whitley Stokes, and Colgan's interesting narrative gives them still more fully. Here we are also told that St. Patrick having crossed the Erne near the fall of Asharoe ascended the graceful slopes (*amœnum illum collem*) of Mullagh-nashee, and passing through its golden gates he found himself in the fairy palace (*sidh* or *shee*) where Conall-Gulban was sitting in council with his State Officers. The King prostrating himself before the Apostle, begged his blessing, which was about to be imparted, when Fergus, son of Conall, knelt by his father's side, and asked to be included. St. Patrick immediately complied, and resting his right hand on the head of the young Prince, he bent over it in silent prayer for many minutes ; then, with significantly rapid movement, he turned his left hand on the King, and raised him up. Conall felt evidently disappointed, and the Saint noticing this said :—" ' I can see that you are mortified at the preference shown Fergus ; but do not be hurt, for a youth, that is Colomb-Cille, will be born of his (Fergus's) tribe ; (St. Columba was grandson of Fergus). He will be a sage, a prophet, a poet, a beloved light, pure, clear, who will utter no falsehood.' Now, after that Patrick left a blessing on the strongholds, on the estuaries, and on the churches of Conall."

The next stage of the Apostle's progress in Tyrconnell was through the gap to Donaghmore, where Eugene, a brother of Conall-Gulban, and well disposed towards the Christian faith, had his royal residence. The success of this mission is also detailed in the same Tripartite narrative after the following fashion:—"The man of God (St. Patrick), determined to visit another son of King Niall, whose name was Eugene, and to announce the faith of Christ unto him. He therefore began his journey through that gap, called Barnesmore Tire Aodha (great gap of Tyrhugh), and through the territory of Magh Itha, and came to the place in that country where he built the Church, called Donaghmore, over which he appointed one of his disciples, Dubdubaun, the son of Corcan." St. Patrick after resting on Magh-Ith in Cinel-Chonaille, went in his chariot the next day to the stream Daol (the river Burndale). The spindles of the chariot broke, were mended, and broke again; and then Patrick, addressing those with him, said, through the spirit of prophecy:—"Do not wonder, for the land from the stream northwards does not stand in need of a blessing, for that a son shall be born there, who shall be called the Dove of the Churches (Collum-Cille), who will bless the land to the North, and it is in honour of him that God has prohibited my blessing this land" (Martyrology of Donegal). Ath-an-Charpaid (ford of the chariot) is the name of that spot, and it is at the mouth of the river (fluminis ostium) near Lough Deil, some ten miles from Raphoe, on the top of Cark mountain. From this the Apostle proceeded to the Grianan of Aileach as the guest of King Eoghan, whom he baptized, and then evangelized the whole of what was subsequently known as Inishowen.

Conall-Gulban met his death in an encounter with a hostile tribe inhabiting a part of the present County Cavan. It is recorded that Owen died of grief at the loss of his brother, and was buried in the peninsula, which is named after him, Inishowen. The love between the patriarch brothers, Conall and Owen, was literally strong as death, but it did not descend through their posterity in unruffled stream.

**Origin of the
O'Neil and the
O'Donnell.**

In A.D. 811, we find Niall Caille of the Kinel-Owen, taking a lead against the Danes, on whom he inflicted a severe defeat at Derry, and fifty years later Hugh Finliath of the same race, defeated them at Lough Foyle, and elsewhere. The bards of the time celebrate in immortal verse this brave and chivalrous Hugh, and they sing with a still warmer inspiration the exploits of his gallant son, Niall Glundubh (of the black knee), who after many a valorous deed was killed in the prime of life. This Niall left a son worthy of himself, by name Muir Kertoch, the most formidable adversary the Danes yet encountered in Ireland. He attacked them in their strongholds far away in the Hebrides, and made his memorable "circuit of Erin" for the purpose of uniting all the Irish Princes against the Pagan Norsemen. Beginning with Dublin, the bold Muir Kertoch carried all before him as far as the Grianan of Ailech, near Derry. Here he handed over to Donagh, then (939) Monarch of Ireland, Sitric, brother of the Danish King; Lorcan, King of Leinster; Callaghan, King of Munster, and Conor, King of Connaught, whom he had taken prisoners.

In 941, Muir Kertoch, or "the Hector of the West," as he

was now styled, had a desperate fight with the Danes at Ardee, in the County Louth, where he was carried off the field mortally wounded. His son and successor adopted the O'Neil as his name, to perpetuate the memory of his chivalrous grandfather, Nial of the black-knee (Glundubh), and about the same time Caffar, the head of Tyrconnell, took the O'Donnell from his grandfather, Donnell, who flourished in 950. Such was the origin of the O'Donnell and the O'Neil, names afterwards so illustrious in the story of Ireland. This was the first instance of a hereditary surname in the country, but the practice soon after was made obligatory by Brian Boroimhe, who had his palace at Kincora (Ceann Coradh) on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, in the County Clare, where he lived in true regal splendour. In A.D. 965, he succeeded as King of Thomond or Munster when he made a law that every family should adopt a particular surname in order to preserve the genealogy and distinctive traditions of the different tribes. His own descendants began by taking O'Brien, and in future each family followed the example by adopting their title from a patriotic ancestor, generally some chief of the tribe, remarkable for valour, piety, wisdom, &c. They prefixed *Mac* (a son), others *O* (a grandson), and so the interesting fact has come down in unbroken succession. The O'Neil and the O'Donnell stood highest among the Irish chieftains. The best and most numerous bodies of disciplined troops belonged to them, and for 500 years, between the 12th and 17th centuries, they maintained their independence, not only against the Anglo-Irish Pale, but the great armies of England. The O'Neil resided at Dungannon, and his succession was proclaimed near hand at

Tullahogue, where the stone, used for the purpose, got broken and the fragments scattered about by orders of Lord Deputy Mountjoy in the reign of Elizabeth. The O'Donnell had his principal Castle at Donegal, but his inauguration took place on the rock of Doon, near Kilmacrenan, where the ceremony was invariably performed by the Coarb of Columbkille, that is the successor of St. Columba in the abbacy of Derry, Raphoe and Kilmacrenan. His name was O'Ferghil because he had his descent from Ferghil, great grandson of Eoghan, the brother of St. Columba. The history of their children is from the first checkered by alterations of close alliance and friendship one day, and fierce battle the next. At the same time though their records present specimens of the bad, sufficiently numerous and revolting, they are happily redeemed by as much of the good and noble as the reader of history will find in the career of any section of the children of men. By the side of their contemporaries the Lords of Tyrconnell appear to advantage. Most of her chieftains, in those days, who did not fall gloriously on the field of battle, "died," to use the impressive phraseology of the Annals, "in the religious habit, after the victory of penance."

It is from Belleek one is best able to operate on Lough Erne, which contains some of the finest trout in the world, running from two to twenty lbs. weight, and take the fly well. The fishing on it is practically free, and so it is in Lough Melvin, and all the other places of the kind in the neighbourhood, except in the river at Ballyshannon, where the Angler for salmon is charged £4 a week, and all the fish except two to be given up. In the four miles between Belleek and the sea there is an incline of 149 feet in the bed of the river, so that the stream in its course is broken

into a series of rapids, which the pedestrian would do well to explore. The car road to Ballyshannon (four and a half miles) runs nearly parallel with the river, which, however, is not always visible from it. At a short distance from Belleek is Cliff, formerly the residence of the late T. Conolly, Esq., M.P., who had extensive estates in Donegal. The ownership of such enormous territorial bounds as large, or perhaps larger, than a German principality of the olden time, was derived from one, who starting in the race of life from a very humble home in Donegal won his way to great wealth and high office.

During an election about the year 1650, one of the leading parties in the Irish House of Commons, in order to secure Ballyshannon, sent two of their best agents there to work the constituency. They put up in a small inn, kept by Mr. Patrick Conolly, who had a little son, William, very bright, and very intelligent. The boy, during the contest, was a good deal with the two Dublin gentlemen, who, finding him remarkably keen and deliberate, they came to take an interest in his future. Indeed, before leaving, they promised the father that if he consented to part with William they would not only pay for his education, but start him in life. Accordingly young Conolly made his way to Dublin very soon, and calling on his kind patrons, they first sent him for a few years to one of the best Grammar Schools in the city, and then put him in training for the solicitor's profession. After a most satisfactory apprenticeship he was duly admitted, and rose by leaps and bounds until he became the Right Hon. William Conolly, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. In all the stages of this astounding professional success, he, in addition to a lucrative practice, held some good Crown appointments,

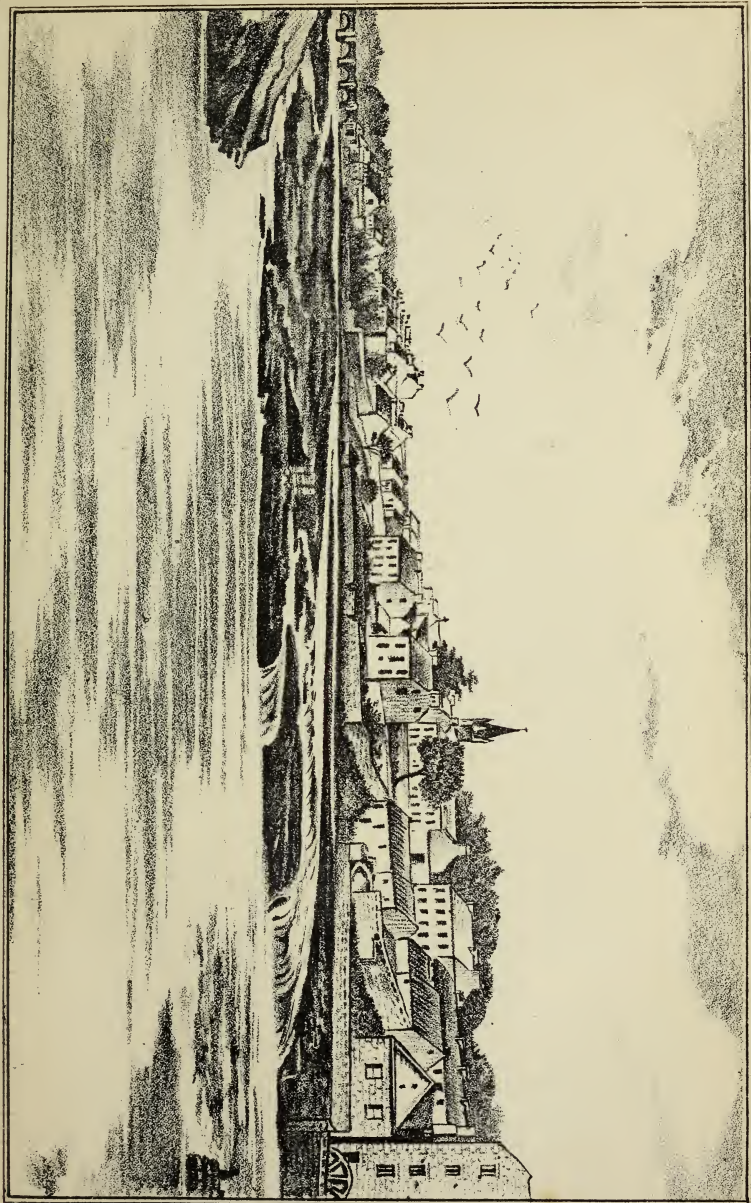
and, being of a saving turn, he was able to purchase no end of lands from the trustees of forfeited estates, as well as an extensive property near his native Ballyshannon. He died about 1729, and not long after in an interesting description of Lough Erne, at present in the British Museum, his career is thus noticed:—"The greatest honour of the town of Ballyshannon is its having given birth to the late Right Hon. William Conolly, who was zealously attached to the Protestant interest and liberties of the people. After having exposed himself to imminent dangers in evil times, his country at length raised him to the highest honours of the State, to be Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, in which eminent stations he acquitted himself with wisdom, integrity and zeal for many years, till his death. He left after him the amiable character of an affectionate father of his country, and a faithful minister to his Prince." Speaker Conolly having no children, the wide domain was left to his grand-nephew, Tom Conolly of Castletown. He also died childless, and his widow, Lady Louisa Conolly, after enjoying the property for life passed it to her nephew, Colonel Pakenham, who acknowledged the rich succession by assuming the Conolly name. From him all that remains of this vast inheritance has descended to the present Mr. Conolly of Celbridge.

About two miles farther to the right, in a field, are mouldering parts of an old Castle, and on the left is an ancient "dun," called Raheen Fort. Passing the grounds of Camlan Castle (— Tredennick, Esq.), and one or two other residences, the road gains an elevated point from

which there is a good view. The river courses in almost majestic stream, spanned by a bridge of sixteen arches, every one of which you have the satisfaction of seeing, while the town, rising abruptly from the water's edge, ascends a steep hill, surmounted by two churches, whose "silent fingers point to heaven." You now drop suddenly into the Purt, as the town lying on the south side of the river is called, and crossing the bridge you are in the heart of

Ballyshannon (Hotels—*The Imperial, The Erne*. Pop. 2,750.)—This place is a favourite halt for the lovers of Isaak Walton's peaceful sports, and rich in memories of the past. Within three minutes' walk of either of the Hotels are the FALLS, where the whole body of the Erne is projected over a cliff of from fourteen to sixteen feet high. The scene exhibits a noble crest-line of some 150 yards, down which the water is distributed equally, and with a deafening roar falls in a creamy sheet that contrasts finely with the black basin below. But, it is hardly less interesting as a cascade than a SALMON-LEAF, and should the visitor hit on a time when the troops of these fish, in full career, rising fourteen feet in a spring, go bounding up that raging flood-gate, he will be slow to come away from the spectacle.

This is ASHAROE, which owes its name to an incident, that heads one of the most interesting chapters in the romance of Irish history. Some three hundred years or more before the Christian era, three cousins, Deorba, Ee-Rua, and Kimbahe claimed separately the Kingship of Erinn. The Druids were called in and settled the dispute by binding the three claimants in the most solemn manner, to an arrangement that each would reign in succession for



BALLYSHANNON FALLS, CO. DONEGAL.

seven years at a time. Ee-Rua after holding the Sovereignty for three terms was drowned accidentally at the FALLS, named after him Eas (cataract), Ee (Hugh), Rua (Red), now contracted into Asharoe. His body was recovered, and buried on Mullagh-nashee where the Protestant church now stands. Ee (Hugh) left but one child, a daughter by name Macha Mongruadh, or Macha of the golden hair, who, when her father's turn to the seven years' reign came round, demanded his right, but Deorba and Kimbahe refused because of her sex. Whereupon, the strong-minded Macha proclaimed war, and made good her claims by force of arms. Deorba was slain, his five sons were banished, and the victorious queen completed her triumph by marrying the only surviving co-sovereign, Kimbahe, as well as by tracking the exiled sons of Deorba into their hiding-place among the rocks of the distant Burren. She spared their lives on condition of building her a Court, which they did some two miles west of Armagh, now the Navan Fort, upon foundations traced by herself on the spot with one of the sharp pendants from her jewelled necklace. Thus was begun the Royal Palace of Eomuin (Emania from Eo a brooch, and Muin, the neck), the residence of the renowned Red-branch Knights and Kings of Ulster for more than eight hundred years.

From the FALLS to the Abbey is a short walk, and the visitor by following up the river will be pleased with the view of the Erne estuary on a bright evening. THE ABBEY is the name given to the little that is left of the monastery of Asharoe, a house of the Cisterican Order of Monks, founded according to Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum*, in 1178 by Roderick O'Canannan, Prince of Tyrconnell. But Jongelinus (in his

Notitia ab. Ord. Cis.) says that high authorities set down its foundation at 1188, while the *Annals of Boyle* give 1184, and this last date has been adopted by the Four Masters, who mention the fact as follows :—"The monastery of Assaroe was granted to God and St. Bernard by Flaherty O'Muldory, Lord of Kinell-Connell for the good of his soul." The building has been so badly preserved that a single lineament of what it undoubtedly was in the days of its splendour can hardly be traced. One of the sidewalls, however, is still standing, and a part of the western gable, which, when joined to the enduring reverence of the people for the place, prove conclusively that it, and not Inis-Samer, is the original site, How cold and lonely the Abbey Asharoe now looks is pathetically described in the following lines :—

"Grey, grey is Abbey Asharoe by Ballyshannon town,
It has neither door nor window, the walls are broken down ;
The carven stones lie scattered in briar and nettle-bed ;
The only feet are those that come at the burial of the dead.

A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
Singing a song of ancient days in sorrow, not in pride,
The bore-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,
And heaven itself is now the roof of the Abbey Asharoe."

This is the picture as drawn by a native artist, and if the reader be not already acquainted with "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland" and other "occasional poems" by the same author, he is a loser, for there are few who sang in so sweet or so pure a strain as the late William Allingham. Elsewhere he writes :—

"And if the Lord allow me, I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.
Your mountains are so sweet when the days are long and sunny,
When the grass grows round the rocks and the whin-bloom smells
like honey ;
But the winter's coming fast, with its foggy, snowy weather,
And you'll find it bleak and chill in your hills among the heather."

The ford Athseanni, or ancient Ballyshannon, was always regarded as the key to Tyrconnell, and consequently the O'Donnell had his strongest keep here. As far back as 1010, Brian Boroimhe (Borù) forced the Northern Hy-Niall to acquiesce in his sway over the whole of Ireland. But the proud spirit of Ulster did not long submit to Dalcassian ascendancy, and accordingly Donal O'Loughlin, or MacLoughlin, a representative of the Kinel-Owen, marching from Aileach with his formidable battalions bore down on the palace of Kincora, which he took after a stubborn resistance, and the proud Boroimhe (Borù) had to sign his own deposition from the Supremacy, which cost him so much blood and treasure. This humiliation sank like iron into the soul of his son, Murtough O'Brien, and to wipe out the disgrace he appealed to the men of Thomond, who with contingents from other parts of the South, answered to his call. At the head of this tremendous array Murtough crossed the ford of Ballyshannon into Tyrconnell, wasting property all along the line and taking a true Dalcassian's revenge on the Grianan of Aileach, which was utterly wrecked, and its stones brought to Limerick, where they were used in enlarging the O'Brien Castle. This raid, however, did not extinguish the supreme authority of Donal O'Loughlin, who vigorously retained the monarchy of Erin till his death in 1121. The contest between the Northern and Southern Chieftains was never regularly fought out, though it lasted for half a century.

The O'Donnell Castle.—Ballyshannon was also the chief point in the contests of the English with the Northern Chieftains. In 1597, Sir Conyers Clifford with twenty-two regiments of foot, and two of horse appeared

suddenly on the south side of the ford. Having moved over, he established his head quarters in the monastery of Asharoe, and laid siege to the O'Donnell fortress, which, with its slender garrison of 80 men, was on the point of capitulating, when the warriors of Tyrconnell came to their relief. At once the tide of war rolled back and Clifford, though reinforced by a train of artillery sent round to him by sea from Galway, was so pressed by the O'Donnell's picked men that he had to retire. Before the break of day one morning, he effected a retreat a little above the FALLS, where many of his soldiers were caught in the strong current, and carried down the cataract. In the settlement between Rory O'Donnell and James I. of England in 1603, Ballyshannon with one thousand acres were reserved to the King, and from this time the O'Donnell Castle often changed masters until 1652, when it was captured and demolished by the Earl of Clanrickarde. Not a vestige of it is now to be seen save a piece of the old wall, incorporated with some back building, attached to the premises of Mr. Stephens.

Helen O'Donnell.—It seems that profuse hospitality was traditional in the family of Tyrconnell's Chieftain, and in none of his numerous residences was it dispensed more freely than at Ballyshannon, where the royal cellars were stocked with the best and rarest wines the Spanish vineyards could yield. The O'Donnell's coming there was always heralded by flying his ancient flag from the battlements, and the castle was then hardly ever without a party of distinguished visitors. The days were generally spent in hunting the red deer in the neighbouring forests, and the evenings devoted to feasting and music. On one of these occasions

all the Northern Lords were gathered to confer with their head on keeping the English out of Ulster. Shane O'Neil, Tyrone's proud master, was also present as a suitor for the hand of O'Donnell's fair daughter, Helen, whose praise got noised throughout the land. All the best in the blood of Ireland's chiefs made advances, but her choice had just fallen on Fermanagh's gallant leader, Reginald Maguire. He was a chivalrous youth of noble presence, who moved in the highest circles on the Continent, where he had been educated, and held an appointment in the Spanish Court. On his father's death he came home to rule Fermanagh under the suzerainty of the O'Donnell, and thus learned to know Helen who had now consented to become his wife. He was among the great ones who thronged the Castle of Ballyshannon on the occasion of this memorable reunion, and surpassed them all in princely bearing. The O'Neil, on arriving, communicated his intentions to the chieftain, who frankly but firmly told him that his daughter had been quite recently betrothed to the Maguire of Fermanagh, who seemed worthy of her in every way. The spirit of the O'Neil was troubled, and from time to time during the stay his jealousy knew no bounds. This was especially the case whenever he encountered on the terrace his more fortunate rival. He grew desperate, and on the spot registered a vow to make the young Princess his own at any cost. His plan was quickly framed, and to be carried out at the first favourable opportunity that offered. This happened on the day fixed for closing the present round of festivities, when her betrothed arranged with Helen that he would retire as soon as possible after the stirrup-cup, to join her outside for a long and affectionate parting.

Accordingly at a moment when the revelry was at its highest the Maguire withdrew from the banquet-hall, unobserved as he thought, and taking with him Helen's small harp as he passed through her apartments, he went out into the garden. "O ! Reginald," she exclaimed, " why have you been so long in coming—let us go walk by the water," and unlocking a secret door in the wall, she led him on to a gravelled path that followed the windings of the lough in the direction of Belleek. It was an evening in Midsummer, and the sun still hot and bright, shot its rays down upon the green landscape in thick bars of gold. The young people, bounded rather than walked, quite oblivious of the fact, and quite unconscious of their steps being dogged. They now reached a bend in the shore, fringed by a thick clump of timber, and finding the place lighted up with a glow from the West, they entered and sat down on a bank of soft turf. "What a bower of roses," remarked Reginald, as he glanced around, "and how delicious this balmy air !" Then unfastening the harp, and handing it to Helen, he asked her to sing. Having adjusted the scale to her compass, she replied—"Yes, Reginald, I will sing you a few stanzas," and awakening a swell of the softest notes she burst forth into one of those airs that touch the tenderest chords in the Irish heart.

When the last sounds died away, Reginald whispered :—"Helen, you have surpassed yourself ; but do you hear there is some tramping of feet behind us ?" She listened, and in her great terror clung to Reginald. O'Neil now stood before them, and pointing to the lady, he ordered his heavy troopers to seize and carry her off. Maguire, springing to his feet, with Helen in the grasp of his left arm, and holding his sword in

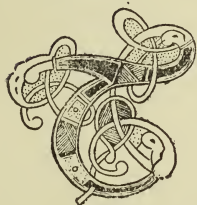
the right hand, he slashed furiously at his assailants. In an instant, however, a huge dagger was plunged into his heart, and he rolled at the feet of his beloved, who flung herself upon the body still warm with a life that was ebbing fast. The murderers tearing the prostrate figure from the bleeding breast of their victim, bore her away with fleet horses that were in waiting, and in due time she was safely lodged in a tower of Dungannon Castle. Her father at the head of his clansmen, marched rapidly into Tyrone, and cutting his way to Dungannon, the fortress of its false chieftain, thundered at the gates. The O'Neil, in the meantime, having in vain exhausted all the resources at command to make his offer of marriage acceptable to the captive Princess, easily surrendered to the father's summons, and gave her up to be brought back in triumph to what was lately a brilliant and happy home. But the world had no longer any joys for her, and now that the light of her life was so suddenly and so violently put out, she resolved to spend what remained of it in seclusion and prayer.

Kilbarron Castle—Some four miles from the FALLS, on a cliff overhanging the sea, stands Kilbarron Castle—"An ancient fortress of the O'Clerys, renowned in their day for skill in science, poetry and history" (Murray). Three of the Four Masters were members of this illustrious family, and the fate of one of these three, Peregrine or Cugory O'Clery, we learn from the Records of an Inquisition held at Lifford in May 1632, where after mentioning his name it is added—"that being a mere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or surname, his lands were forfeited to the King." It was thus the profound scholar, and the last of the Lords of Kilbarron was expelled from his ancient heritage, and

driven to live on the charity of his friends. He died in 1666 in County Mayo where he received an humble shelter, and left a will from which an extract is worth quoting:—"I bequeath the property most dear to me that ever I possessed in this world, namely, my books, to my two sons, Dermott and John. Let them copy from them without injuring them, whatever may be necessary for their purpose, and let them be equally seen and used by the children of my brother Carbry, as by themselves . . . and I request the children of Carbry to instruct their children." Not far from the Castle is all that has survived of the old Church of Kilbarron, which has given its name to the important parish where Ballyshannon is situated. Its foundation is attributed to St. Columbkille himself about 544, and the interesting circumstances which led him to erect it are given by his kinsman Manus O'Donnell in his well-known life of the Saint. A relative of St. Columba, by name St. Barrann, a descendant of Conall-Gulban, was appointed to the charge of this Church, and he is commemorated in the Martyrology of Donegal at the 21st of May. The student of Irish history will, no doubt, have food for melancholy reflection in wandering among these ruins; but he will also have something to cheer him in the contemplation of the glorious prospect spread out before his vision.



1.—EXCURSION TO BUNDORAN AND LOUGH MELVIN.



THE Railway Station at Ballyshannon is close to the bridge, and thence to Bundoran (4 m.) by train does not take many minutes. Should the luxury of an outside car be

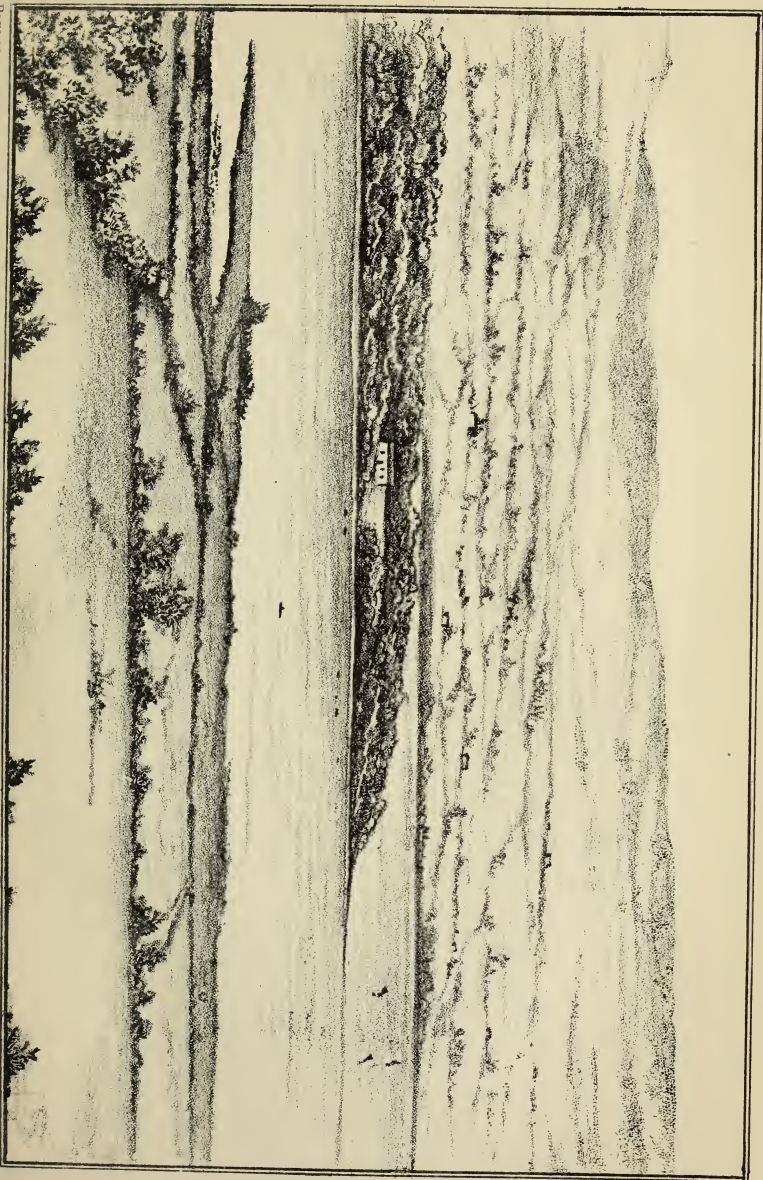
preferred, the visitor will soon find himself

emerging from the narrow street of the Purt, and pursuing his way over a road, which has nothing in its immediate neighbourhood to interest one, except the striking combination of sea and mountain in the distance. Down amidst a waste of sand-hills on the right is the crumbling old parish church of Innismacsaint, the site of which is supposed to have been an island before the drifting of the sand. Next comes

Bundoran (Hotels :—*Sweeny's*, *Hamilton's*, the *Coterie*), “the great North-West bathing place, to which the rank and fashion of Ireland have been of late resorting” (Murray). It has a commanding position on a bold coast, an extensive strand, breezes fresh from the Atlantic to recommend the place, good scenery to drive to, and an imposing panorama to look at. The view over Donegal bay with its promontories and intervening inlets backed

by a mountain barrier terminating in the steep cliffs of Slieve League, is truly grand. A marine cave, called the Fairy Bridge, deserves a visit. It is a narrow causeway over a natural arch, twenty-four feet in span, under which the wild waves rush in angry tumult, and farther down the coast, the Drowes or Duncarbery Castle, built by Isabel MacClancy in the reign of Elizabeth, exhibits its worn battlements. To the South-West rising abruptly from the sea, Benbulbin presents itself, and joined to it is Truskmore, stretching far inland with the clouds racing along its chain in rapid procession. Beyond the Drowes the visitor turns to the left from the Sligo road, into that which leads up to

Kinlough, a village with a charming position on the west shore of Lough Melvin, which winds away seven and a half miles in an eastern direction, with a slight deflection to the South. "There is good salmon until the middle of May after which grilse come in, also splendid trout-fishing, especially of the sort named gillaroo" (Murray). There are a few aristocratic residences, and a sprinkling of small islands, on one of which may be still seen the outlines of Rossclougher, a stronghold of renown in these parts, mentioned by the Four Masters, under 1421:—"Cathal O'Rourke and his sons made a nocturnal attack on MacClanchy, on Iniskeen, an island of Lough Melvin, and the guards of the lake delivered up the boats to them. They took young McClanchy prisoner, and possessed themselves of Lough Melvin and its castle." The lands of the McClanchys were confiscated after the rebellion of 1641, but their name is still in the district. Another of these little islands contains: "the ruins of the ancient chapel



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

of Rossinver, supposed to have been that of the nunnery of Doiremel, founded by St. Tigernach, for his mother, St. Mella " (Lewis).

That Lough Melvin and its surroundings are the region over which William Allingham has thrown the glamour of

**Scene of
"Laurence
Bloomfield in
Ireland."**

his genius may be easily read between the lines of "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland."

The subject of this vividly-drawn word-picture is the agrarian trouble, which to some extent still unhappily exists in this country. The scene is laid in a locality near which the poet evidently spent his early days. It is a large estate, teeming with a bold peasantry, and though inland, is not far from the coast, with mountain, moors and bogs, a wide, rich plain, a pretty lake, and a pleasant river. The heir to all this is "Laurence Bloomfield," who has just taken his degree at Cambridge and comes over at once to visit the property where both his parents long since died. He is warmly welcomed by all the great people about, who give large parties in his honour, and on these festive occasions the guests invariably make it a point to tell him their views about the country and its people. Young Bloomfield without accepting all that he has heard, departs for Egypt, and, after travelling abroad for some years, returns and marries a lady, clever like himself, and possessing the same large sympathetic heart. With her in due course he comes among his own people, and resides in the old family mansion, now fully repaired, and decorated up to date. Here he soon begins to see how matters stand. He is an eye-witness of many a tender parting with the poor emigrant, it may be for ever, and finds himself present at an eviction scene. Bloomfield

is deeply moved, and pours out his feelings to the loving partner of his joys and sorrows :—

“A plenteous place of hospitable cheer
Is ‘Holy Ireland.’ Often did I hear
That song in Gaelic from my nurse—Poor land !
There’s honey where her smiling vales expand.
Her sons and daughters love her ; yet they fly
As from a city of the plague and why ? ”

He takes the management of the estate into his own hands and it is soon changed into a home of peace and plenty. Bloomfield is now supremely happy with an affectionate family-circle to love him, and a grateful tenantry to bless him. Such is the story, and now for the moral. Mr. Allingham writes :—

“Ireland of bitter memories, thickly sown
From winding Boyne to Limerick’s treaty-stone
Bare Connaught hills to Dublin Castle wall,
Green Wexford to the Glens of Donegal,
Through sad six hundred years of hostile sway,
From Strongbow fierce to cunning Castlereagh !
These will not melt and vanish in a day.
These can yet sting the patriot thoughts which turn
To Erin’s past, and bid them weep and burn.”

Garrison, on the eastern shore of Lough Melvin, is another good fishing-ground, but nothing more, so that if the visitor be not disposed to rest there, he may proceed at once by the direct road (9 miles) to Ballyshannon.



II.—EXCURSION TO LOUGH DERG.



BALLYSHANNON is a good starting-point for seeing Lough Derg (22 miles) the penitential retreat known as St. Patrick's Purgatory. Why it got that name is told in a

**Penitential
retreat of
Lough Derg.**

little work, intituled *Mirror of Penance*, published in Louvain about the middle of the 17th century. The writer goes on to relate that:—"St. Patrick entered a cave in the island of Lough Derg, in order to pray more fervently to God, being removed from all the distractions of the external world in that gloomy Derg, and while his mind was earnestly directed to the Divinity, he prayed that the pains of Purgatory might be shown unto him. His request was granted, and lo! before his heaven-touched fancy the regions of Purgatory sprang into existence, and he saw the souls of millions undergoing the process of purification, each placed in such a crucible as was fitted to soften and remove the terrestrial dross that stained the etherial essence of the spirit, some marked with a deep hue, which much destroyed their heavenly radiance, but which blackened them not wholly; others half-dimmed, half-bright, and in the rapid progress of becoming spirits of light from the action of the purifying element of fire; some

becoming effulgent by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, as having no friends to pray for them ; while others glowed in the furnace, and cast off the foul crust with amazing rapidity by the force of the prayers and alms, which their friends offered for them on earth. Some he saw escaping, from the flames, and winging their course to heaven ; others almost bright woke to attempt the same. But deep buried in the abyss he perceived others who were destined to converse with the groans of ten thousand years for having been guilty of venial sins, which though they bordered very closely on mortal, did not stain the soul through and through, as mortal sin doth. These looked up with piteous eyes towards earth, expecting the prayers of their children and friends, and feeling the punishment of one second there longer and more severe than that of a hundred years on earth. St. Patrick awed by the vision, departed from the cave, and ordered that henceforward the island should be a terrestrial Purgatory, where sinners could wash off all their sins by prayer and fasting. They were all to be confined in the cave, and should they see the same vision, vouchsafed to St. Patrick (which many did) it was a favourable sign of the acceptability of their prayers and mortifications." St. Dabheog or Davoc, a disciple of St. Patrick, remained behind to carry out the behest of his Apostolic master, which he did by establishing on the spot, consecrated by this vision, that seat of retirement and penance, which has been now before the public mind for fourteen centuries. St. Davoc founded here also a venerable Augustinian Monastery and a church, soon to grow into one of those great centres whence issued the broad and deep stream of piety and learning, which made

Ireland, before the Danish invasion, foremost among the nations of Europe.

The Martyrology of Donegal is a calendar of the Saints of Ireland, published in 1864 by the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, Dublin. This work was compiled by Brother Michael O'Clery of the Order of St. Francis, chief of the celebrated antiquaries known by the name of the Four Masters. The present beautiful edition contains the original text, and a translation, the joint work of the Rev. J. H. Todd, F.T.C.D., and the Rev. H. Reeves, gentlemen to whom the Irish literature of our age is deeply indebted. The *Martyrology* was finished at the Convent of Donegal on the 19th of April, 1630. "It is a compilation," writes Dr. Todd, "made by a scholar, peculiarly well qualified for the task, who had access to all the original authorities then extant in the Irish language, the matter of which he has transferred either in whole or in part into the present work, quoting in almost every instance the sources from which he drew his information." (App. to Indrod., p. xiii.) In this authoritative record we read under the 1st of January the following notice of Lough Derg :—"At the eastern extremity of that lake are Patrick's Purgatory and Dabheog's Island ; there is also a monastery in which there were Canons, at the eastern extremity of the same lake . . . There are five beds of hard penance, round which the pilgrims go—the bed of Patrick, of Columbkille, of Brigid, of Adamnan, of Dabheog." Therefore to shift the scene of St. Patrick's Purgatory from Lough Derg in Donegal to Croagh-Patrick in Mayo, as was done in 1497, is as unwarrantable as the statement on the subject, made by Dr. Lanigan in

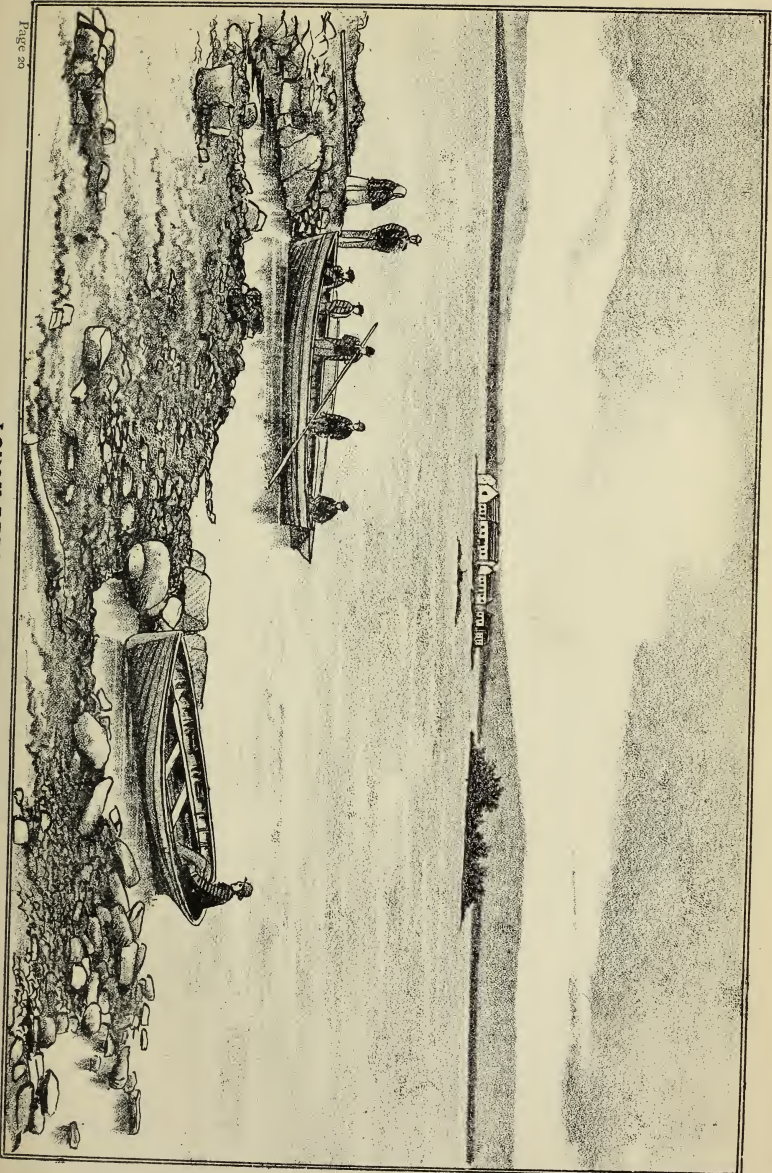
his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*. At page 368 he says:—"It will not be expected that I should waste my time with giving an account of the so-called Patrick's Purgatory of Lough Derg (Donegal), or examining, if there could have been any foundation for attributing it to our Apostle. It is never mentioned in any of his lives, nor was it, I believe, heard of until the eleventh century, the period at which the Canons Regular of St. Augustine appeared. For it was to persons of that Order, as the story goes, that St. Patrick confided the care of that cavern of wonders. Now there was no such persons in that island in which it is situated, nor in that of St. Davoc in the same lake, until I dare say about the beginning of the twelfth century." Surely no one could think of discrediting the authority of the *Martyrology of Donegal* on such slender grounds as are here advanced.

Setting out on this excursion from Ballyshannon the road runs eastward along the north bank of the Erne, passing Cliff Castle, Rockfield House, Belleek, where it begins to take a north-eastern direction, affording beautiful and rapidly-changing views over Lough Erne to the south. Some two miles from Belleek is Keenaghan Lough, and on the opposite side Magheramenagh Castle, with Lough Scolban on the left, while on the right, the extensive grounds of Castle-caldwell stretch away to the edge of Lough Erne, which here expands into a sea, dotted with numerous islands. Crossing the Waterfort river where there is a handsome residence of the Bartons, you arrive in less than half an hour at Pettigo on the river Termon, in the parish of Templecarne, near the Glebe-house, "of which are the ruins of Termon Magrath, a strong keep, with circular

towers at the angles, said to have been the residence of Myler Magrath, first Protestant Bishop of Clogher" (*Murray*). Pettigo is on the border of a wild and desolate region, in which lies Lough Derg between four and five miles to the north. The Rev. Cæsar Otway, in a sketch of an excursion made by him to this solitude has left a graphic description of the approach to it :—"The road from the village of Pettigo, leading towards Lough Derg, runs along a river tumbling over rocks, and then after proceeding for a time over a boggy valley you ascend into a dreary and mountainous tract, extremely ugly in itself, but from which you have a fine view, indeed, of the greater part of the upper lake of Lough Erne, with its many elevated islands, and all its hilly shores . . . I had at length after travelling about three miles, arrived where the road is discontinued, and by the direction of my guide, ascended a mountain path, that brought me through a wretched village, and led to the top of a hill. Here my boy (guide) left me, and went to look for the man who was to ferry us across, and on the ridge where I stood, I had leisure to look around. To the south-west lay Lough Erne, with all its isles and cultivated shores ; to the north-west Lough Derg, and truly never did I mark such a contrast. Lough Derg under my feet ; the lake, the shore, the mountains, the accompaniments of all sorts presented the very landscape of desolation—its waters expanding in Highland solitude, amidst a wide waste of moors, without one green spot to refresh the eye, without a house or tree, all mournful in the brown hue of its far-stretching bogs, and the gray uniformity of its rocks ; the surrounding mountains even partook of the sombre character of the place ; their forms without grandeur, their ranges con-

tinuous and without elevation. The lake was certainly as fine as rocky shores and numerous islands could make it, but it was encompassed with such dreariness I said to myself, 'I am already in Purgatory.' A person who had never seen the picture that was now under my eye, who had read of a place, consecrated to the devotion of ages might imagine that St. Patrick's Purgatory, secluded in its sacred island, would have all the venerable and Gothic accompaniments of olden time ; and its ivied towers and belfried steeples, its carved windows and cloistered arches, its long, dark aisles and fretted vaults, would have risen out of the water, rivalling Iona or Lindisfarne ; but nothing of the sort was to be seen." (*Sketches in Donegal*, Letter IV.)

Lough Derg itself is a large melancholy sheet of water about six miles from north to south and four miles from east to west. At its eastern end there is a small green island known as the " Saint's Island," connected with the shore by a bridge, now gone, but the buttresses on which the arches rested may still be seen in the clear water. It was upon this " Saint's Island " and not the present narrow strip of rock called the " Station Island," that St. Davoc fixed his celebrated home of pilgrims, saints and scholars. The fact is set down in the most definite manner by an Inquisition at Donegal, dated the first year of the reign of James I. :— " In the parts of Ulster near the territory called O'Donnell's countrie, are the walls and monuments of a certain monastery or priory, late house of the canonical friars called the priory of Lough Derg, also commonly called 'St. Patrick's Purgatory,' which priory is now very much on the decay, and has these many years past been totally abandoned and dissolved. The aforesaid priory lies and is situate in a certain



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

small island in the middle of a lake, called Lough Derg, about fifteen miles from the village of Donegal aforesaid. The Prior of the monastery aforesaid was seized as of fee a right of the priory aforesaid, of the site, circuit, ambit, and precinct of the said late house with the appurtenances, in which are one old church, very ruinous, and walls of stone lately levelled, with small pieces of land circumjacent, containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land, and of the whole island aforesaid, containing about 10 acres, and of certain lands and hereditaments to the said house and island adjacent, called Termon Magrath and Termon M'Monghan, containing four quarters of land of the great measure."

Now the bare rock on which the station is actually held does not contain 10 ACRES in extent, nor is it LAND, and consequently it must be inferred that the island described in the Inquisition is the "Saint's Island." How and when the *locale* of the station was changed from the "Saint's Island" to the present "Station Island" is stated by the Rev. Cæsar Otway in the same letter, IV., of his *Sketches in Donegal*, just quoted. He there relates that in 1632 "the State ordered Sir James Balfour and Sir William Stewart to seize unto his Majesty's use this island of Purgatory, and accordingly we find that Sir William proceeds to the island, and reports that he found an abbot and forty friars, and that there was a daily resort of four hundred and fifty pilgrims, who paid eight pence each for admission to the island. Sir William further informs the Privy Council that in order to hinder the seduced people from going any longer to this stronghold of Purgatory, and wholly to take away the abuse hereafter, he had directed the whole to be defaced and utterly demolished: therefore the walls, works, foundations,

vaults, &c., he ordered to be rooted up, also the place called St. Patrick's Bed, and the stone on which he knelt. These and all other superstitious relics he commanded to be thrown into the lough ; and he made James M'Grath, the owner of the island, to enter into recognizances that he should not in future permit the entrance of Jesuits, friars, nuns, or any other superstitious order of Popery to enter therein." It was, no doubt, consequent upon this thorough "rooting-up" by Sir William Stewart that the pilgrims had to abandon the "Saint's Island" for the "Station Island," which is only about half a mile from the shore, and for some years past has been furnished with a commodious and devotional group of buildings for the proper carrying out of the penitential exercises. There is a ferry-boat in which some 15,000 pilgrims pass and re-pass every year from the 1st of June to the 15th of August.

It has been justly observed by the writer of *Murray's Handbook* that it is foreign to the scope of such a work to describe the details of religious ceremonies. However, as it is there stated, on the authority of another, that the penitents are made to pass on their knees over hard and pointed rocks, the present writer, who has had the very best opportunities of knowing the exact truth in the matter, thinks it right to state that no such observance is practised on the island. The sum total of the austerities of the three days "retreat" at Lough Derg consists in fasting on bread and water (which the pilgrims by a beautiful fiction call wine) and keeping vigil for one whole night in the church. The essential work of the "station" here is to withdraw from all temporal affairs, to make three days' spiritual recollection, ending in a confession. And, indeed, no place could be

better suited to such a holy object. The mountain solitudes, the vast desolation, and other mournful surroundings of the place—all kindle in the soul feelings of awe and reverence, and fill it with a keen sense of the power of God, and of the strict account He will require of each one when the brief term of this life is brought to a close.

Drumholme.—Instead of going direct from Pettigo to Donegal, it is much better to drive to Ballintra, in order to see the Pullens at Brownhall (14 miles) where the lover of good scenery will find something to please. The Pullens are a deep ravine darkly shaded with wood, through which a mountain torrent leaps joyously, then suddenly plunges into a cleft in the rock of from thirty to forty feet in depth, making here and there an acute angle, now disappearing under some cavernous arch, then re-appearing beyond. Thus it pursues its uneven way until about half a mile further down it emerges in a placid stream, to lose itself again immediately in a black chasm some sixty feet deep, from which it comes out under a natural bridge and courses on in a straight line to Ballintra, whither the visitor will be sure quickly to follow. His way is now through the parish of Drumholme, where he will search in vain for any fragment of broken wall or pillar to mark the existence of an ecclesiastical foundation in the 6th century, pointed out here by history as exercising much influence for good in the greatly abused "Dark Ages." St. Adamnan tells us that directly the pure soul of St. Columba quitted its earthly tenement, it was received by a choir of angels, who sang most divinely while they wafted their precious burthen up through the clouds into that realm of light from which they had just descended. While this was happening away in Iona, and

at that very moment, it passed before the enraptured vision of a former disciple of St. Columba, the holy Ernan or Ernanus, a member of the devout community of DORSUM THOMÆ in a remote corner of Ireland. The circumstances are recorded in the life of St. Columba by Manus O'Donnell, who belonged to the Saint's family. Colgan also notices the fact, and at page 7 of his *Acta Sanctorum* he tells us every thing about St. Ernan himself, as well as the situation of DORSUM THOMÆ :—"St. Ernan," he writes, "also called Ferreolus of an illustrious family, but more illustrious for his sanctity of life. . . . He and his brother Cabtacus, became monks in Ireland, under the direction of his relative St. Columba, and both were soon among the most distinguished of the Saint's disciples. Hence when St. Columba resolved to go and convert the Picts and Scots, he took with him twelve disciples, and among them the two brothers Ernan and Cabtacus. But after the holy man, Ernan, had laboured many years in spreading the Gospel, and had reaped a rich harvest, he returned, with the permission and blessing of St. Columba, to Ireland, and fixed himself at a place called DRUIM THUOMA, now Drumholme, in Tyrhugh, a territory of Tyrconnell, formerly a celebrated monastery, but at present only a parish church of the diocese of Raphoe, where he performed many labours, until worn out by fasting and old age, he died and was buried in the church of Druim 'Thuome.'" This DRUIM THUOME or DORSUM THOMÆ was, therefore, a religious establishment of some eminence for centuries, as is also evident from its mention in the Annals under several dates. In this our day of boasted progress, not a tendril of ivy, not a local tradition can be hunted up to recall the greatness of DORSUM THOMÆ. Even the memory of St.

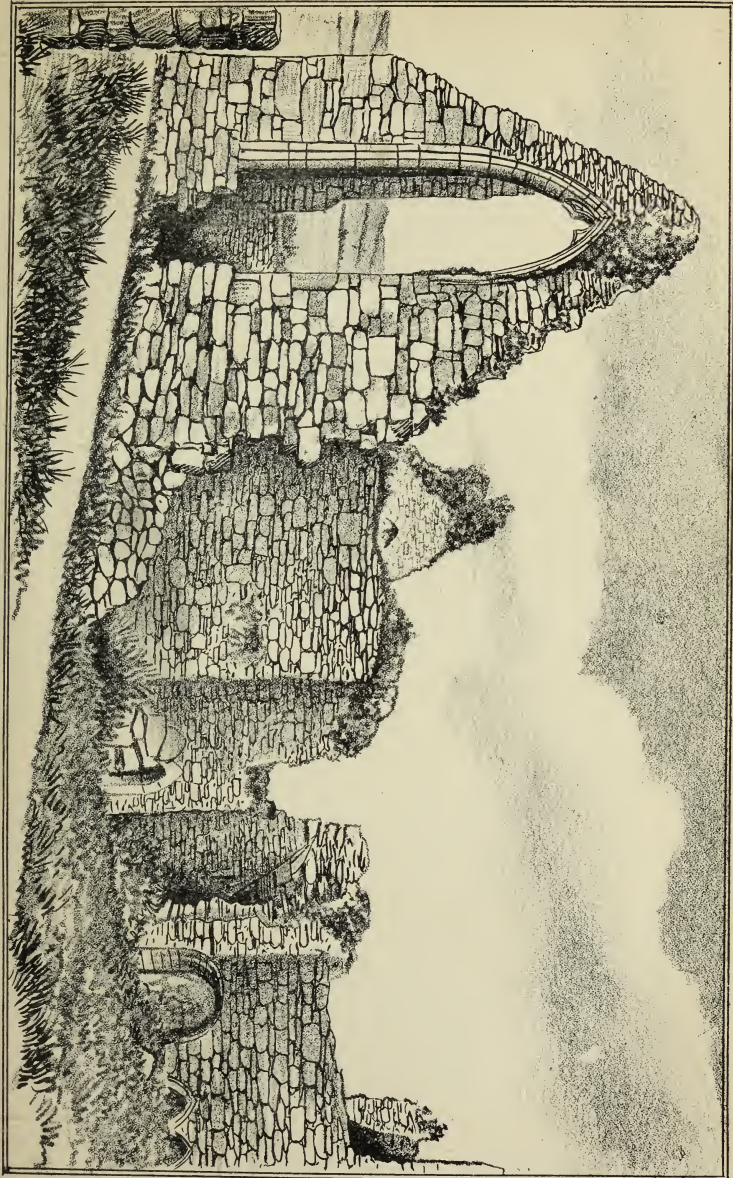
Ernan hardly lives, except in the name given by a Mr. Hamilton to his residence, built on a small island in the north of the Donegal harbour, and connected with the mainland by a causeway. Two miles from Ballintra is Coxtown, beyond which you drop into the village of Laghy, where the scenery begins to be diversified with attractive bits of landscape. Admiring the situation of Belle Isle (A. H. Foster, Esq.) on the left, and a little farther on, that of St. Ernan's, you arrive at

Donegal.—(Hotels:—*Arran Arms, M'Ginty's, Smullen's.* Pop. 1,400.) In 1584, Sir John Perrett assumed the Lord-Deputyship of Ireland, and the following year is memorable for a Parliament assembled by him at Dublin. The Four Masters, in their list of the Septs present on this occasion set down Hugh O'Neil in the first place, then Hugh O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnell. Other names from Tyrconnell figure in the roll, viz., John Oge O'Doherty, chief of Inishowen; Turlough O'Boyle, chief of Boylagh; Owen O'Gallagher, O'Donnell's marshal. The decree that Tyrconnell shall be henceforth the County of Donegal (Dun-nan-Gal, fort of the stranger), was now passed, but the O'Donnell indignantly resisted this interference with the autonomy of Tyrconnell, and firmly declined to admit the English Sheriff into his territory.

As the port is shallow, and beset with numerous shoals, it is not favourable for much shipping. The Diamond occupies three sides of a central triangle, and not far from it is the entrance to the ABBEY. Time, with its corroding action, has not left much of the chapel, but enough remains to enable one to determine that it was a large cruciform structure, with probably a central tower, and very graceful

windows. Of the cloisters, too, there is a memorial of thirteen arches, which, with their supporting couplets of pillars, retain evidence of graceful finish, variety of design, and admirable execution. They are of the small size, common in examples of Irish monastic architecture. But, though the material lineaments of the building are so sadly effaced, it has left an impress on Irish history, indelible as that history itself.

The Abbey:—In 1428, Nial O'Donnell, or Nial the Bold, joined Tyrone, and levied black-mail on all the English colonists up to Meath; but owing to some imprudence O'Donnell, the bravest man of his time, was captured by the enemy, who sent him to the Tower of London. He died five years afterwards in the Isle of Man, where he had been removed to make arrangements for the payment of a ransom with which he had agreed to purchase his liberty. He left sons, who were basely disinherited by his brother Naghten, but after an interval of some years, one of them, Hugh Roe, was installed in the chieftaincy. In 1495, we find him on a visit to the King of Scotland, and the Scotch writers of the period speak of him as “the Great O'Donnell.” His pious wife, Nuala O'Connor, in 1474, began to build the Donegal Abbey for the Order of St. Francis, but dying before it was finished, his second wife, Fingalla, daughter of O'Brien, King of Thomond, had the honour of completing it. The O'Donnell himself richly endowed it; indeed it seems to have been specially favoured from the first by that princely family, many of whom lie buried there, and some of them took the habit of St. Francis, within its sanctuary “This O'Donnell was the full moon of the hospitality and nobility of the North, the most genial and valiant, the most prudent



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

in war and peace, and of the best jurisdiction, law, and rule of all the Gaels in Ireland. For there was no defence made in Tyrconnell during his time, except to close the doors against the wind ; the best protector of the Church, and the learned, a man who had given great alms in honour of the Lord of the elements ; the man by whom a castle was first raised and erected at Donegal, that it might serve as a sustaining bulwark for his descendants ; and a monastery of friars de Observantia in Tyrconnell, namely, the monastery of Donegal ; a man who had made many predatory excursions around through Ireland, and a man who may be justly styled the Augustus of the north-west Europe. He died after having gained the victory over the devil and the world, and after Extreme Unction, and good penance, at his own fortress in Donegal, July 20th, in the seventy-eighth of his age and forty-fourth of his reign, and was interred in the monastery of Donegal." (*Annals.*)

During the second half of the fourteenth century Tyrconnell was able to turn the tide of war against his combative rival, the O'Neil, and the standard with the "In hoc signo vinces" of O'Donnell waved in triumph over Tyrone. But many of the years that followed were years of hard fighting between the two great chieftains, and each year witnessed fresh proofs of the indomitable spirit of the Clan-Conall. After the death of the Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who so generously co-operated with his holy wife in raising the Abbey of Donegal, he was succeeded by his son Hugh Oge or Hugh Duv. He made a pilgrimage to Rome in 1511, and O'Neil, taking advantage of this absence, made a raid into Tyrconnell, for which O'Donnell, on his return, caused him to pay dearly. Hugh Oge visited Scotland in 1513, and was treated with

great honour by James IV., who, it appears, had determined to invade Ireland, but was dissuaded by his guest from the enterprise. Next year the O'Donnell made good his claim to the sovereignty over Inishowen, Fermanagh, and other territories, formerly in the possession of the O'Neils, so that in two years his sway was extended to Sligo, where he employed cannon—the first use of artillery we read of in Ireland.

The Earl of Surrey writes of him to his Royal Master, Henry VIII., in 1520 :—" I fynde him a right wise man," and not long after he reports of both O'Donnell and O'Neil, that :—" It would be dangerous to have them both agreed," and that " the longer they continue in war the better it should be for, " Your Grace's poor subjects here."

To the imperious summons of Tyrone :—" Send me tribute, or if you don't,—O'Neil," Tyrconnell returned the defiant answer :—" I owe you no tribute, and if I did,—O'Donnell." It was a fearful contest, that between O'Neil and O'Donnell, since O'Neil had the address to create a strong coalition against the growing power of Tyrconnell. There were almost all the Princes of Connaught, English as well as Irish ; there were the O'Briens and O'Kennedys from the distant Thomond ; there were quotas from Meath and Leinster ; there were the men of Oriel and Fermanagh ; and there was a Scottish legion under MacDonnell of the Isles, who all came to fight on the side of Tyrone. The O'Donnell called his clans, and they came—the O'Boyles, the O'Dohertys, the MacSweenys, the O'Gallaghers, and some other branches of the Clan-Conall—a small phalanx, compared with the multitude against them. O'Donnell awaited the enemy on the east bank of the Foyle, opposite Lifford, the usual pass

between Tyrone and Tyrconnell; but O'Neil entered by another route, and laid waste the country as far as Ballyshannon. However, after several marches and counter-marches, both armies encamped over against each other at Knocavoe, near Strabane. O'Donnell took the initiative by a night attack, which resulted in an utter route of O'Neil, with the loss of nine hundred men. The victorious chieftain next marched rapidly to Sligo, where a body of O'Neil's allies were besieging his castle, but at his approach they broke up and fled. The result of this short campaign added immensely to the prowess of O'Donnell, who turned into Tyrone, where he was committing awful havoc, until the Earl of Kildare, then Lord-Deputy, induced the belligerents to make a truce, and invited them to an assembly of the nobles at Dublin, to adjust their differences. The O'Donnell was represented at this assembly by his son Manus; but all efforts to effect a peace were in vain, and the fight between Tyrone and Tyrconnell went on bitterly as before. Manus O'Donnell, in spite of the O'Neils, built a strong frontier castle, called Port-na-dtri-namhad, at the pass at Lifford, and here, a few years later, he wrote an Irish life of his illustrious relative, St. Columbkille. He married Lady Eleanor MacCarthy, the famous aunt of Gerald, representative of the house of Kildare—a marriage that gained for the infant, Gerald, a safe asylum in Tyrconnell, after the execution of Silken Thomas and his uncles. His father, the veteran Hugh Oge or Hugh Duv, died in the monastery of Donegal in 1537, and of him the Four Masters say:—"He did not suffer the English to come into his country, but he made a league of peace and friendship with the King of England, when he saw that the Irish would not yield superiority to anyone

among themselves, but that friends and blood-relations contended against each other." They add that :—"He died on the 5th of July, having first taken upon him the habit of St. Francis, and having wept for his crimes and iniquities, and done penance for his sins and transgressions. He was buried in the monastery of Donegal with great honour and solemnity, as was meet."

When Manus O'Donnell, after his father's death, began his tenure of the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell, it had become the fashion to stand well with the English, and Manus, though late, showed a leaning in the same direction. Accordingly in 1542 he journeyed to London to pay his respects to Henry VIII. and we find a courtly writer of the day marking him out by his "coat of crimson velvet, with twenty or thirty pair of golden aiglets, his great double cloak of crimson satin, bordered with black velvet, his bonnet with a feather set full of aiglets of gold." The King was friendly, and conferred upon O'Donnell the title of the Earl of Tyrconnell, which remained in abeyance until 1603. Meanwhile there was treason at home in Tyrconnell. Calvagh rose in red rebellion against his father, Manus, but was defeated in a battle fought at the present town of Ballybofey on the river Finn. Calvagh, however, having secured the service of a body of Scottish auxiliaries, once more took the field, made his father prisoner, and confined him in one of his castles.

But before long the ungrateful Calvagh sorely needed the advice of his ill-used father, for there had arisen in Tyrone one O'Neil, surnamed Shane, the Proud, a man of impetuous, fiery temper, and of insatiable ambition, who thought there was now a favourable opportunity for crushing Tyr-



FIGURE OF ST. COLUMBA, reproduced from his *Life*, written in 1532 by his Kinsman, Manus O'Donnell, in R.I. Academy, Dublin.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

connell and bringing it under his own sway. The experienced Manus counselled his son to oppose the adversary by stratagem rather than in a pitched battle. Accordingly O'Donnell hovered on the march of the redoubtable Shane, till at a fit moment, while O'Neil lay encamped one night at Balleehan, near Manorcunningham, he attacked the camp, which he entered without resistance, and slew all that came in his way, O'Neil having narrowly escaped through the back of his tent (1558). Shane the Proud, however, soon recovered from the shock of this reverse, and with the characteristic rapidity of his movements surprised and carried off Calvagh O'Donnell, who, with some members of his family, was staying at the abbey of Killydonnell, on Lough Swilly. The Tyrone chieftain had thus a cheap triumph, and hurried back into his own territory, carrying with him the O'Donnell and his wife. Calvagh was ransomed two years after, when the Lord-Deputy Sussex came into Tyrconnell with an armed force and reinstated him in his strongholds.

In 1563 his father died. "O'Donnell (Manus), son of Aedh Oge, son of Aedh Ruadh, lord of Tyrconnell, Inishowen, Cinel Moen, Fermanagh, and Lower Connaught; a man who never suffered the chiefs who were in his neighbourhood to encroach upon any of his superabundant possessions, even to the time of his decease and infirmity; a fierce, obdurate, wrathful and combative man towards his enemies and opponents until he had made them obedient to his jurisdiction; a mild, friendly, benign, amiable, bountiful, and hospitable man towards the learned, the destitute, the poets, and the Ollamhs, towards the Orders and the Church, as is evident from the old people and

the historians ; a learned man, a man skilled in many arts, gifted with a profound intellect and the knowledge of every science ; died on the 9th of February, at his own mansion at Lifford, a castle which had been erected in despite of the O'Neill and the Cinel-Eoghain, and was interred in the burial-place of his predecessors and ancestors at Donegal, in the monastery of St. Francis, with great honour and veneration, after having vanquished the world and the devil," (*Annals.*)

Calvagh succeeded, but was not permitted long to enjoy the chieftaincy. His unnatural conduct towards an inoffensive and distinguished father was visited with signal punishment, by an awfully sudden death, described under 1566 by the Four Masters :—"Calvagh O'Donnell, the son of Manus, son of Hugh Duv, son of Hugh Roe, fell dead from his horse in the beginning of winter, that is, on the 26th of October, on the public road between Balleehan and the church of Raymoghly, in the midst of his cavalry, without the slightest starting, stumbling, shying or prancing of his horse, after his return from England, where he had been that same year."

The ill-fated chieftain thus made way for his brother, Hugh O'Donnell, who resolved to put an end to O'Neil's arrogant claims, and with this object he made a successful military dash into Tyrone. The haughty Shane, fired with indignation, once more set out to take summary vengeance on the new chieftain of Tyrconnell. He crossed the Swilly at low water, two miles below Letterkenny, and attacked the O'Donnell, who, with a comparatively small force, awaited him in position at Ardnagarry on the Northern side. The onslaught was fearful beyond description, and for a while the cause of Tyrconnell seemed lost, but the

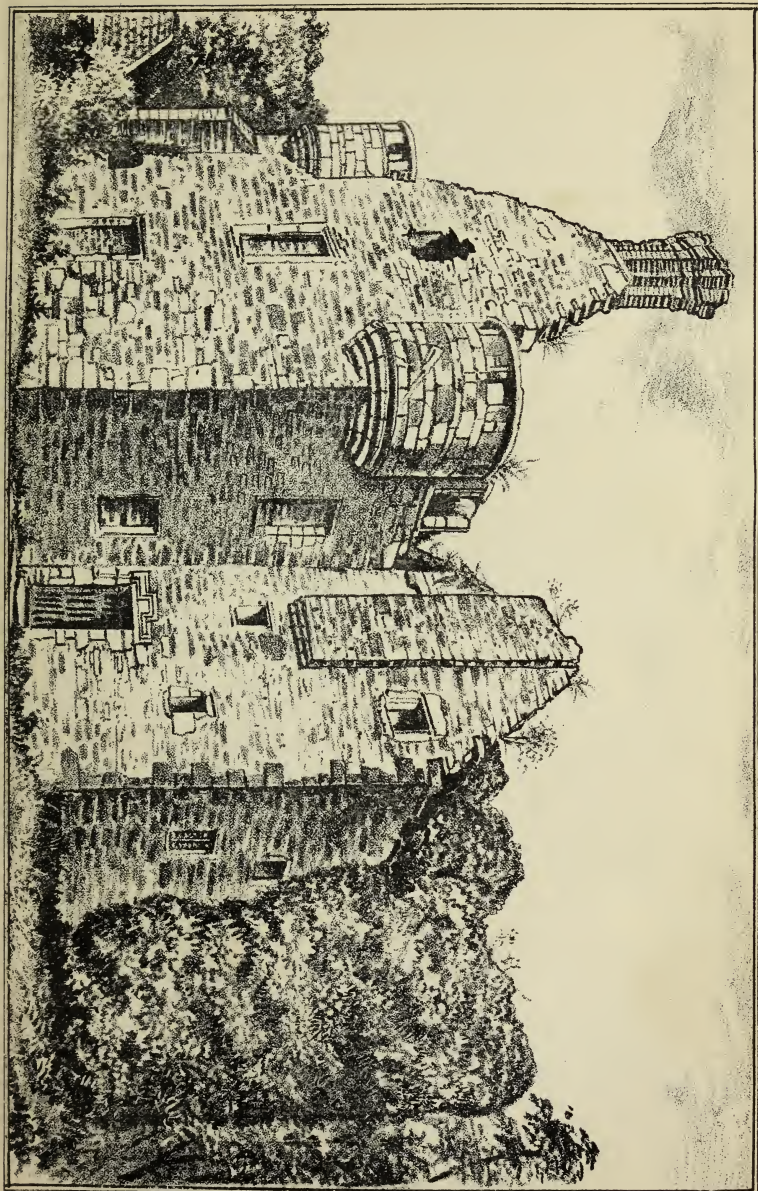
able generalship of O'Donnell, and the unflinching resolution of his Clan-Conall prevailed, so that Tyrone was driven back into the returning tide with the loss of 3,000 men. Shane himself fled barely for his life up the river which he succeeded in crossing near Scariff Hollis, and made his way home, but never recovered from this blow.

Red Hugh, the Bayard of Tyrconnell,—It was prophesied of old that a mighty champion of the Irish race would arise in the person of an O'Donnell, born with a blood-mark on his side. Hugh O'Donnell was now (1584) old and feeble, but there was growing up to him a son, another Hugh, "whose name and renown spread through the provinces of Ireland, even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, for his goodly growth, wisdom, sagacity, and noble deeds, and the people in general used to say that he was really the prophesied one." (*Annals*.) This was Red Hugh, heir-presumptive to the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell, whom the Lord-Deputy, Sir John Perrott, tried to put out of the way by foul means. He had a ship fitted up, and well-stored with Spanish wines, sent round from Dublin with orders to put into Lough Swilly. Accordingly the vessel sailed up the Lough, and cast anchor opposite Rathmullen Castle, where the young prince, Red Hugh, happened to be on a visit with the MacSwine of Fanad. It was given out that the strange ship was a Spanish trader in wines, and the crew opened a traffic with the people on shore. The plot succeeded. A messenger was despatched from the Castle for a good supply, but the Captain sent back his compliments that all the wine for sale had been disposed of. If, however, the noble company would condescend to pay him a visit, he would

take it as a great honour to treat them to the choicest samples in his stock. There was no need to press the invitation. The young O'Donnell, with a few of his companions, came on board and were entertained in royal style. But while partaking of the good things in the cabin, the hatches were closed down, the young men disarmed, the cable slipped, and the sails spread to the wind. The ship in due time reached Dublin, and Sir John Perrott, highly delighted with the success of his scheme, consigned Red Hugh to the dungeons of Dublin Castle. In the February of 1589 O'Neil wrote to Walsingham that he had "matched a daughter of his to O'Donnell, who for his father lieth as a pledge in Dublin Castle. As I have great care of his well-doing, I would willingly see some proofs of him in his father's time. I humbly beg of you to procure his liberation."

Evidently this prayer did not succeed for the Red Prince, after being immured for over three years behind these prison bars, contrived (1590), late on a winter's evening, to get swung down from a window on to the roadway, and pass through the gates of the city unobserved. After the hardship of a night's wandering over the Three Rock Mountain, and the rugged heights beyond, which had nearly cost him his life, he found shelter with Felim O'Toole of Wicklow. The Government soldiers, who were in pursuit, easily traced the fugitive, and conducted him back to his cell. But the wary Tyrone had an eye on him, and Perrott being now succeeded in the Lord-Deputyship by Sir William Fitzwilliam, "a man of cruel and sordid disposition," there is reason to believe that Fitzwilliam's vigilance relaxed under O'Neil's gold. Two years after his first attempt to escape, the O'Donnell, with two young O'Neils (luckless princes), also long confined,

McSWYNE'S CASTLE, RATHMULLEN, CO DONEGAL.



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

effected an egress through a sewer of the Castle, and joined in the street by a guide, stationed there by Tyrone, hurried through the city. One of the young O'Neils strayed from the party in the streets, but the other with Red Hugh, and the guide, struck out for the Wicklow mountains towards the castle of Fiagh Hugh O'Byrne in Glenmalure. It was Christmas night and bitterly cold when they reached the pass into that wild mountain region. This and a blinding snowstorm, which overtook them, proved too much for the youths whose strength was already wasted by a long and hard imprisonment. They collapsed under the hardship, but the guide ran on to Glenmalure, and O'Byrne made haste to send succour. A troop of his hardy men sped fleetly on their errand to the spot where the servant had left the youths:—

“Their bodies were already covered with white-bordered shrouds of hailstones, freezing around them, and their light clothes adhered to their skin, so that, covered as they were with the snow, it did not appear to the men who had arrived that they were human beings at all, for they found no life in their members, but just as if they were dead.” (*Annals.*)

On being lifted from the ground Art O'Neil fell back and expired, but the Red Prince slowly revived, and was carried insensible to Glenmalure.

Impatient to get to the North as soon as able to travel, he departed and eluding the English, who were on the watch for him along every route northward through the Pale, he reached Dungannon, whence after a short stay with O'Neil, his father's castle at Ballyshannon was gained. He had travelled fast, but his fame had travelled faster, and the clans of Tyrconnell assembled in great numbers on the banks of the Saimer (Erne) to greet this “son of prophecy.”

His aged father resigning, he was at once proclaimed chieftain of Tyrconnell, and the white wand, the simple sceptre of his sway was formally placed in his hand on the traditional Rock of Doon, by the Coarb of Columbkille. The young chieftain is described as of fine figure, and handsome presence. One who fought under his command, and exchanged the sword for the cowl of St. Francis (Father Mooney), has sketched him as "of middle height, ruddy, of comely grace, and beautiful to behold. His voice was like the clarion of a silver trumpet, and his morals unimpeachable."

Red Hugh delayed not a moment to proclaim eternal hostility to the English, and it was not long before he gave a specimen of the stuff in him. Two English officers coming by sea from Sligo to Donegal, fortified themselves at Ballyweel, a small island at the mouth of the harbour, and seized the ABBEY from which they pillaged the country round. Though still suffering from the effects of that dreadful night on the Wicklow mountains, the valiant Hugh Roe was up betimes the next morning after his arrival, and mustering a force from those who had gathered to welcome him home, he marched at their head to Donegal. The enemy fled at his approach, and he returned to Ballyshannon, having restored the friars to their monastery. Now at length he was fain to submit his frost-bitten feet to the treatment of the surgeons who found it necessary to amputate both his great toes. The next object of his sword was Sir Turlough O'Neil, who maintained the English interest in Tyrone. He speedily subdued this degenerate son of patriot chiefs, and compelled him to resign all claim to the title he assumed, together with dismissing his English guard, so that once more the O'Neil and

O'Donnell were supreme in Ulster. Then he took the side of MacGuire of Fermanagh against the English, and the arm of Tyrconnell enabled that chief to achieve a glorious triumph over the united forces of the Pale.

In 1594 he opened his next campaign with the invasion of Connaught, where the English authority had been long paramount, and whence Governor Bingham, a man whose barbarities were so flagrant as to procure his recall by Elizabeth, had lately issued to plunder the coasts of Tyrconnell. At the head of a small contingent, probably not numbering more than one English regiment, but all animated with the spirit of their chivalrous young captain, he descended through the passes of Northern Connaught, and in two months destroyed every English settlement all the way to Annally (County Longford). Next year (1595) we find him exercising royal powers in that province, adjudicating on the disputed titles of chieftains, restoring to their property the people dispossessed by Bingham, and destroying strongholds where the English might again get a footing. Towards the close of this year O'Connor of Sligo, returned after a long stay in England and joined with zealous loyalty in all the measures of Sir Conyers Clifford, the successor of Bingham. Clifford's character was exactly the opposite of Bingham's. Brave, generous, and humane he soon grew into popularity. The English interest rose once more, and Red Hugh was indignant. In cold December he drove off every head of cattle belonging to those who had joined O'Connor; and in the following month he returned with a large force and swept Connaught, as far as the walls of Galway, and then returned north to reverse all that had been done by Clifford and O'Connor. Meanwhile, the Eng-

lish were not idle. Late in July Sir Conyers Clifford having mustered the Royalist forces at Boyle, marched to Sligo, thence to the Erne, and invested the Castle of Ballyshannon until O'Donnell appeared. As has been related in the notice of Ballyshannon, the English, at the early dawn of the 15th of August, silently crossed a ford of the Erne above the cataract of Asharoe, and retreated at full speed to Sligo. From this time (1597) Red Hugh seems to have made Ballymote his headquarters, whence he was able to stretch his arm over Connaught and Tyrconnell, as need might be. His residence at Ballymote was a castle which had been in the hands of the Royalists, and therefore fell to O'Donnell by the right of war ; but it is worth noting, as an illustration of the character of this Bayard of Tyrconnell, that he paid M'Donagh, the original owner of the place, the full value of the property—viz., £400, and 300 cows.

On the 13th of September, 1598, Philip II. of Spain breathed his last without ever finding himself in a proper position of sending the O'Neil and the O'Donnell, fearlessly fighting the legions of Queen Elizabeth, the help they prayed for so unceasingly and expected so confidently. The practical affection of his lamented father for the Irish cause, Philip III. regarded as a sacred trust, and he was not long making this felt in the proper quarter. Addressing both the Northern chieftains shortly after the late King's death, he says :—
“ Philip, by the grace of God, greeting—Your letter reached me at the time I was in very great grief for the loss of my dear father. Knowing his good will towards you, I received it with much satisfaction, both because of your constancy in defending the Catholic faith and

of the victories which you have gained over its enemies. I congratulate you on both, and I exhort you to persevere courageously in your good work. You need have no doubt about my good will towards you, and you shall see proofs of it when opportunity offers, as you can learn from the messenger, who brought your letter to me." The assistance, so faithfully promised, was not delayed, for on the 28rd September, 1601, a Spanish fleet, bringing 3,000 splendid troops, anchored in front of Kinsale. A little before this, however, O'Neil needed the arm of the O'Donnell. Red Hugh came gladly at his call, and what with the prestige of his name, the soul-stirring effusions of his poet, Fearfesa O'Clery, and the valour of his men, he contributed in great measure to Hugh O'Neil's splendid victory over the English at the Yellow Ford, two miles from Armagh, in the August of 1598 :—"It was a glorious victory for the rebels," says the contemporary English historian, Camden, "and of special advantage, for hereby they got arms, and provisions, and Tyrone's name was cried up all over Ireland as the author of their liberty."

Battle of the Curlew Mountains.—In the following year (1599) Elizabeth sent her best general, the Earl of Essex, to Ireland, for the purpose of crushing the North, and with him came 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse—an immense army compared with that of the Ulster chieftains. O'Connor of Sligo declared for the English commander, and Red Hugh hastened to chastise him; but O'Connor fled from post to post till he was at last cooped up in Colooney. Essex ordered Clifford to the relief of O'Connor, and he set out from Athlone with the assured prospect of victory. Simultaneously from Ballymote marched the O'Donnell,

supported by MacSwine of Fanad, O'Doherty of Inishowen, and O'Rourke, Lord of Breffney, whose father some time previously, while in Scotland, with the object of procuring the assistance of James VI., was treacherously sent under arrest to Elizabeth, who had him, after a term of imprisonment, hanged at Tyburn. The opposing armies met at the pass of Ballaghboy in the Curlew Mountains, on the borders of Roscommon and Sligo. In the serious matter of number and equipments, the odds were incomparably against Red Hugh, but he had the selection of the ground, and accordingly occupied the defile, where the large trees were felled and placed across the path of the English approach. On the morning of the 15th of August, a day of prayer in the Catholic Church, he disposed his men on the mountain side, and rising in the saddle, with his clarion voice, spoke in Irish to this effect :—"The great dispenser of eternal justice has already doomed to destruction those assassins who have butchered our wives and children, plundered us of our properties, set fire to our dwellings, demolished our churches, and have changed the face of Ireland into a wild, uncultivated desert. Brothers in arms, we have just purified our consciences, and prepared ourselves to defend honestly the cause of justice, against men whose hands are reeking with blood, and who, not content with driving us from our native lowlands, come to hunt us, like wild beasts, into the mountains of Dunaveragh. On this day, dedicated to the greatest of all the Saints, I trust in the most special manner to have the protection of that Blessed Mother, whom these enemies of our holy religion endeavour to vilify. But, brave countrymen, you have now the opportunity for revenge. Scorning the advantage of the impreg-

nable situation, let us rush down and show the world, that guarded by the Lord of life and death, we are determined to exterminate those oppressors of our race. He who falls will fall gloriously, fighting for justice, liberty and country. His name will be remembered while there is an Irishman on the face of the earth, and he, who survives, will be pointed to as the companion of the O'Donnell, and defender of his country. The congregation will make room for him to the altar, with the exclamation 'that hero fought at the battle of Dunaveragh.'" The echo of these inspiring words was reverberating among the rocks, when the enemy's vanguard, advancing at a measured and steady pace, made frantic efforts to carry the Irish position. A desperate hand-to-hand fight for over an hour and a half ensued, when Sir Alexander Radcliff, who led the assault, was killed. The English column wavered, and Sir Conyers Clifford himself, in trying to turn them back, fell, shot through the heart. The English cavalry now charged, but were so hacked by the battle-axes of the Gallowglasses, and the pikes of the Kerns, that they had to retire with great slaughter. The struggle soon ended for the valiant O'Rourke, burning to revenge his father's cruel death, swooped down with a brigade of Breffni veterans, on the scattered enemy, who fled in terror before the fierce onslaught, and the wild war cry of their pursuers as far as Boyle. Amongst the slain the body of Sir Conyers Clifford was recognized, and treated with much respect by the chivalrous Red Hugh. O'Connor surrendered, and the generous revenge of the O'Donnell was to reinstate him in his territory, and even give him cattle to stock his lands.

On the 16th of May following (1600), an English fleet of

sixty-seven sail, carrying 4,000 foot and 200 horse—a force stronger than the entire army of Ulster—under the command of Sir Henry Dowcra, entered Lough Foyle. Earl Mountjoy, the new Lord Deputy, made a feint against Ulster by the Blackwater, thus drawing off the attention of O'Neil and O'Donnell from Dowcra, until the latter had time to fortify himself in Derry. Part of Dowcra's plan was to send a detachment of 1,000 foot and 50 horse by sea to Ballyshannon, but this idea was abandoned, since he had quite enough on hands to keep his post at Derry. As he could not tempt the English to venture beyond their lines, Red Hugh left Nial Garv O'Donnell to watch them, while he himself set out against Clanricarde and Thomond, who were in close alliance with the enemy. This time he overran almost the whole of Clare, and again appeared before Derry in an incredibly short space of time. At the end of July, this almost ubiquitous chieftain encountered Dowcra in a sortie, in which the English general was beaten, and pursued up to the very walls of Derry. Dowcra after this remained in his fortress, and O'Donnell being needed elsewhere, he departed once more against the obnoxious Dalcassian, who styled himself Earl of Thomond. Swiftly and surely he marched on that devoted principality and terrorized all Thomond from Corcomroe to Loop-Head.

The Traitor Nial Garv.—But a dark day was coming on. While Red Hugh was thus carrying all before him in the west and south; his cousin, the active Nial Garv, accepted a bribe from Dowcra, and took service under the colours of England. Nial, commonly known as **THE FIERCE** (Garv) from his violent manner, proved himself not only skilled but dauntless in the field, so that, while yet comparatively young,

and in the blaze of military success, he was accepted in marriage, by Nuala, favourite sister of Red Hugh. If the chieftaincy of his despicable grandfather, Calvagh, (See pages 44, 45, 46), had been allowed to descend regularly, the grandson, Nial Garv, instead of the nephew Hugh Roe would be actually reigning in old Tyrconnell. Therefore the stormy soul of Nial was seized with jealousy of the more fortunate Red Hugh, and now that a good opportunity had arisen, he resolved to betray his unsuspecting and illustrious kinsman to the English. Without delay he made advances, and Saxon gold, with a promise not only of broad acres, but of the Lordship of Tyrconnell, soon satisfied his guilty conscience. Fynes Morrison, private Secretary of Mountjoy, in his notice of the transaction, says :—"The Lord-Deputy desired to have an authority out of England to pass Tyrconnell or Donegal to Nial Garv, reserving only 800 acres about Ballyshannon, and the fishing of the Erne to Her Majesty. Such was the opinion of the service this turbulent spirit could render the State, that he got the command of three hundred foot and a hundred horse in Her Majesty's pay." The contract was duly signed, and Nial Garv joined the camp of the enemy, but Nuala, his high-minded wife, left him immediately on his defection. The traitor, having first put the enemy in possession of the O'Donnell fortress at Lifford, pushed on to Donegal at the head of an English force, together with his own followers, and took the ABBEY, but the inmates escaped. One of these has left a report of the exciting event in a manuscript history of the Irish Franciscan Convents, to be seen at the Burgundian Library, Brussels :—"In the year 1600," he writes, "our Community at Donegal consisted of forty brethren, by whom the divine office was sung day

and night with great solemnity. I had charge of the sacristy, and I had in it forty priests' vestments with all their belongings; many of these were of cloth of gold and silver, some of them interwoven and wrought with gold ornaments; all the rest were of silk. We had, moreover, sixteen large silver chalices, of which two only were not gilt. And we had two ciboriums for the Blessed Sacrament. The church furniture was very respectable. The windows were all glazed. But when the war grew more fierce, and the heretics were getting a firmer footing, they made their way to the town of Donegal while the Lord O'Donnell was busily engaged elsewhere, and on the feast of St. Lawrence, the Martyr, they placed a garrison of soldiers in the monastery. Some of the brothers, who had been warned of their coming, fled into the woods, some miles off, having first put on board a ship the church furniture, in order to save it. I was the last to leave the monastery, and I came away in that ship. The monastery was besieged soon after by the Lord O'Donnell, and the English, who were in it, were reduced to great straits. A wonderful thing happened. At one and the same time fire seized on the buildings of the convent, burnt many of the soldiers, consumed the whole convent and church, and the vessel which was in the harbour, with provisions for the garrison on board, was dashed against a rock. The English, who survived, took refuge in the trenches, which they had dug, and were arranging to surrender, treating of the terms and conditions. News reached our Prince that the Spaniards, under Don Juan del Aquila, had come to aid the Irish, and were landed at Kinsale; and that after they had taken possession of the town, they were besieged therein by the heretics. He

thought it was his duty to hasten to their relief, and leaving things as they were in Donegal, he set off in all haste for Munster. Having arranged to meet O'Neil and the others on the way, all of them went to the relief of the Spaniards. But things did not turn out well at Kinsale, and the Spaniards were forced to surrender. When the Catholics were worsted in this way, the Prince O'Donnell went to Spain, and in the following year, 1602, all his territory came into the hands of the heretics, and the church furniture too of our convent of Donegal was seized by Oliver Lambert, Governor of Connaught. He made drinking-cups of the chalices, and tore up the vestments and used them for profane purposes, and so both the convent and all its furniture were destroyed."

Red Hugh being absent in Connaught operating against Clanrickarde, who was once more at the head of a great military movement in favour of the English, hastened to Donegal, and summoned his false cousin to surrender. Nial Garv was brave, and resisted to the last, so that the avenger had nothing for it but to sit down before the monastery. On the night of the 19th of September a fire, from which it never recovered, broke out in the building, and Red Hugh seized the occasion for an assault. The men on both sides fought like lions. All through that memorable night did the fierce struggle last, the flames adding a ghastly horror to the wild work of death, till at length in the early morning Nial, with the survivors of the garrison, retreated, keeping along the strand under cover of a ship, and took refuge in the neighbouring convent of Magherabeg.

The baseness of Nial Garv's character was not long in

impressing itself upon the attention of his English purchasers, who after a short but bitter experience felt that in buying him over they made a bad investment. Dowcra, in a despatch from Derry to the Lord-Deputy Mountjoy (1602), while acknowledging Nial's bravery and good services, says : —“ He is full of pride, ambition, and covetousness, with importunities, continual begging, and wasting of whatever he got. Though he is prone to extravagance, and underhand jugglery, it would not be well to charge him with any of these faults, lest he should revolt against the English Government, and become a desperate rebel.” Dowcra then accuses him of having tampered with the loyalty of MacSwine, and driven this peaceful chief into insurrection. He complains of Nial being so insolent and so guilty of treasonable practices, that it became necessary “to take from him his cows, horses, and all his substance, for that he forbade his people to yield any relief to the English garrison, threatened to set fire to Lifford, refused to admit any sheriff, and swore he would go into rebellion rather than any Englishman should enjoy a foot of church land in his county.”

What wonder that the English hesitated to transfer the Lordship of Tyrconnell to so dangerous an ally ? Nial, however, pointed to the bond, and grew impatient. Mountjoy dangled before his eyes the title of Earl and shuffled ; but Nial, preferring the ancient and honoured name of the O'Donnell, and tired of waiting for its investiture, repaired to Kilmacrenan, despite the Lord-Deputy, and had himself there proclaimed chieftain from the Rock of Doon. This act of contempt confirmed the worst suspicions of the English, who, in 1608, for complicity in O'Doherty's

rebellion, ordered Nial and his only son Nachten to be arrested in the town of Raphoe, and sent to the Tower of London, where they rotted out the remainder of their lives (1626). The memory of Nial Garbh lives in the suggestive fact that but for his treachery Red Hugh would have driven the English out of Donegal and Derry—probably Ireland. The O'Donnell branch, to which Nial Garv belonged, was propagated by his brother Hugh Buoy, or Yellow Hugh of Ramelton, who held a commission in the army of the Irish Confederate Catholics in 1641, and died in 1649. His son, John, made Spain his adopted country, where he became father of the celebrated Hugh Balderg O'Donnell, who, quitting his Spanish Brigade without leave, reached Ireland a few days after the battle of the Boyne (June 30, 1689), and with the magic of his name raised in six weeks for the fallen Jacobite cause eight regiments of foot and two of horse. But the jealousy of the Anglo-Norman settlers towards the old Irish proved too strong for him, as it did more than forty years before to the famous Hugh Roe O'Neil, and his movement ended in a fiasco. After the siege of Limerick he surrendered to General Geikel, and became a pensioner on the English purse, but ultimately got restored to his military position in Spain. His family is represented by the O'Donnells of Larkfield, Co. Leitrim, who gave Field Marshal Count O'Donnell to Austria, and Count Maximilian O'Donnell as aide-de camp to Francis Joseph, its present popular Emperor.

The Four Masters.—After some years the friars, who fled from the Abbey when they heard of Nial Garv's coming to take it, crept out from their hiding, and sheltered themselves in some huts which they built among the ruins

of their late home. In these cottages—the primitive form of monastery—during the four years and six months between January, 1632, and August, 1636, was written the chronicle known as the “*Annals of the Four Masters*,” which has given to the Abbey of Donegal its special celebrity. It is an exhaustive account of Erin from its inception, back in the mists of antiquity, down to 1616 A.D., by four great scholars of the Order of St. Francis, viz., Michael O’Clery, Cugory O’Clery, Conary O’Clery, and Peregrine O’Duigenan, with the assistance of two hereditary historians of the King of Connaught, Fearfarsa O’Maelihonaire, and another of the same name. The President, Michael O’Clery, author of many learned works on Irish subjects, was born about 1580, in the Castle of Kilbarron, near Ballyshannon (see pages 23, 24). He was descended from a family of hereditary scholars, lay and ecclesiastical, and received, we may presume, the rudiments of his education at the place of his birth. In due course he entered the Franciscan Order, but we do not know the exact date.

The outcome of the labours of this distinguished staff is the link that connects Ireland of the past with the Ireland of the present, and the part of it that reaches to the English Invasion (1171) was translated by the learned Dr. O’Connor, librarian to the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, and by him published with the original Irish in 1824. Owen Connellan, Irish Historiographer to their Majesties George IV. and William IV. did the same for the remainder in 1845, and added a wealth of most valuable notes. Again in 1851 the *Annals* after passing through the competent hands of Dr. O’Donovan, M.R.I.A., were published in seven volumes, quarto. “In whatever point of view,” says the late Professor

O'Curry, "we regard these Annals, they must awaken feelings of deep interest and respect ; not only as the largest collection of national, civil, military, and family history ever brought together in this or perhaps any other country, but also as the final winding-up of the affairs of a people, who had preserved their nationality and independence for a space of over two thousand years, till their complete overthrow about the time at which this work was compiled. It is no easy matter for an Irishman to suppress feelings of deep emotion, when speaking of the compilers of this great work, and especially when he considers the circumstances under which, and the objects for which, it was undertaken " (Lecture VII.). Dr. O'Connor in his Catalogue of Stowe MSS., p. 133, writes :—" The grand object of the Four Masters is to give chronological dates, and, with some exceptions, nothing can be more accurate. The years of foundations, and destructions of churches and castles, the obituaries of remarkable persons, the inaugurations of kings, the battles of chiefs, the contests of clans, the ages of bards, abbots, bishops, &c., are given with a meagre fidelity, which leaves nothing to be wished for, but some details of manners, which are the grand desideratum in the chronicles of the British Islands." "With all that Dr. O'Connor has so judiciously said here I fully agree," observes O'Curry,—“A book consisting of 11,000 quarto pages, beginning with the year of the world 2242, ending with the year of our Lord's incarnation, 1616, thus covering the immense space of 4,500 years of a nation's history, must be dry and meagre of detail in some if not in all parts of it. And although the learned compilers had at their disposal, or within their reach, an immense mass of historic details, still the circumstances under which they wrote were

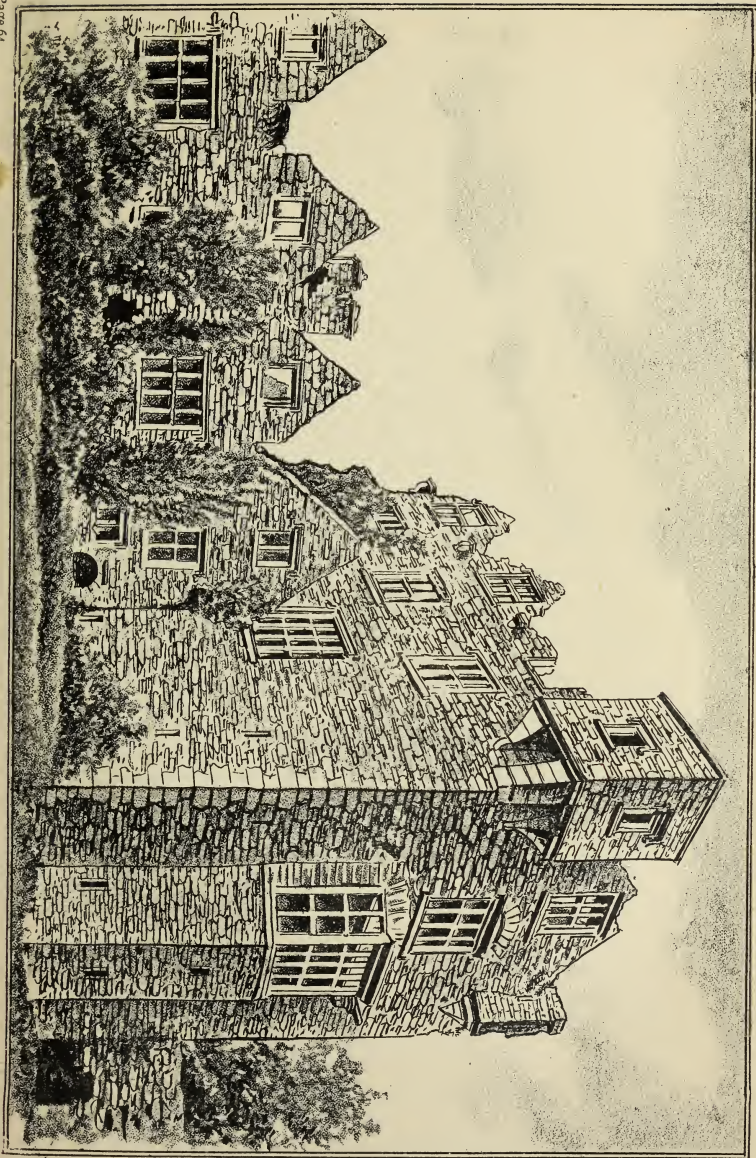
so unfavourable, that they appear to have exercised a sound discretion, and one consistent with the economy of time and of their resources, when they left the details of our very early history in the safe-keeping of such ancient original records as from remote ages preserved them, and collected as much as they could make room for of the events of more modern times in which they lived themselves”

Among the many illustrious dead who sleep with the Four Masters within these sacred precincts there is a name, new, perhaps to some, and it is that of Menelaus MacCormac, educated in Oxford, where, according to Anthony Wood, the historian of that ancient University, he was known as Carmgan Hibernicus. After having been Dean of Raphoe for some years he was consecrated Bishop of that diocese on the 15th July, 1484, and when he had fulfilled that high trust with distinguished zeal and ability for thirty-one years, he died on the 5th of May, 1515. Before his death he begged to be clothed in the habit of St. Francis, and directed that he be buried in the convent of that Order in Donegal.

In the immediate vicinity of the Abbey the great O'Donnell Castle was built in 1505 by the chieftain, Hugh Roe, and the place upon which it stood at the head of the bay is exquisitely beautiful. The long narrow sheet

**The O'Donnell
Castle at
Donegal.**

of water placid as a lake, decked on either side by grassy slopes, robed in many-tinted woods, and here and there a steep incline green to the water-line, all make up a scene of unsurpassing loveliness. The Lord-Deputy Sydney visited it in 1566, and carried away the following impression :—“It is one of the greatest castles I ever saw in Ireland, in any Irishman's hands, and would appear in good keeping one of



DONEGAL CASTLE.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

the fairest, situate in a good soil, and so nigh the portable water as a boat of ten tons may come within twenty yards of it."

On that awful night of September 19th, 1601, when the recreant Nial Garv, had withdrawn to the refuge of Magherybeg, Red Hugh speedily followed, and couriers arrived at his camp. They brought him an urgent message to the effect that an expedition, sent by the King of Spain to aid the Irish against Elizabeth, had arrived at Kinsale, and there awaited the presence of the Irish chieftains, especially O'Neil and O'Donnell. To this call Red Hugh promptly responded, but before leaving he had the noble residence of his family, with all its splendour and tender associations, completely dismantled, in order that the enemy might not have a chance of so rich a spoil. The English, coming into possession shortly after, made over by crown grant the wrecked pile on Sir Basil Brook, and out of it he built, right on the bank of the river, the present Castle of Donegal. Here, though it is not given to the visitor to look upon the Royal residence of the O'Donnell, still the object is remarkable, and must be viewed from a distance to catch the lines of its gabled tower, surmounted by a bartizan turret rising to a dizzy height, "a beautiful Elizabethan building, combining defensive with domestic purposes" (*Murray*). The chief points of interest within are a fine chamber, or drawingroom, containing a grand chimney-piece, sculptured in good style, with the arms of Brook and Leicester, and lighted by a glorious window. There are some good stone-mullions, and a low room richly vaulted, with the stones placed edgeways.

The Battle of Kinsale, 1601.—Red Hugh was the first of the Ulster chieftains on the way to Kinsale in 1601. At

the head of some 2,500 men, drawn from Tyrconnell and Northern Connaught, he began his journey at the end of October in that year. When Tipperary was reached, he found that Sir George Carew, with a much superior force, lay on his path in the plain of Cashel, while St. Lawrence was rapidly coming up behind with the army of the Pale. Then a high and difficult mountain rose on his right, so that he was hemmed in. But the gallant chieftain could not be stopped, and a heavy frost setting in during the night, greatly facilitated his progress over Slieve Phelim, impassable though it appeared. Carew being informed of the movement, hastened to intercept, but by the time he got as far as Kilmallock, Red Hugh was at Croom, having marched in one day thirty-two Irish miles over the roughest ground imaginable, "the greatest march," writes Carew, "with carriage, that hath been heard of" (*Pacata Hibernia*). Sir George thinking it folly to cope with "so swift-footed a general" as he expressed it, returned direct to Mountjoy, who had pitched his camp before Kinsale. On the 21st of December, O'Neil, O'Donnell, and the Munster chiefs, except MacCarthy Reagh, and Cormac MacCarthy, lord of Muskerry, encamped on the heights of Belgoley. O'Sullivan, chief of Bear, came at the head of his own men, with 200 Spaniards, from Castlehaven. The besieging army was now itself besieged, and the veteran O'Neil saw that, cut off as it was in supplies from all quarters, every hour that passed made its defeat surer. But the Spanish General had sent messages pressing an attack on the English, while he would make a sortie from the town, and O'Donnell, roused more by some of the Spaniard's cutting observations than by the natural impetuosity of his own character, recommended

an immediate assault. In a council of war he carried the majority against the better judgment of O'Neil, and the early dawn of the 24th December was fixed for the attack. During the night of the 23rd, the Irish army was set in motion, and before daybreak the first division, in consequence of the difficult nature of the ground, and the darkness, suddenly found themselves confronted by the enemy, standing under arms in excellent order. Then ensued not a battle but a carnage. When O'Donnell, who was following far in the rear, came up, the panic had become general. He called on the men to stand and fight the enemy, "until his voice and speech," as the Four Masters express it, "were strained by the vehemence, and loudness of the language in which he addressed all in general, requesting his nobles to stand by him and fight their enemies." But all in vain. The disorder was irretrievable, and O'Neil with O'Donnell retreated to Inishannon, near Bandon. The Annalists counted the loss in killed and wounded as a trifle compared with the loss of prestige. This reverse seems to have depressed the susceptible spirit of Red Hugh to a degree which is hard to realise. "He was seized with great fury, rage, and anxiety of mind, so that he did not sleep, or rest soundly for the space of three nights" (*Annals*). The Spanish expedition had been a mismanaged affair altogether. The force sent was not at all up to the mark, and it landed just at the very place where the English power had its strongest hold, while the Spanish leader, though brave, held an insulting tone to the Irish, whom he did not take the trouble to understand. To the Irish chieftains the pain of this disaster was more acute than the loss of the memorable Spanish Armada or Naval Invasion despatched by Philip II. in 1583 against Queen Elizabeth to

paralyse her arm raised against Irish Catholics, as well as to punish her for the assistance she rendered to the Protestant Netherlands in their opposition to Catholic Spain. Formidable battle-ships to the number of 140, carrying over 30,000 fighting men, and 2,431 pieces of artillery, were then scattered by the winds and the waves, and their wreckage strewn on our shores; yet the defeat at Kinsale was more blasting to Irish hopes.

The Bayard of Tyrconnell dies in Spain —Red Hugh now resolved to proceed to Spain for the purpose of inducing Philip III. to follow up the Kinsale Expedition by another under better auspices, and O'Neil having reluctantly agreed, the O'Donnell immediately sailed from Castlehaven, followed by "the loud clapping of hands, pitiful and mournful to hear, the intense tearful moaning, and the loud wailing lamentation of his men" (*Annals*). Wafted by a favourable wind to Corunna, he was received there with extraordinary respect. On the eve of his starting from Ireland, he delegated the chieftaincy of the Cinel-Conall to his brother Rory, a circumstance carefully noted by the Four Masters as follows:—"Rury O'Donnell was he to whom O'Donnell had, on the night before his departure, left the government of his people and lands, and everything that was hereditary to him until he should return. And he commanded O'Neill and Rury to be friendly to each other, as they themselves both had been. And they promised him this thing."

Philip III. hearing that the lord of Tyrconnell had taken his passage for Corunna, wrote to Count Caracéna, Governor of Galicia:—"One of the most gracious letters ever a king directed, and His Majesty stated that he would endanger

his kingdom to succour the Catholics of Ireland in their struggle ; for the perfecting whereof great preparations were in hand" (*Pacata Hibernia*). The Irish chieftain on arriving the 13th of January, was received with all the honours due to his exalted rank, and lodged in Government House :—"Caracéna evermore gave the O'Donnell his right hand, which, within his government, he would not have done to the highest Duke in Spain" (*Pacata Hibernia*). The morning of the 27th was fixed for the departure to Zamora in order to catch the King, then on a tour in that part of Spain. A brilliant *cortege* came as far as Santa Lucia, where His Excellency the Governor in parting, put a thousand ducats into the hand of his royal charge. Here, after resting for the night, early next day His Highness the Red Prince started for Compostella, where he was met by all the great people of that ancient and venerable city. On the following morning there was a solemn Mass in the Cathedral of St. James, at which the Archbishop pontificated, and Hugh Roe communicated at the High Altar. In the evening His Grace had a brilliant party for dinner to meet his distinguished guest, whom he presented with a large purse on taking his leave. Accompanied by Father Florence Conry, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, Redmond Burke, Hugh Mostin, and other eminent countrymen, the O'Donnell reached Zamora in good time. He was warmly welcomed by the King, who showed him royal honours, and generously promised to have an expedition, according to his programme, fitted out immediately. Hugh Roe returned to Corunna to rest there until all things should be in readiness. The Winter wore away, and the Spring, and as yet no appearance of the fleet which was to sail for Ireland. Summer came and passed, and

the solitary figure of the Irish chieftain might still be seen on the high beach at Corunna, looking out over the heaving element, that divided him from the country he loved so well. His impatient spirit could endure the delay no longer. He started once more for the Court, but died on the way at Simancas in the King's palace, and was buried with great solemnity in the Franciscan Church at Valladolid, on the 10th of September, 1602, in the 29th year of his age.

“ And he, the chieftain of the North,
 The Red O'Donnell,
 Who led her banded legions forth,
 In Green Tyrconnell,
 O'er fortified height and battle plain
 So many a day to death or danger—
 He, tended by the hireling stranger,
 He drops—he sinks—he dies in pain,
 He breathes his last in far-off Spain.” (*Mangan.*)

That he was foully poisoned by one Blake, who followed him from Sir George Carew for this diabolical purpose, has been conclusively proved by the accomplished scholar and Irish archæologist, the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., in the admirable introduction to his translation of the life of Red Hugh, just published from the original Irish. “ Thus closed the career of one of the brightest and purest characters of any history. His youth, his early captivity, his princely generosity, his daring courage, his sincere piety, won the hearts of all who came in contact with him. He was the sword as O'Neil was the brain of the Ulster Confederacy; the Ulysses and Achilles of the war, they fought side by side without jealousy or envy for almost as long a period as their prototypes had spent in besieging Troy ” (*M'Gee's History of Ireland*).

What was done to revive Donegal ABBEY immediately after the sad death of Red Hugh has been transmitted by a contemporary historian as follows :—“ The brethren still live together in secure places within the limits of the convent, and they have at all times a guardian and community of twelve at least, but some of them have been transferred to other convents. When peace was restored, and after the death of the lord in Spain, his brother Rory was put in possession of the greater part of his territory, and was made an earl by the King of England, a title far inferior to that which he had before. He began to rebuild the convent, but learning that the English were plotting to take away his life, he fled with Earl O'Neill to Flanders ; from that he went to Rome, where both of them died. Now the English heretics have possession of the whole country, and they allow the older brethren to live in remote places, knowing that all of them must die soon, but they will not readily allow any younger men to join them. Such is the present state of that convent.”



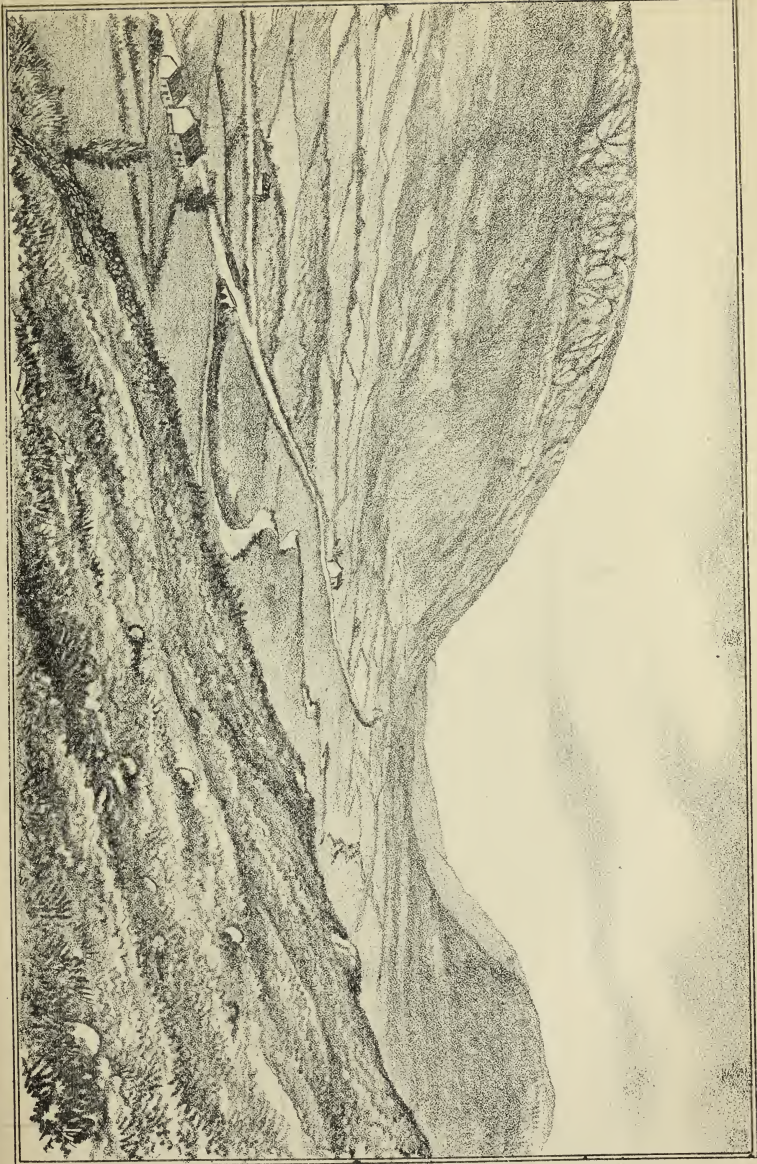


III.—EXCURSION TO THE GAP OF BARNESMORE, BALLYBOFEY, AND STRANORLAR.



T is an easy run from Donegal to the Gap of Barnesmore, a pass which every tourist in the Donegal Highlands ought to see. The road is up the valley of the Esk, and directly you leave the town the dark forms of the Bluestack Mountains begin to mass away to the left and soon to approach your path. At the end of the third mile you are gladdened by the sight of Lough Esk, a basin some three and a half miles broad, under an outlier of that fine range. The border in great part rises with abruptness, sufficient to give the effect of precipice, yet it holds enough of earth to nourish a coat of fresh-coloured grasses, mixed with the purple blossom of the heath. Though in one or two places this line is broken rudely by the mountain torrents, there is at the lower extremity the pleasant greenness of easy slopes, in the midst of which reposes Esk House (Thomas Brook, Esq.). At the upper extremity there is room for Ardnamona with its warm clumps and fringes of trees, while the waterfall at Ashdown sparkles in the sun, like a tiara of diamonds, as it leaps down some 80 feet to swell the ripples on the Lough.

BARNESMORE GAP, CO DONEGAL



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

But in all this there is not that which makes a scene of soft beauty, for despite these agreeable accessories the eternal hills are still the main characteristics of the landscape. On a small island in the lake are the broken walls of a keep belonging to the O'Donnell, and said to have been used chiefly as a prison. Notwithstanding the etymology of the word Esk, which means *fish*, neither the lake nor the river is at the present day remarkable for an abundance of fish; but the waters possess, they say, the richer property of pearl-producing—some pearls of great beauty having been found in them.

Crossing the Lowreymore river, the road brings you soon into quite a different scene, the Gap of Barnesmore. It is truly a noble gorge of some three or four miles, cutting right through, and shut in on either side by a threatening wall—that on the right rising 1,724 feet, and that on the left, to the height of 1,491 feet. The escarpments at some points run out into beetling cliffs, at other parts are furrowed by rents, dark and ghastly, scooped out by the water-courses, which, with a peculiarity not unusual to mountain torrents, show a partiality for the steepest places, as if for a headlong leap. The defile though wild, does not, however, wear a look of utter desolation, for there is an abundance of vegetation, consisting of grass and heath, chiefly of a brown colour, but under the various conditions of weather producing a rich variety of those beautiful hues which can be caught only in mountain scenery. “Oh, how I wished,” writes the Rev. C. Otway, “even at the expense of a thorough wetting, to go through this pass after a fall of rain—to see hundreds of cataracts tumbling headlong on either side, to hear the rush of the river, the roar of the

waterfalls, and moanings of the mountain blast—realising the poet's description, when

Red came the river down,
And loud and long the angry spirit of the waters shrieked."

At the further end of Barnesmore the watershed is reached and at a little distance you will observe on an eminence to the left, the dark ruin of a castellated mansion, built during King James's reign, where the Huguenot historian, Rapin, compiled his voluminous history. On the right, close to the road, is Lough Mourne, the source of the Mourne Beg river, which, flowing eastward into Tyrone, courses on to unite its waters with the Finn at Lifford. The surroundings of Lough Mourne are of the most sombre and dreary character, but somewhat relieved by a few white cottages and some patches of green. Here a road is given off to the left, which leads to Meenglass (the green plain), seat of Viscount Lifford, and in a few minutes you reach a busy thriving little town on the river Finn.

Strath-bo-Fiach, now **Ballybofey** (Hotel :—*Magee's*, pop. 1,000). There is some good scenery to be met with by following the Finn up on the north side to Finntown, or on the south side to Glenties. The road runs alongside the river on the opposite bank of which are the dense woods of Drumboe Castle (Sir Samuel Hayes), and passing Glenmore, it cuts round the base of Altnapaste, a conical hill (1,199 feet), which on this side comes close to the water's edge. If it be dry weather the traveller will not fail to notice the marked attrition of this mountain stream, which has furrowed deeply the solid rock that forms its bed. Here a cross road winds over the Finn to the right, where there is a pretty cascade, and meeting the highway on the northern bank of Cloghan Lodge

keeps near the river to its source at Finntown, some ten miles up in the heart of the mountains. The direct way, however, leads on to Glenties, and affords throughout wild scenery, rich and varied. At the Reelan Bridge we find ourselves in the midst of the Highlands, and following up this route there are at every turn new views of a noble group of steeply-escarped hills, which "shoulder each other" close on the left, the highest being Gaugin (1,365 feet). Having arrived at a point eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, you begin to descend Ballinagrath, presenting a splendid prospect northward over Aghla, Scraigs, and the Glendowan peaks. A little further on we pass Lough Ea, a small tarn, guarded by savage-looking precipices, under the Binbane range, which the eye may trace from this westward behind Ardara, and running out to the ocean cliffs of Slieveatooley. From Lough Ea our road is down a rapidly-descending course into the GLEN OF GLENTIES, one of the most pleasing of highland valleys. The gray mountains, standing in threatening line at the head of the Glen, the brown hills subsiding into green slopes, the meadowy holms over which the stream meanders, recalling by its many windings the poet's happy idea of the river unwilling to leave its source, all realize Dante's conception of the *dolcemente feroce* (sweetly fierce). From Martin's Bridge the valley lies smiling before you into Glenties.

Butt's Grave.—Before leaving BALLYBOFEY, however, the visitor would do well to take a short walk to the little cemetery, attached to the Protestant parish church of Stran-olar. If the "shades of evening" be now falling so much the better, for the heart will more readily respond to the poetic pathos of Gray's famous Elegy. The memory

of the dead, and the thoughts of one's own passing away so crowd upon the mind, that one cannot help kneeling down and weeping. In the south-eastern angle is the grave, still fresh, of the eloquent patriot, Isaac Butt, where it is simply covered with the green sod of the old land he loved so well. He it was who started the agitation for "Home Rule," and put in training the ideas which Mr. Parnell matured immediately after. Isaac Butt for the best part of his public career, was admittedly the Irish orator of the English House of Commons as well as the ornament of the Irish Bar, where he shone with the revived splendour of Curran and Plunkett. It was in a Grammar School near his father's house, and not far from Stranorlar, that he first developed that enormous appetite for intellectual culture which he possessed. He always retained an affectionate memory of native home, and wished to leave his bones there. The letter in which he expressed this desire was published after his death, and is very affecting. It is addressed to his dear friend the late Dr. O'Leary, M.P., and has marked on its envelope "to be religiously observed."

"Dublin, St. Stephen's Day, 1876.

"MY DEAR O'LEARY,

"I write to you in fulfilment of an intention I have often expressed. If I die in England, I think it better I should be buried in Brompton Cemetery, in the grave with my mother and child.

If, wherever I die, the expense would not be an inconvenience, I would wish to be buried in Stranorlar churchyard, as close as may be to the south-eastern angle. The ground is, or was, a good deal lower than the rest of the churchyard. A very shallow grave would be enough, with a mound of earth or a tomb raised over it. Put no inscription over the grave, except the date of my birth, and death; and wherever I am buried let the funeral be perfectly private, with as few persons attending, and as little show and expense as possible.

"Yours very truly,

"ISAAC BUTT."

And so poor Butt was buried in the country churchyard.

“Far from the city’s ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come !”

STRANORLAR is also the birth-place of Frances Browne, the well-known blind poetess of Donegal. The village (pop. 420) is separated from BALLYBOFEY by the bridge, which joins them, and just opposite the handsome Catholic church is the railway station where the visitor may take the narrow-gauge West Donegal train, and return through the gap of Barnesmore to the town of Donegal in less than an hour.





DONEGAL TO KILLYBEGS.

UNDER the Light Railways Act, 1889, a capital sum of about £1,100,000 was made available as a grant for the construction of railways wherever in Ireland they were most needed. Under this Act the West Donegal narrow-gauge line has been extended from Donegal to Killybegs, a distance of 18 miles, at an estimated cost of £117,000. The visitor may travel by this more expeditious means, but to catch the views an outside car is incomparably better, and then the route coasts westwards along Donegal Bay. Crossing the Esk the road is through smiling fields, and at the end of the first mile descends upon an inlet of the sea, which is seen to best advantage at high water, when it looks an extensive inland lake, with low banks, green as emerald. Here begins a stiff ascent and you slowly climb up to MOUNTCHARLES, a large village perched on the side of a steep hill. Away below, the Hall of the Marquis of Conyngham looks pretty with its white wings, bathed in sunshine, while this arm of the bay and the uplands of Tyrhugh are resplendent with the same influence.

Banagh and Boylagh.—In 1609, when the Northern chieftains with their adherents had been exterminated, came

that favourite project of James I., and the long-desired of the undertakers, known in Irish history as the "Plantation of Ulster." By this legalized process of assuming ownership nearly all Tyrconnell was appropriated by adventurers, chiefly from Scotland, at a nominal Crown-rent of three halfpence an acre for good, and nothing for bad or unprofitable lands. Accordingly BANAGH and BOYLUGH, or 10,000 acres, constituting the bulk of this North-West Donegal, were practically bestowed on a Mr. John Murray, Laird of Broughton, near Edinburgh, who happened to be in the King's household, and a tremendous favourite with His Majesty. The names of the several sub-divisions, covering this immense scope, occupy over three columns of the printed Ulster inquisitions, with the official notification of the transfer as follows:—"And all and every of which the before recited several proportions and lands doe together contayne 10,000 acres of land, or thereabout, and doe lye in the said barony or precinct of Boylugh and Banagh. The said late King, on the 13th of December, in the 18th yeare of his reigne of England 1620, by his letters patent did give and graunte all the said proportions, townes, villages, hamletts, quarters, parts, and parcells of land, tenements, hereditaments, and premises, unto John Murray, Esq., one of the groomes of his said late Majesty's bed-chamber, his heirs and assignees for ever." The title of Earl of Annandale became extinct in the family of this lucky "groome of his said late Majesty's bed-chamber" about the year 1658, but a considerable slice of his West Donegal confiscation-grant is inherited by the present Mr. Murray Stewart. Though represented by an active agent in Killybegs, he is an inveterate absentee, one of

those feudal lords, now happily almost abolished in Ireland "who sow not neither do they spin." The largest section, however, of BOYLAGH and BANAGH is actually in the possession of the Marquis of Conyngham, descended from the Rev. Alexander Conyngham, a Scotchman, Protestant Rector of the parish of Inver, in 1611, and subsequently Dean of Raphoe. This worthy clergyman married the daughter of Mr. Murray, the fortunate Laird of Broughton, to whom the vast territory of BANAGH and BOYLAGH was conveyed by his royal master. Henry, Earl Conyngham, dying without an heir something over a hundred years ago, was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Burton, of the Co. Clare, who took the title as well as the estates of the noble house of Conyngham. Unlike Mr. Murray Stewart, the Marquis of Conyngham resides on his broad acres. Most of the year he spends at Slane Castle, on his Meath property, while a part of the Summer and Autumn is divided between the Hall at Mountcharles and the Lodge at Glenties, among a struggling, but industrious tenantry, who do not appear to derive much benefit from his presence.

Salt Hill is nicely situated on the coast, but instead of following this flat and uninteresting road the visitor ought to pursue the direct way to the crown of the hill above Mountcharles, where the prospect is decidedly good, to whatever point of the compass you turn your eyes. Two or three miles to the right is Drumkeelin, in which were found those fossil remains that have made

Inver familiar to every student of geology and Irish archæology. The parish (IMBER-NAALIS or INVER) is the largest in the diocese of Raphoe, and has its name from

Naalis or Natalis, who is commemorated in the *Martyrology of Donegal* (see page 31). The Saint's mother was a fervent daughter of the King of Leinster, and his father Engus, King of Munster, in the act of being baptized by St. Patrick, had his foot pierced by the sharp point of the Apostle's crozier, falling heavily on it. Yet the royal patient bore the pain without a murmur, and moved not until the sacred rite had been fully conferred.

The *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, or Acts of the Irish Saints, is the production of the Rev. John Colgan, a native of Glentoher, near Carndonagh, in Inishowen, where the name is still in evidence. As a child he lisped in Irish, as a boy he learned his lessons in Irish, and by untiring application he acquired more than a boy's knowledge of Irish. His parents destined him for the Church, and being sent to a High School for the preparatory studies, he gave his days and nights to Latin, thus laying the foundation of the purity as well as the facility with which he afterwards wrote in that ancient classic. While still young he joined the Irish Community of St. Francis, who sent him to their house at Louvain, in Belgium, where after a time he was placed on the teaching-staff, and ultimately made Warden of the College. All the time that could be spared by him from the pressing duties of these offices, was devoted to the composition of his great book, and in this he had the unstinted assistance of Father Hugh Ward, a Donegal man also, and a Franciscan, who after winning high honours at Paris and Salamanca, came to lecture on theology at Louvain. Colgan's account of the Irish Saints for the first three months of the year, expanded under his teeming brain into such proportions, that he found it

necessary to wind-up the first volume without ever after being able to resume the narrative at that point. In his Second Volume he has set forth no less than seven different sketches of St. Patrick's life, five of St. Columba, and six of St. Bridget. The first volume was brought out in 1643, and the second in 1647, both at Louvain, where the lamented author died in 1658. Under January 27th of the Church Calendar, in telling us the most prominent and interesting facts about St. Naalis, he says:—"There are not wanting other very weighty testimonies of the great sanctity of St. Natalis or Naalis, and the solemn veneration, formerly paid him, in different parts of this kingdom. Some menalogies relate that he, by merit, derived the fountain of his faith from the rock, and that he is venerated on the 27th of January with solemn festivity, and the honour due to a patron where he discharged the office of Abbot . . . in the church of Inber-Naaile, in the County of Tirconnell." The religious foundation which flourished under St. Naalis at Inver, together with its property, were appropriated by the planters, and are now in the possession of their heirs, as is evident from an Inquisition taken at Lifford, in the seventh year of the reign of James I., in the following terms:—"The Jurors, upon their oathes, say and present, that in the saide baronie (Tirew), is also the parish of Enivernaile, containing in all three ballybetaghs, whereof half a quarter is church-land, and now in the possession of the Bishop of Raphoe, and that the usual rent thereof is fifty meathers of butter, and thirteen shillings and foure pence Irish in monie."

The route now lies down hill, giving off to the right a road to Glenties, passing Frasses Catholic Church, crowned with an attractive new tower, and flanked by a distinguished

group of school-buildings, with a bright and well-kept priest's residence. At the source of the Eanybeg, some five or six miles away, in a secluded dell, called Dysert, are the grass-grown relics of an ancient chapel, and a well of St. Collum-Cille, where many interesting traditions of the holy man are told. Right above Dysert towers the rugged peak of Carnaween, which has a *Cromlech* on its summit, and commands a splendid prospect of the north-western coast of Donegal, with the distant cloud-capped mountains to the East and South. On the other side of the Eanybeg bridge the road creeps up a long and tedious hill, with the huge mass of Binbane rising on the right. Looking back the traveller gets superb views, and when the watershed is reached, his course becomes enlivened by shifting panoramas as he journeys over the heathy heights. He then descends into the valley of the Owentucker, a torrent which accompanies him by the side of its rocky channel as far as Kilrain, where he joins the main route between Ardara and Glenties.

By not quitting the direct road at the Glenties crossing, one soon finds himself in front of the Protestant church with its neat spire at Inver. There are two mansions standing on opposite sides of the river, with a few neat farm-houses, variously grouped, and all half-hidden among trees, which make a rustic scene of more than ordinary beauty. A short distance from Inver Bridge up the river, is a bit of romantic scenery at BONYGLEN (Sinclair, Esq.), whence the route from *Donegal to Ardara* wanders for miles upon miles over a dreary waste.

The highway to Killybegs after crossing Inver bridge, is also over rather uneven ground, but "notwithstanding the tediousness of those hilly roads, the tourist will rarely

find the time hang heavy ; for the views of the Donegal mountains are superb" (*Murray*). At the top of this long stretch is *Dunkineely*, an improving village of one street ; then a slope of good land, the Protestant church and comfortable Parsonage of Killaghtee. Here the tourist may make a detour to explore St. John's Point, a singular tongue hardly a mile in mean width, but running some seven miles into the sea. Following the way branching off from Killaghtee, the tourist has on his right MacSwine's Bay, on the shore of which, at a place called Castle-point, is a heap of the merest rubbish, once the proud dwelling of the MacSwine of Banagh, and nearer to the road are the remains of an old church. Further down at a place called Ballysaggart (Priest's Town), are the grass-grown relics of an abbey, and at the extreme point there is a lighthouse, standing ninety-seven feet above the sea.

MacSwine.—It has been already noted (page 12) that Nial Glundubh of the royal blood of Eoghan (Owen), when Monarch of Ireland in A.D. 919, made himself so famous in battle with the Danes, and otherwise, that in honour of him his grandson Donnell took O'Neil for a surname. A few generations passed away, and this O'Neil's great grandson was one Donslebi, father of the MacSuibne, M'Swine, or M'Sweeney family, who, being of an adventurous turn, chose Scotland as their best hunting-ground. But after a wholesome experience they sighed for pastures new, which were found within easy distance, on their own native shore, directly opposite. Leaving behind in Scotland a sufficient number to perpetuate their race and name, they set sail for the extreme north-west coast of Donegal, and, having waved their flag on Rathlin O'Beirne, an island off Malin Beg, they

entered M'Swine's Bay, and landed on St. John's Point. Here they made themselves masters of the whole of the present barony of BANAGH, the ancient Tir Bochainé, and planted it with a considerable section of their party, under the name of the MacSwines of Banagh. At Castle-point, their leader erected a suitable home, where the occupant became such an important factor in making history that he is deemed worthy of an obituary notice in the *Annals of Ireland*, under A.D. 1524 :—"MacSweeney, of Tir Boghainrie (*i.e.*), Nial Mor, the son of Eoghan, the most renowned constable of his own noble tribe for action and honour, for determination of mind and counsel, for arranging and attacking, for hospitality and generosity, for great troops and active warriors, by whom most dangerous passes were forced, died after extreme unction and repentance in his own castle at Rathane (Rahan), St. John's Point, on the 14th December." This M'Swine immigration having thus successfully deposited its first colony, swept eastward round the iron bound coast and established at Doe and Fanad two other settlements more important than that of BANAGH.

The fighting strength under the Irish chieftains was largely made up of light infantry (ceithern or kerns) and the heavy foot or galloglasses, from GALL (a foreigner), Og (young) and LAOCH (a champion). The bodies of these galloglasses were clad in coats of mail, their heads encased in steel, their sides furnished with long swords or claymores, and their hands with huge battle-axes, which they wielded with such force in close quarters as to cleave the skull of the adversary through the heavy plates of his helmet. To move freely under the weight of such armour, and to manipulate these ponderous weapons with ease, men were needed of powerful build and tall in

proportion—stalwarts in fact. Such, as a rule, were the MacSwines, so that from them the rank and file of the galloglasses had chiefly to be recruited, while the chieftain's standard-bearer or marshal was invariably the head of the M'Swine clan. This explains how the name comes to be identified with the galloglasses and battle-axes, and it also accounts for the fact that in the thirteenth century a chosen community of the name from Donegal, settled in the County Cork at the invitation of the Prince of Desmond, who confided to them the high honour and lucrative post of regimenting his warriors.

You must now retrace your steps to join the Killybegs road, which leads by Bruckless, where the Catholic church and presbytery occupy an elevation on the east bank of the Carker river, diving here into a ravine, bordered by a dark wood, from which a pillar of blue smoke may be seen ascending on a quiet afternoon. Crossing the Oiley Bridge there is a good mile of rising ground, patched with furze and brown grasses, and then you “descend upon the most charming of landlocked bays,” on one side of which, completely sheltered from the storm, is

Killybegs (Hotels : *Coane's, Rogers', Royal Bay View*), “a clean, pleasant, little seaport, which, without any pretensions to the dignity of a watering-place, will, as far as situation goes, well repay a visit” (*Murray*). The town is built literally on the edge of the sea, and the harbour opens to the south by a narrow entrance, at which there is a lighthouse on an insulated mass called the Rotten Island. In fact, it is so completely secured and affords such excellent anchorage that it has been strongly recommended as a national harbour by the Royal Commission. The shore all

round is abrupt and craggy, but there is enough of green to redeem it from wildness. The visitor should take an hour's boating in the bay for sake of the views, especially of the town, and its rocky back-ground, which seems to float on the tide.

The Northern chieftains when taking the field against Queen Elizabeth to quench the fury of her persecution in the old land, felt that, humanly speaking, they had but slender chance of success, unless their arms were supported by the help of Philip II. of Spain, the generous defender of Catholicity every where, and the most powerful Catholic crowned head in Europe. This profound conviction O'Neil and O'Donnell promptly conveyed to the Spanish sovereign not only by special messenger, but in the following letter, dated 25th September, 1595 :—" Our only hope of re-establishing the Catholic religion rests on your assistance. Now or never our Church must be succoured. By the timidity or negligence of the messengers our former letters have not reached you. We therefore again beseech you to send us 2,000 or 3,000 soldiers, with money and arms before the feast of Sts. Philip and James. With such we hope to restore the faith of the Church, and to secure you a kingdom." The answer came early in the following year by the arrival in Killybegs harbour of a considerable naval demonstration from the Spanish Government, carrying Alonso Cobos or Copis as Envoy Extraordinary to determine on the spot how the military assistance, so fervently sought for, could be best forwarded. The hope of immediate relief, thus forcibly inspired, so gladdened the heart of the Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. Nial O'Boyle, residing at Killybegs, that he despatched to Philip II. a letter full of grateful acknowledgment " for the aid he

was about to send, especially on behalf of the Church, which was spoiled by the English heretics." This holy and patriotic prelate is buried in the old Abbey, on the island of Iniskeel, at the mouth of the Gweebarra. The local chief at Killybegs (M'Swine of Banagh) joined the Bishop in the expression of satisfaction on the occasion by writing to the Spanish monarch that "he had received His Majesty's letter ; that he was chief of a territory and of one side of the harbour into which His Majesty's messengers had come ; that he had treated them with all kindness, as he was bound to do, and aided them to bring their business to an end as soon as possible, and would do the like so long as he lived, so that His Majesty's ships could make a stay in the harbour with security at all times. He asked for guns and 500 men to be put under his command for the welfare of the country."

Killybegs, anciently called Calla-beaga (little churches), or Na-Calla, as it is still designated by the Irish-speaking population, must have been greatly favoured by St. Catherine, seeing that she has presided over it from an early period. The *Annals* under A.D. 1513, record the fact thus :—"Owen O'Malley came by night with the crews of three ships into the harbour of Killybegs, and the chieftains of the country being all at the time in O'Donnell's army, they plundered and burned the town, and took many prisoners in it. They were overtaken by a storm, so that they were compelled to remain on the coast of the country, and they lighted fires around touching close to the ship. A youthful stripling of the MacSweeneys, that is Brian, and the son of Brian, and a party of shepherds, overtook them and attacked them courageously, and slew Owen O'Malley and five or six score

along with him, and also captured two of their ships, and rescued from them the prisoners they had taken, through the miracles of God and St. Catherine, whose town they had profaned." Quite near the town on the Western shore there is a *Probatia* or well, the miraculous virtue of which is attributed to St. Catherine. It marks the spot where stood the Priory, founded by MacSwine of Banagh, in honour of this patron saint, and after this venerable establishment had been levelled, its place was taken by the Catholic parish church. But this, like the old priory, is long since gone. The rich pastures belonging to the MacSwine foundation are converted into a glebe, a neat parsonage succeeds to the old abbey, and the present St. Catherine's Catholic church is on a rock, high over the town, presenting in its fine proportions a commanding object. Adjoining it on the same lofty platform is the turretted dwelling of the pastor, who looks down with a loving eye on his faithful flock. One of his predecessors, Donatus MacMonagle, occupies a niche in the temple of fame. Promoted to the government of the ancient see of Raphoe in the last half of the sixteenth century, he repaired to Trent in the Austrian Tyrol, and took part in the closing sessions of that great Ecclesiastical Council. An interesting manuscript, to be seen in the British Museum, London, refers to this illustrious Irish prelate in the following eulogistic terms :—"He was the third great bishop that took part in the Council of Trent ; he was an active and well qualified man ; he could write well, and speak the Latin, English, and Irish tongues. He commonly accompanied O'Donnell when he came to Dublin before the State. He dealt much for the business of the Church, and at length he obtained letters under My Lord Deputy's, Sir Henry Sydney's, and

the Council's hands for the immunity of the Church ; tha neither English nor Irish should have cess or press upon the Church lands, and if any number of persons should offend contrary to the Lord Deputy's and Council's order, established in that behalf, such delinquent shall pay into the Church tenfold as much as should be thus wrongfully exacted." The Four Masters tell us that Dr. MacMonagle surrendered his distinguished and useful life at Killybegs, on the 25th September, 1589. There is not even a stone to mark his grave—no monument in marble or brass to record his memory. There is, however, an old ruin with a decayed cemetery, not far from Killybegs, which is pointed out as the resting-place of the great bishop, but local tradition is the only means of identifying it ! !





KILLYBEGS TO KILCAR AND CARRICK.

“**T**HE tourist should now take a car, there being no other public conveyance, to explore the district beyond Killybegs, which, as far as scenery goes, is equal to anything in Ireland, and deserves to be thoroughly well-known” (*Murray*). Starting from

Killybegs, the horse begins at once to labour against a steep ascent, from which, looking back, one gets a view, that for variety of incident, is rarely equalled. The little town under your feet, with its gigantic barrier of crags, standing up behind it, the placid basin, with its translucent waters, and brim of rock and pasture, are interwoven in every conceivable figure. All this, looking clear and bright, even in murky weather, and the distant hills, cutting the horizon into long and graceful lines, are the characteristics of the scene. After the first mile you suddenly drop upon a maritime dell, with a singularly bold back ground. There is a broad strip of yellow strand, from which Fintra Bay spreads out, and upon the beach is Fintra House, embosomed in trees, while close behind, tower the dark steeps of Cronarad. The road now keeps along the coast, which slopes rapidly to the sea, having still the ridge of Cronarad, gray and rugged, on the right, and commanding seaward Donegal Bay, with its

southern coast-line from the sand-hills of Bundoran to the distant mountains of Erris and Tyrawley. At the fifth mile the direct way bends inland, but the tourist had better go by the less-frequented one, skirting the base of Muckross (916 feet), on the side next the sea, and affording bits of coast scenery that will more than repay the inconvenience of the detour. Perched high on what is more a cliff than a hillside, are the airy tenements of fishermen, who in addition to the precarious livelihood, drawn from the deep, manage to raise potatoes among the rocks. Arrived at a spot where there is a school-house standing by itself, one will have no difficulty in finding among the houses in the neighbourhood a guide to the caves, which open on the sea at the end of Muckcross Point. These are a series of marine chambers, each consisting of three sides of a square, cut clean out of the living rock, and a flat roof of immense flags, admirably jointed together. In the largest, called the Market House, there is an enormous cube of rock; they are not accessible at the higher stages of the tide, but it is worth while to wait till the water has receded sufficiently to allow one to explore them. Above, on the western extremity of this headland, is shown a heap of stones which, judging from the traditions, as well as the incidents of the situation, was probably one of those Cyclopean towers of the Pagan period, so common in the south and west of Ireland. Looking towards Carrigan Head, there is a noble vista of precipices, standing like pillars at the entrances into Tamney and Teelin Bays. If the day be not unusually fine, the visitor should spend half an hour on the strand under the school-house, to observe the majestic roll of the waves, which, under most conditions of weather,

attain here a volume greater than anywhere else all round this stormy coast. He cannot fail to be struck with the position of the school-house, built into the abrupt acclivity of the mountain. The pupil on leaving the door, sees below a line of awful precipices, under which the Atlantic thunders unceasingly. Above there is the hardly less awful Muckcross, so steep that the unaccustomed visitor cannot look up without a sensation of uneasiness lest he might fall back into the sea. Along the mountain side, the huge boulders threaten every moment to come down—stones not unfrequently do descend, acquiring in the fall a momentum equal to a cannon shot. The road cuts its way, touching at two or three points, on the verge of precipices that take one's breath away, and quitting its dizzy course, declines into a short fiord, the western side of which is very precipitous, but covered with clusters of small houses and cultivated patches of land. Distant about half a mile lies

Kilcar, "a romantic village on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which is the Protestant church, and a brawling mountain torrent, forming altogether a charming picture" (*Murray*). The Catholic church, neatly railed off the street, with the handsome new parochial house showing prominently above, constitute the most striking architectural feature in the place. On the hillside over the Protestant church, are the remains of the old Abbey, from which *Kilchartach* (the Church of Carthac), or the more euphonious *Kilcar*, is derived. St. Carthac was the brother or nephew of St. Natalis, who presided over Inver. He had his training under St. Kieran, and advanced so much in the spirit of the cloister, that he was

chosen abbot of many a monastery throughout the provinces. Two of the holy wells at Kilcar are ascribed to him, but the third, strangely enough, is attributed to St. Patrick. Pilgrims do not flock to these sacred fountains as of old. The pious people of the mountains now seem to reserve their devotion in that respect for the holy places consecrated by the pre-

**The hermits
St. Hugh Mac-
Baraken and
St. Asicus.**

sence of St. Columba in the neighbouring Sean-glean or Glencolumbkille. This, no doubt, explains too, why the hermitage of the holy recluse, Hugh MacBracken, as well as the remains of the cell and oratory of the austere and contemplative Bishop, St. Asicus, on the summit of Slieve League near the precipices, are not now the scene of crowded pilgrimages, as tradition represents them to have been in the not far distant past. St. Hugh MacBrice, or Breaky, or MacBracken, is thus commemorated in the *Calendar of Cashel*:—"Hugh, the son of Brechii, of the race of Frachii, son of Neil, Bishop of Kildare in Meath, and of Slieve Liag, in Tir-bochain (Tirconnell). The age of Christ, when his spirit went to heaven, 588." Colgan in his account, notes "that St. Hugh MacBracken is venerated as patron in several churches, as for instance in Enach-Crinnian, in the county of Musery (Muskerry) in Munster, and in Sleabh Liag, in Tirconnell, where a chapel is consecrated to him, and a solemn pilgrimage performed in his honour. He died in the year 588, according to the *Chronicon Cluanense* and the *Annals*." Of St. Asicus, who inhabited an oratory on the same wild and desolate spot, we are told by the late Rev. Matthew Kelly in his notice of the "Patron Saints of Ireland" that St. Asicus (Asaach) was the first Bishop of the diocese of Elphin, and a disciple of St. Patrick, who obtained from

a Druid the land on which the church of Elphin was built. In a penitential spirit, St. Asicus renounced the charge of his diocese, and retired to the mountain of Sleabh Liag, in the present county of Donegal, from which he could not be persuaded to return. He died in his retreat, and was buried in the church of Rathcunga in Tirhugh, Donegal. His name is in the *Martyrology of Tallaght*, on the 26th of April, and his festival is observed on the following day in the diocese of Elphin. A much fuller notice of him is given by Colgan : —“The most holy and chaste Bishop, Asicus,” he says, “when on a certain occasion it was necessary to state a fact, uttered a falsehood, having spoken without sufficient reflection. In consequence of this fault, he became so great a penitent, that he determined never to be seen in the place where he had given so great a scandal. Wherefore, having resigned his see, and the government of the monastery in which he lived, he retired to the northern parts of Ireland, and on a certain mountain in the county of Tir-boghain, called Sleabh Liag, he led a solitary life for seven long years. Meanwhile, his monks, by their untiring exertions discovered him in that solitude, and implored that he might return to his deserted see and monastery ; but he refused sternly, because he considered himself guilty of a great scandal in telling a falsehood, and that he, therefore, ought not to be seen where he had given the scandal. They prevailed, however, on him, to remove to another solitary place, where he shortly after slept in the Lord, and was buried by his disciples in the county of Serthe, at a place called Rathcunga.”

There is a new road to the left, and an old one to the right, from Kilcar to Carrick which keeps the valley of the

Ballyduff river for a good mile, when it ascends a slope of moorland, and shows, nestling in the bosom of the giant Slieve League,

Carrick, a small village, situated on the Teelin river. The tourist should make CARRICK his head quarters, at the Glencolumbkille Hotel, where he will find great comfort in every way, "with peculiar advantages for exploring a district teeming with coast and mountain beauty" (*Murray*). The lover of cliff scenery, especially, will have a high holiday in this district. The writer of *Murray's Handbook* truly remarks that "the twenty miles from Teelin Bay to Loughros Bay is, as far as coast scenery goes, not to be excelled by any locality in Great Britain." But it is well to observe that the line of coast alluded to is nearly twice twenty miles! Anglers, too, may enjoy themselves here very pleasantly for a time, and guests, staying at the hotel, have leave from the proprietors (Messrs. Musgrave), of the estate, to fish the rivers and lakes without charge, if they hold a "salmon license" for that district.





IV.—EXCURSION TO SLIEVE LEAGUE (Pony, 5/-, Guide for a Party 5/-).

THE party, on starting, should tell the guide to lead first to **CARRIGAN HEAD** by the left bank of the Teelin river, and then along the estuary of the same name. Teelin is perfect in that peculiar beauty, belonging to landscape, in which all the lines of the picture are sharp, and every feature striking. In the little bay, with all its bold surroundings, there are views in rich abundance, which, one having a turn for drawing, will be tempted to sit down and sketch. At the end of the third mile, a path on the right leads over the hill to the old Martello Signal-tower, where begins the work of exploring the magnificent precipices of Carrigan Head, a truly noble pier, 745 feet high, terminating in Slieve League at its southern end. On the mind susceptible in the least degree of the sublime, the impression produced is intensely sensational.

A word about the visitor of weak nerve, and unaccustomed to cliff scenery. To such a one coming close to the verge, suddenly every object, except the immense expanse of ocean far below, and the empty space of sky before and above, goes out of sight, and there is a feeling as if the ground had, by some magical influence, shot back from under the feet, leaving the climber poised in mid-air, and this awful imagina-

tion may at once grow into that of helpless terror. Often one thrown into some such panic, by the presence of an abyss, is made miserable by the well-meant encouragements of others in the party. Encouragement is a necessary remedy, but it is not to be accompanied with banter, which only serves to irritate the mind more and more; nor by vehemence of argument, because the will is for the moment beyond the dominion of reason. The best course is to let the person so affected rest awhile on the lesser elevations, until the eye has become somewhat familiarised with the scenery, and learned to measure steadily all its lines. When the visitor can look calmly on the spot where he plants his feet, and feels the ground solid under him, it is a sign that he has recovered the even balance of his faculties. He may then proceed, and those sensations which were before panic or terror, become the most elevating and delicious of excitements, surpassing anything that the finest efforts of the stage could produce.

From Carrigan Head the cliff curves slightly inward, making a small bay, called Bunglass. Ascending a short stretch of hill, one suddenly finds himself on the platform, where a view of singular magnificence bursts upon the vision—a view of its kind, probably unequalled in the British Isles. The lofty mountain of Slieve League gives, on the land side, no promise of the magnificence that it presents from the sea, being in front a mural precipice of nearly 2,000 feet in height, descending to the water's edge in one superb escarpment—

**The Awark Mor
or Great View.**

“Around

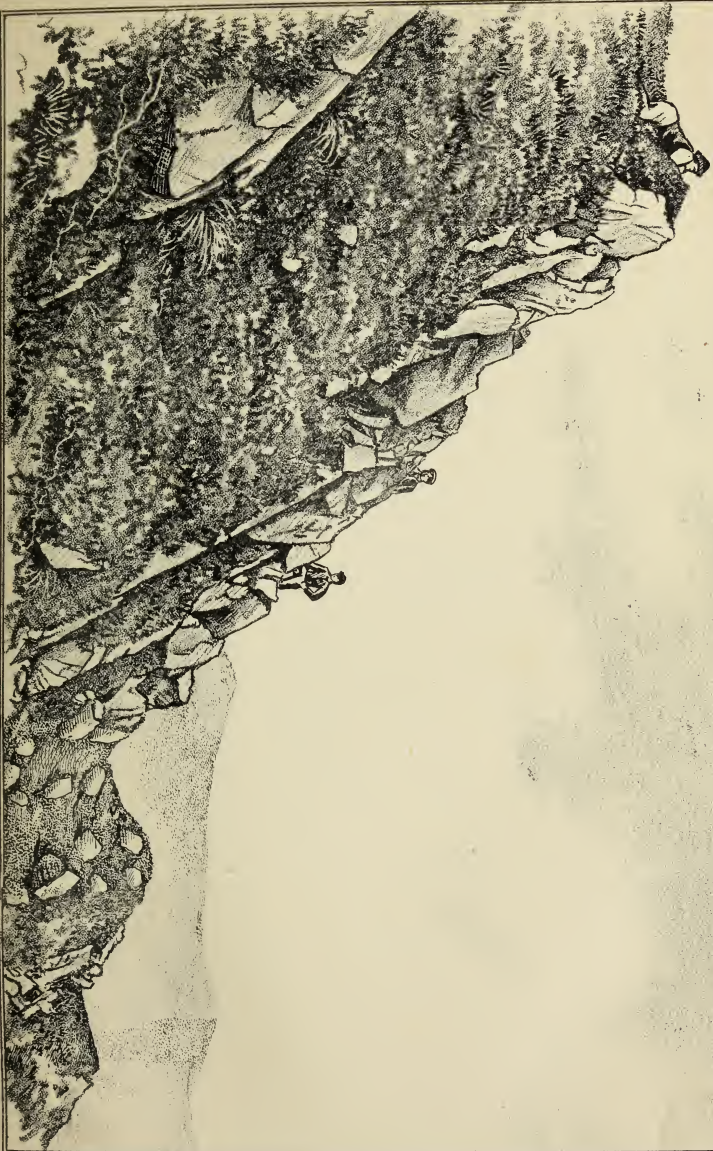
Whose cavern'd base the whirlpools and the waves,
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,
Rage and resound for ever.”—SHELLEY.

The place where you stand is called the AWARK-MOR, that is, the Great View, and, indeed, it is in very truth a great view. As one halts at the end of a curve, a large portion of the face of the wall is brought within his ken. At first the extraordinary altitude of the cliffs, descending sheer to the ocean, produces a sense that so absorbs the mind as to leave no room for other impressions. But when by degrees the eye comes to take in the picture in detail, a play of line and colour in wonderful combination, enchants the spectator. All round the sweep there is a variety and richness of colour. The hues of the different strata of rocks, the stains of metals, the various tints of clays and mosses—in short every colour in the rainbow, and every variety of shade, come out before you in the sunshine—a magnificent mosaic work, beside which the noblest efforts of human art sink into the veriest miniature. Then the depths below, supplying this wonderful crescent, with a translucent floor of blue, dark almost to blackness, and the line beyond, breaking as it recedes into abutments, and towers, and aerial tableaux, all go to make up the foreground of the AWARK-MOR. Somewhat to the right, not many feet below the edge is a dark dint in the face of the precipice called the EAGLE'S NEST, a fit abode truly for the royal bird.

To enjoy the scenery well, the visitor should climb by a path from Bunglass the whole way up. On approaching the summit he will find that the mountain narrows to an edge, called the "One Man's Path," from the circumstance that they, who are bold enough to tread it, must cross in single file over the sharp ridge. On the land side an escarpment, not indeed vertical, but straight

**The One Man's
Path from
Bunglass.**

enough to seem so from above, recedes more than a thousand feet to the brink of a small tarn ; while on the side facing the sea, the precipices fall down from 1,300 to 1,800 feet, literally as a wall, to the ocean. A narrow footway, high in air, with both these awful abysses, yawning on either side, is the "One Man's Path," which in the language of the people of the district is the special characteristic of Slieve League, a distinction that it surely merits. The writer, while he agrees with the observation in *Murray's Handbook*, as to the absence of real danger, would be sorry to press any visitor of weak nerve to venture on the dizzy ledge, which abounds in awful incident of the kind that had proved nearly fatal to Lady Staunton. "She," says the story-teller of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, "was an admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it, and appeared to feel an energy while in the open air, traversing the mountain landscapes with the two boys, whose ears she delighted with stories of what she had seen in other countries, and what she had to show them at Willingham Manor. One day, she walked five long miles, and over rough ground, to see a fine cascade in the hills ; and the scene, when she reached it, amply rewarded the labour of the walk. The view of the shoot, however, was broken by a jutting rock. Those who love nature always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses, and Lady Staunton asked David whether there was not some way of gaining a view of the abyss at the foot of the fall. He said that he knew a station on the shelf at the further side of the intercepting rock, from which the whole waterfall was visible, but the road to it was steep, slippery and



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

dangerous. Bent, however, on gratifying her curiosity, she desired him to lead the way ; and accordingly he did so, over crag and stone, anxiously pointing out to her the resting-place where she ought to step ; for their mode of advancing soon ceased to be walking, and became scrambling. In this manner clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length, to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring and thundering with unceasing din, into a black cauldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The noise, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling, even, of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing—for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained—had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling, and would, in fact, have dropped from the crag, had he not caught hold of her. The boy was bold and stout of his age, still he was but fourteen years old ; and as his assistance gave no confidence to Lady Staunton, she felt her situation become really perilous. The chance was, that in the appalling novelty of the circumstances, he might have caught the infection of her panic, in which case it is likely that both must have perished. She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling any one to her assistance. To her amazement the scream was answered by a whistle from above, of a tone so clear and shrill that it was heard even amid the noise of the waterfall.” Of course this whistle was the harbinger of sure relief.

The View from the Top of Slieve League.—The party who may be afraid of the ONE MAN'S PATH from Bunglass, can make a round by Teelin, and gain the heights beyond by a gravelled walk, to the top of the mountain, where will be seen in a little hollow, the scattered stones of the hermitage in which St. Hugh MacBracken and St. Asicus hid themselves to commune with God, away from the noise of the world. Here again is another "One Man's Path," not, indeed, so dizzy as that which leads up from Bunglass, but still sufficiently tremendous to appal the unaccustomed visitor; yet it was, till the making of the broad road to Malinmore and Malinbeg the great thoroughfare between those coasts, and the interior of the country. As there is no risk, unless in the case of a strong wind blowing from the land, the tourist ought to cross to the other side, where the cliff attains its highest elevation, 1,974 feet. The view is worthy of this great maritime Alp. Southwards you take in a noble horizon of mountains, ranging from Leitrim to the Stags of Broadhaven, and in the dim distance are seen Nephin above Ballina, and, when the atmosphere is peculiarly clear, Croagh-Patrick above Westport. Looking inland you behold a sea of eternal hills receding in waves as far as the rounded head of Slieve Snaght and the sharp cone of Errigal. But, wondrous as is this view, it is in the majesty of the cliff that the scene becomes unrivalled. On the farther side, are one or two groups of slender quadrilateral pillars, standing in singular isolation and called chimneys by the country people. Strange fancy!—and they are beautifully tapering ones to an edifice two thousand feet high. The tourist, guarding his steps, should follow the guide down to one of the

“chimneys,” not so much with a view to inspect the example itself as to gain a new standpoint from which to see the precipice. A quarry lately opened here shows this part of the mountain to be formed of piles of thin small flags of a beautiful white colour, thus proving—what the geologist would have seen at the first glance—that “the chimneys” are portion of the formation which have not wholly yielded to the atmospheric action that has worn the rest into a smooth incline. And here observe how much there is in a name, for Slieve League (or Liaga) means the mountain of flags.

Let the visitor now from this spot contemplate the wondrous architecture of the great cliff.

**The wondrous
architecture
of the great
cliff.**

The immense field of precipice which he surveys is the result of a combination of projections, cavities, and ledges. Here a line, presenting a sharp edge, cut into a series of indentations; there a recess, running down the abyss, like the hollow of an enormous fluted column; there again is a forest of projecting rocks, assuming every form of crest, and all marvellously checkered with seams of stunted heath, dwarf shrubs, and peculiar herbs:

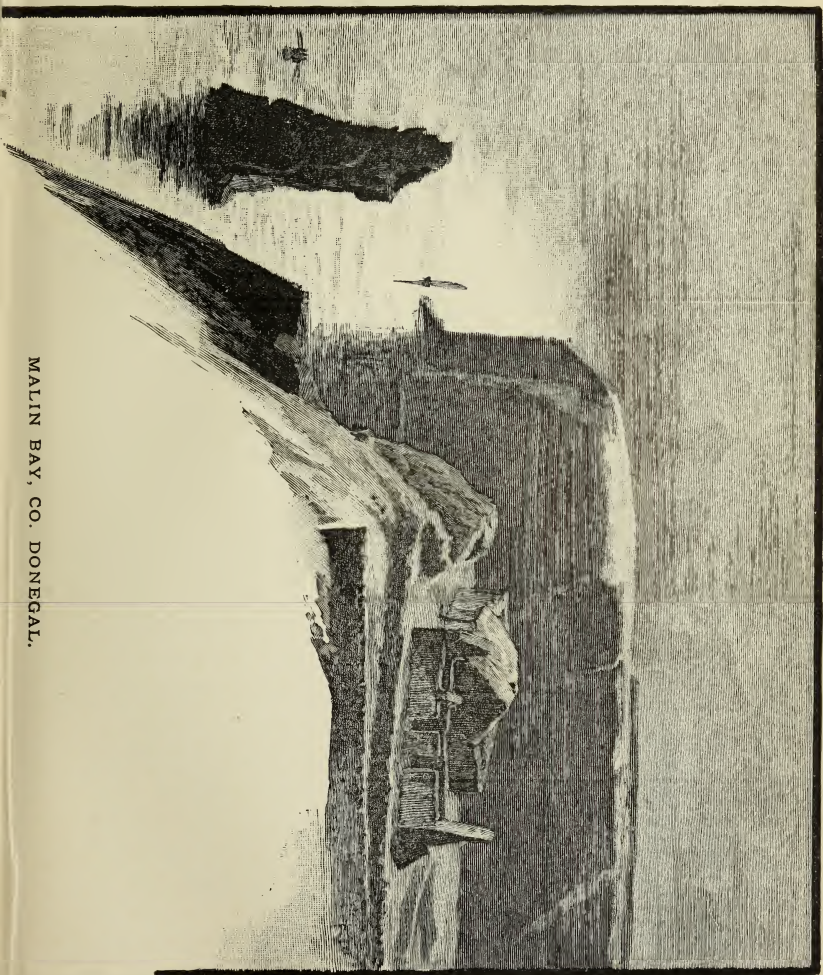
“The rocky summits split and rent,
Form’d turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret;
Wild crests as pagod ever deck’d,
Or mosque of eastern architect.”—SCOTT.

Far below, through the splintered crags, is a vista of brightest green—a delicious carpet, soft-looking as a palace park.

The range of precipices continues unbroken, but gradually diminishing in elevation to Malinbeg (five miles), and the sights along this whole line will amply repay the fatigue of a walk to Rossarell Point. At Malinbeg, where the sea has cut a crescent into the lofty beach, is a belt of beautiful strand called Traban (white strand), at the northern extremity of which one can see a good example of fort or "dun," called by the people of the locality the Doon, and in an adjoining creek there is a superb monolith standing up out of the bright water. At the coastguard station there are a few clean houses, and one of these is pointed out as having been, during part of a summer, the lodgings of the genial and accomplished painter, Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy. From Malinbeg the tourist can proceed to Malinmore, two miles farther on, where he is sure to find comfortable quarters at the house of Miss Walker. +

Should the visitor desire to sail under the sea-cliffs of Slieve League, an excursion, which ought by all means be made, weather permitting, a boat and crew may be had at Teelin, a starting-point whence to coast all the way to Malinbeg. As so much has already been said about this view, there is no need of further describing the characteristics of the scenery, except to add that there are some caverns, which the boatmen will point out.

Many years ago, on the occasion of a great fair at Killybegs, a clergyman engaged two poets, famous in the locality, in a bardic contest, assigning to one for a theme Slieve League with its surroundings, and to the other the Muineagh, a hill rising behind Ardara. Each bard was put into a separate room for a stated time, after which he was led forth to recite his pro-



MALIN BAY, CO. DONEGAL.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

duction before the general company. The result was two ballads of the true Homeric stamp, which are still remembered in the recesses of Donegal. The poet of Slieve League sings of the slopes "running with honey as with mountain dew," and the "sweet milking of the kine," and the "frisking calves," and the "cliff-birds in playful debate about their lodging for the night," and "the hounds and wolf-dogs let loose at early dawn," and "the pleasant gatherings of the people," and "the little fairy horsemen," and so on with an inspiration full and rushing. Then stopping short to dilate upon the cliffs, he exclaims: "Here the monarchs of the ocean hold high festival below," while "the peak above sees many a wondrous sight," and then as if silenced by the vastness of the object, he abruptly breaks off his description. The ballads of course are in the Irish language, and, like most ballads, would lose their charm by translation. It is a sublime idea that of the *noblesse* of the great deep holding tournament under these walls, and it may be, indeed, questioned, whether in the infinite range of ocean border all round the earth there be another scene so worthy of their distinguished companionship as that under Slieve League. It is hardly necessary to observe that many of the effects alluded to in these remarks are lost in cloudy or stormy weather, in which event, however, the visitor will be compensated by many other attributes, brought out by the play of storm and cloud in this scenery, sublime under every aspect.

Many "a tale traditionary" hangs round Slieve League.

**A Tale of Slieve
League.**

Here is one related to the writer, while he rested on the steep declivity of the mountain on the Malinbeg side, by an intelligent

young man who accompanied the narrative with many handfuls of juicy bilberries (found in great abundance at that spot about the middle of the month of August), which he gathered while he told the story. One fine sunny day, early in September, a woman, who dwelt at the Teelin end of Slieve League, taking her child, a little girl of some ten months old, in her arms, came out into a field close by her cottage where the husband and some others were making hay. She remained chatting, and fondling her little darling till it went to sleep. Then, making a soft bed of the newly-saved hay, warmed in the sun, she laid the child down and watched by it, tenderly, raising the margin of the bed here and smoothing it there. By-and-by dinner-hour came, and the mother was needed for a moment within. Looking at her tender offspring, and fidgetting once more with its bed, she soliloquised:—"I'll not disturb the little *lanu*, she is sleeping so quietly, she is sheltered from the air, and shaded from the sun. I'll just run into the house, and give the men milk for their dinner, and then I'll run back here. God keep you my *lanu* ; I'll be back in a minute." The woman went round to the cottage, and made haste to set the simple dinner before the humble household ; which done, she hastily left to return to the field. But just in stepping on to the threshold, she came to a dead stand, and was speechless for a moment ; then uttering a wild cry that made those within bound in their seats she darted from the door.

That shriek, in the quiet noontide air, when all the peasants were indoors at their mid-day meal, and not a sound in the fields, penetrated far up and down the valley, and over the mountain-side. In an instant every little eleva-

tion around, whether of rocks or fence, or hillock, held a female in tragic attitude, or a man with head bare, and hands shading his eyes, or a promiscuous group gaining every instant fresh accessions of the very old, or the very young, all looking, and pointing with a wild energy, but without clamour, towards one object. The cynosure of all this intense regard was a large dark eagle, holding an infant in his talons, circling slowly over the head of the mother of the child, who stood in the field below with hands clasped convulsively, and her head and neck stretched upwards, as she followed with fixed gaze the gyrations of the bird of prey. Slowly still, and proudly did the eagle wind upwards his spiral way, till suddenly stopping, and balancing himself for a moment in mid-air, he shot towards the sea, and disappeared behind the cliff above the well-known eyry. The mother staggered, and fell to the earth; but after a long swoon returned to consciousness a helpless maniac. The highly-wrought feelings of the spectators—the astonishment, awe, and horror, hitherto hushed by the dread suspense and all-absorbing interest in the issue of the spectacle, now found utterance in a cry that seemed to make the mountain tremble to its foundations. Keeping up a wild and confused shout, the whole population rushed to the cliff.

When the crowd had fairly congregated on the edge of the precipice, and the place had become a perfect Babel for the confusion of voices—ejaculatory prayers, frantic exclamations, anathemas, blessings, discussions, encouragements, warnings—all urged with a vehemence and volubility, peculiar to the Irish character and language, the uproar was suddenly hushed by a fresh surprise. The eagle, gliding out from beneath, made a rapid sweep over Bunglass,

showing as he gained a higher elevation, at each successive flap of his enormous wings, the child still coiled in his talons, as if by black ropes, and set out majestically in a horizontal line over the ocean.

The murmur was beginning to rise again from the crowd, when a certain man, venerable for his years, and his virtues, and of high repute in the locality, invited all to fall on their knees, and to pray to God, "for," said he, "we ought to know that God and only God can command the eagle." The crowd obeyed on the instant, and the old man continued, "Pray God that if it be His holy will, He may rescue that helpless infant. Pray also to her, who is herself a mother—the Great Mother—most loving and most pure,—pray that she may intercede with her Divine Son in behalf of the wretched mother, who has been robbed before our eyes of her darling babe." They prayed fervently. Presently the old man again said: "Cease to look after the bird of evil that you may pray without distraction; leave me to watch him in his course, for God has gifted me with a power of sight beyond most men in Teelin." And they bent low in prayer, while above the hum of their fervent orisons, the old man traced the onward course of the eagle. "Pray, pray old and young, for the bird does not return, but flies still farther over the ocean. Pray with all your soul, pious mothers, for the bird goes farther and farther away, as I know by its size growing smaller and smaller. Pray with your whole hearts; it is getting smaller and smaller. Pray, pray one and all, old and young, the speck fades into bright air. O my God, does the hope fade from my eyes? Pray; I can see it still, though it is but a pin's point in the far off sky. Pray, and give thanks to God; I see it still, it does

not get smaller. Give thanks, give thanks, the bird returns, for the speck grows larger—yes larger and darker. The eagle comes back in the same course in which it went out. It comes nearer still, and nearer. God has heard your prayers. The infant shall not be food for the eagles.” The bird approached, glided in, dropped its unconscious burden in the eyry, and immediately rose again. Directly the bird had flown out into space, a female, with eyes starting from their places, and hair flowing wildly back, disappeared over the precipice. The awè-struck crowd, who had seen the movement, held their breath. It was the mother ; she had come to the cliff under the care of her relatives, and while the people were absorbed in prayer, had been lying prostrate on the earth, apparently unconscious of what was going on, but, with the instinct peculiar to such cases, she recognised the advancing eagle, as well as its immediate departure, and, quick as thought, ran to the edge of the precipice. The absence of reflection was her security. The rough face of the cliff became for her a ladder, every little crevice or wart serving for a step. She quickly descended, entirely unconscious of the awful surroundings, gained the eyry, which was spacious enough to admit her. She took the child, and kissing it with frantic passion, secured it in the train of her gown, drawn up over her shoulders, after a certain fashion, peculiar to the humbler matrons of the district, so as to form a bag on the back and climb the steep with the same unflinching firmness and unconcern, as if it were a wall only a few feet from the ground. Great, of course, was the joy of the neighbours, and deep their gratitude to God as they returned home. The mother recovered her reason together with her child, who grew up to be a comely girl ;

and in due time the mother of a daughter "who," said my intelligent narrator, "lived to be a very old woman, and was well-known to the person who told me what I have related."

But the legend of Slieve League, and the one which the passing visitor is most likely to hear, is "the **Story of the Spaniard** Story of the Spaniard," as they entitle it in the district. The most prominent figure in the recent traditions of this locality is a certain priest, who, however, like every hero, real or imaginary, does not appear without secondary actors. Father Carr was always attended by a clerk, who, as in duty bound, blindly obeyed his master. The clergyman invariably rode a gray pony, which must have been an excellent specimen of the species, for tradition endows it with the faculty of intelligence. Happening on one occasion to be in Malinbeg, Father Carr accepted the invitation of an honest and well-to-do farmer of the place to spend the night at his house. He retired early, for the day had been one of unusual fatigue, and then the clerk became the guest of the evening, a distinction that always pleased him. Seated in the midst of the simple family round the kitchen fire, he talked away in his best vein till it was late bedtime, when the younger members began to drop off one by one. But the clerk showed no desire to retire just then; and it was, indeed, the kind of night on which one would appreciate a comfortable hearth, for the wind moaned dismally abroad, a storm having sprung up in the evening, and growing more violent every moment. He and the "man of the house" talked on till a late hour. At last the clerk heard his name called from the room, occupied by his master, which adjoined the kitchen. He opened the door of the chamber and found him dressed. "Owen, my

son," said the latter, "get the pony saddled immediately, for we must cross Slieve League as soon as we can ; and mind, do not make any noise about it, for I wish to slip off as quietly as possible." The clerk stood aghast at the command ; but recovering himself in a moment he promised prompt obedience, for there was that in the priest's tone which was to him a sure indication that remonstrance was useless. The "man of the house" did all in his power to dissuade his reverence from going out. He reminded him of the dangerous nature of the road along the precipices of Slieve League, over the One Man's Path, and that on a night in which the wind was, to use his own strong metaphor, "enough to blow the horns off the cows." Father Carr interrupted him :—"Donal," said he, "it is moonlight, and even if it were dark, I know the road well, and the pony knows every inch of it. The One Man's Path is the same to me as a broad road." The horse was brought round to the door, and the priest, bidding a blessing on the family, mounted. "Owen, my son," began Father Carr when they had advanced a little on their journey, "have you lost your tongue? I fear you are a coward after all." "No, I am no coward, and you, Reverend Father, know I'm no coward." "Good, Owen, good! I'm glad you are able to speak." "Well, Father, it is strange, to say the least, that anyone with right reason in his head, should venture over Slieve League on a night when every human being ought to pray and give thanks to God for the shelter of a house." "Owen, the angels are abroad in stormy as in calm weather. Courage, my son, courage, the angels will guard us." The fear that had possessed the clerk for the moment arose from a sense of discomfort more than from any real terror ; it was, therefore, dispelled by this

little speech, and his natural courage—for he was fearless as a lion—coming back to him, he struck out into a bold, rapid walk.

Father Carr now apparently for the first time took note of the weather. He first directed his searching glance overhead, and the struggle between the moon, now high in the heavens, and the rushing clouds, was something worthy his rapt contemplation. It was glorious to see the shining orb, with edge sharp as a lance, plunge madly into the broken masses that flitted around it, near and far, rushing forward in a whirling, tossing, aimless motion, and unwearied velocity, while it tore the flying sheets of cloud into a thousand rags, and sent the fragments floating away behind it. Below, the light accorded well with the fury of the elements—now a long spell of doubtful shade darkening the headlands and the ocean into dim shadows, then a flood of bright moonshine, suddenly revealing the waters in wild dance, and breaking the coast-line of cliff and mountain into gigantic columns of jet and silver. The wind, which was from the sea, opposed by the lofty wall of precipice, rushed upwards, in fierce gusts, and bursting over the margin above, with a force much increased by compression, often brought the travellers to a dead stand for several minutes. The terrific howlings of the wind as it rushed up those steepes, and the roar of the waters breaking in fury against the rocks below together with the proximity of the pathway to the awful abysses, made the journey of our travellers on that tempestuous night more exciting and perilous, perhaps, so far as we know, than any in the records of adventure. It was, indeed, a dreadful night, says the story, but it had no terrors for the aged priest who sat through all in quiet unconcern, on his brave little steed.

About half way between Malinbeg and the One Man's Path, the footway touched the very verge of a beetling cliff, from which a good view of portions of the steeps farther on is obtained, and as the travellers neared it, the wind unexpectedly ceased. "Owen, my son," said the old man, "this sudden calm bodes no good. I should not be surprised if we had a whirlwind up the precipices directly." Owen shuddered, brave though he was. "True, Father, true for you, better let us go back from the edge and lie down for a little." "No need of hurry, Owen; the gray pony is sure. Just let us look over, and see if anything is going on below." The moon was shining brightly at the moment, and the priest, pointing with his riding cane, spoke in a somewhat excited tone:—"Look! look! the whirlwind is under the One Man's Path. See that dark spot! It is lifting the water." The phenomenon was not new to the veteran priest, neither was Owen entirely unacquainted with it. It was one of those tornadoes that form at the base of the sea-cliffs, and the clerk felt real alarm. "Let us go back," he exclaimed—"back at once! It may come this way, and if it do, woe betide us." "Do not be afraid," said the priest, "I have seen the like of this before now. It seems as if all the wind from Traban to Carrigan Head, was gathered into that little spot, whirling round and round, one part driving the other before it faster and faster every instant. Halloa! it comes round this way; it did wild work, I'm sure, on the other side of that precipice. See, it stops—it is held for a moment between the rocks. Oh! it eddies on the surface of the water, trying to screw its way down through it, but it cannot, and therefore, it lashes the water against the precipices. Ha! Now it rises. We must be alive, Owen, it may come upon us. See, there it

goes up with the strength of ten thousand giants!" The effects of the phenomenon as it ascended in a slanting direction, were almost too terrible to be grand. Rising at first like a dense cloud, it lifted a quantity of the water, which it dashed into thin spray on the rocks, and sent it here and there in shoots or waterspouts far up the cliff, leaving the sea below in a fury frightful to behold. On it came, toppling crags of stone, and heaps of gravel, displacing rocks, tearing out pieces of earth, sweeping plots of shingle, and sending the debris tumbling down in promiscuous confusion, accompanied by a deep rumbling noise, as if the whole mountain was going to pieces. The travellers withdrew quickly into the moor, keeping the while an eye on the course of the tornado. The clerk was sore afraid, and the priest himself now began to be anxious, for the tornado was coming towards them. He dismounted, and holding the bridle firmly in his hand, led the pony back still farther. "Owen, can you find no place where we might lie down and hold by. That tornado is so strong that it will lift us off the earth like straws." Owen could find nothing else to hold by than the scanty grass of the moor. "It will never do," said the priest. The terrible whirlwind approached steadily. They were crouching in its direct course. A pause, and Father Carr exclaimed, "We are safe, thank God!" By one of those eccentric movements, usual to these eddying winds, it stopped short, and taking almost a contrary direction, it mounted up the side of Slieve League's loftiest peak, and spent itself among the heights. "Owen," said the priest, as he rose from the ground and remounted his pony, "do not the angels guard us? The storm is over, that is the last kick of the dying giant."

Nothing daunted, but, on the contrary, considerably animated by the terrible incidents of the last quarter of an hour, and a certain religious enthusiasm, they went forward on their difficult path, up a very steep ascent, culminating in the highest point of the mountain, and immediately struck upon the One Man's Path. It were hard to imagine a more dangerous road for a horseman than this narrow link between yawning abysses. Father Carr, without hesitation, rode his sure-footed pony out on the very brow, the clerk following behind. Presently, the pony came to a dead stand, and turning its head over the awful precipice began to snort, while the rider patted it on the neck and asked, "Owen, did you hear any strange sound?" "The Lord preserve us!" was Owen's only answer. Both listened with breathless attention. A long, deep groan as of a man suffering intense pain, came floating up from below in the now calm air, and after a brief interval, another, and then another. The priest dismounted, or rather slid from his horse "Owen, that is some poor Christian in sore distress, perhaps, both of soul and body. There is a wreck below—I can see the spars breaking the surface of the swells. Stay you here with the pony, and do not attempt to move till I return." "For God's sake, Father, take care. Do you mean to throw yourself down?" "Do not be alarmed, my son; when I was young I often traversed these steep, for though they overhang the sea, they have hollows and rents. God often takes good out of evil; I knew every crevice and landing down here, and what I did then for vanity, will enable me now, perhaps, to save a poor soul. True, it needs great strength of muscle as well as of nerve to make progress down this wild place, but though I'm old, my feet are still used to

the rocks, and I feel myself as strong this blessed night as I was forty years ago." The old man spoke thus, while he divested himself of his great coat, and having consigned it to the clerk, he let himself out over the verge of the cliff, and descended, using feet and hands with marvellous dexterity, repeating as he disappeared, "And better than all, Owen, the angels guard us."

"The angels guard him," echoed the clerk, almost unconscious of what he was saying. After four long hours of awful suspense on his airy watch-tower, the course of Owen's musings was suddenly interrupted by a startling change in the demeanour of the horse, which sagacious animal began all at once to neigh, to paw the ground, and to start as if gathering itself for a spring over the precipice. The next thing that attracted him was the priest's voice, when Father Carr himself presently came scrambling up, and stood before him. He reached the clerk his hand. "Owen, my son, do not the angels guard us?" The clerk seized the proffered hand in both his, and kissed it with passionate reverence; but it was strange that so voluble, and so curious a man, as Owen was known to be, did not utter a word, nor did he ask a single question till they had crossed the One Man's Path, and got down into the valley of Teelin. Then his tongue was loosened, and he had many a question to ask, while the priest gratified him with a full account of the adventure.

Father Carr directed by the groans, which issued at regular intervals from a recess in the rocks below, reached the spot, and found a man in a dying condition lying there. He was a Spaniard, and, as the priest had studied in Spain, a communication was easily opened between them. The

history of the stranger contained a deep lesson. He had been blessed with a good and pious mother, who, when he was a little child, taught him among other prayers, a short petition for the assistance of a priest at his death, and she used to make him promise to say this every night before going to bed. She fell ill and died, while he was yet a boy. He grew up into a dissolute young man, but through all his excesses he continued to repeat the short prayer taught him by his mother, whose memory he ever cherished with deep affection. After dissipating his fortune at home, he emigrated to the Spanish settlements in the West Indies. Here he changed his ways. Turning all the resources of his mind to the pursuit of gain, he soon became rich, and after the lapse of many years, an eager longing for home possessed him. He converted what he could of his property into cash, and set sail for Spain with all his money, in the safest ship that frequented the West Indian waters. A strong southerly wind, blowing the whole time of the voyage, bore the vessel to the North far out of her course, so that when this side of the Atlantic was reached, she stood into Donegal bay. She was caught in the tempest of that evening, and as the early part of the night was dark, the captain did not observe accurately his proximity to the shore. When the moon rose, revealing by its fitful gleams, the precipitous cliffs of Slieve League, the crew did all they could to keep the vessel off the rocks, but the wind growing stronger every moment, proved too many for them.

When all hope was given over, the Spaniard took a sum of gold coin, and putting it into a leathern girdle, used by him in long and dangerous journeys as a purse, fastened it tightly round his waist. He had hardly come up on deck,

when the ship now close to the rocks, was spun round by a whirlwind, and left floating in splinters among the breakers. The familiar prayer taught him by his long-lost mother, came to the lips of the Spaniard, and he repeated it fervently as he sank into the mighty deep. After his immersion he rose to the surface, and being an expert swimmer, he struck boldly for the shore, when the seething waters through which he was cutting his way, suddenly rushed back with great force, dragging him over pointed rocks. He now felt a sense of blindness and suffocation from the foam, and his head, he thought, was bending, as if from the repeated buffets of waves, till it turned completely under, and then he seemed to himself to be sinking, sinking, head downwards into awful depths. He lost all consciousness from that moment till, awaking from a dream in which he saw the sweet face of his mother, and felt the gentle pressure of her hand while she bathed his throbbing temples with a sponge. He found himself stretched on a ledge of rock barely out of the reach of the waves, which, at frequent intervals, sent a shower of spray on the cliffs above him. He was not long in realising the danger of his position, and though sadly wounded by the tossing among the sharp rocks, he began to crawl upwards, resting every now and then, till at length he lay down exhausted in the recess in which Father Carr had found him. While he lay there he repeated many a prayer with deep earnestness, but none more fervently than the one he cherished so dearly for his mother's sake, and at each repetition of it he groaned bitterly at the reflection that he had made himself unworthy of its being heard. Those were the sounds that drew the priest to the spot.

The feelings of the Spaniard may be more easily imagined

than described when he found that a priest, speaking his mother tongue knelt beside him. His strength was failing fast, the cold chill of death was creeping over his members. He had just time to tell his history to the good priest, to whom he handed over the gold he had upon his person to build a chapel in thanksgiving for this great grace. Father Carr having shrived him, and administered all the consolations of religion, the Spaniard died, and his remains were afterwards laid in a decent resting-place. The chapel was built in due time, and the passer-by may still see the walls of it on the road-side between Kilcar and Carrick; —it is called “the Chapel of the Spaniard” to this day.





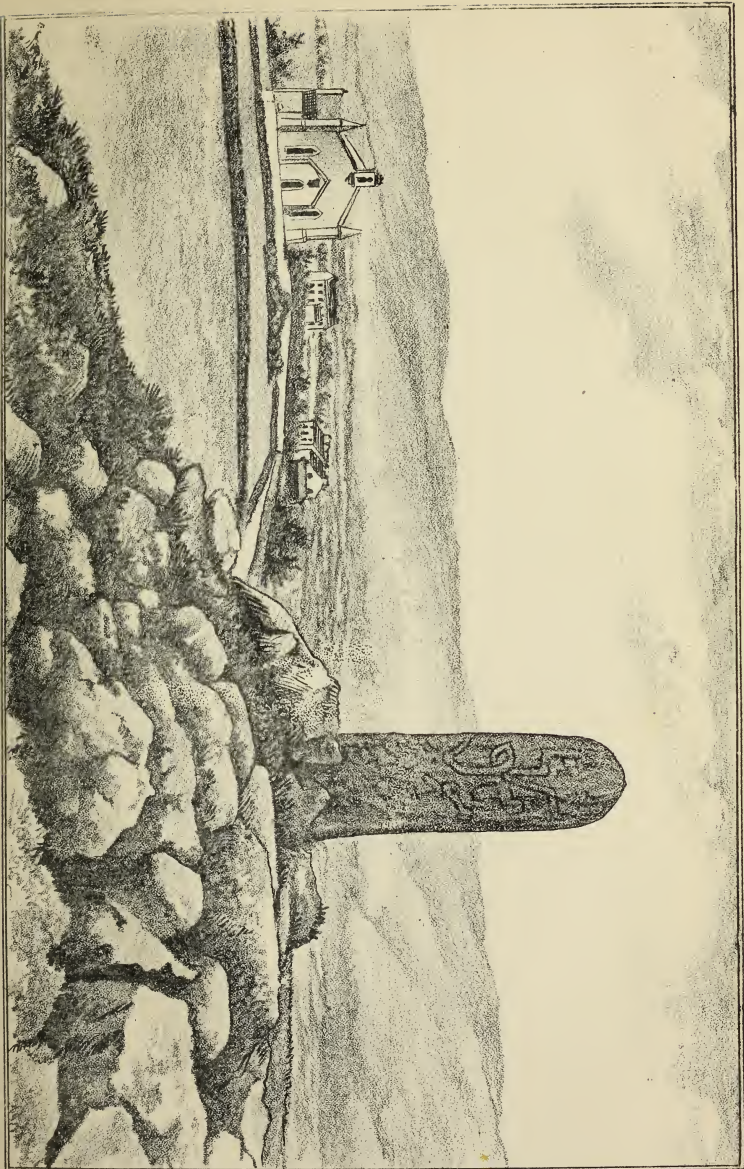
V.—EXCURSION TO GLENCOLUMBKILLE.

“



VISIT by all means should be paid to Glen, a district which tourists should not fail to explore, instead of stopping short at Slieve League, as most are content to do” (*Murray*).

For the first two miles the route is along the Owenwee, having Slieve League on the right. There is a cross-road at Lough Oona, the one to the left descending into the Glen of Malinmore, and that to the right leading into Glen Columbkille—the glen of the celebrated St. Columb-Cille, and the Sean Glean of which mention is so often made in Irish ecclesiastical history. The road passing Loughunshagh falls rapidly into the valley where there is a Catholic church, and a Protestant church farther on, which is believed to stand on the very site of the old monastery of St. Columba. Many years ago the place was excavated by Rev. Dr. Todd of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dr. Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquarian, but with what result has not so far been announced. The relics brought to the surface at the time were carefully packed in large cases and transported



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

for the convenience of experts to Dublin where they are deposited. The little churchyard is also venerable, with its many broken tombs and old crosses. On one of the freshest of the graves there is a simple headstone, inscribed with the name, age and manner of death of the young Commander of the 'Wasp,' whose body clothed in uniform, drifted in here from Tory Island where the ill-fated gunboat was wrecked September 22nd, 1884, with the loss of all but six hands. At a turn in the road there is a stone cross, which there is every reason to believe from the evidence of the monument itself as well as from local tradition, was fixed there by the Saint himself. Not far from this, on a slope on the northern side, is the Saint's well, and adjoining it is the Saint's bed, where probably there was a cell to which St. Columba withdrew from time to time, at a short distance from the monastery.

The Sean-Glean.—Glen is seen to best advantage in the pensive hour of evening. It opens on the sea, the valley terminating in strand, on which the waves of the Atlantic break for ever. The hill that encloses it on the northern side presents a fine escarpment, breaking into precipices where it runs out and forms a noble ocean cliff, called Glen Head. It is in very truth a retreat to the mind of the pious contemplative, who, in this remote vale, shut in between Slieve League and Slieveatoocy, may have his meditations on the divine attributes quickened and elevated into higher contemplations by the presence of some of the sublimest and most awful aspects of nature. In all his native mountains St. Columba could not have chosen a more suitable solitude. The story of his coming here is told by his relative and biographer, Manus O'Donnell,

who begins with a short description of the SEAN-GLEAN :—
 “It was,” he writes, “then notorious for being a stronghold of evil spirits. They came from Cruaghan-Oigle (Croagh Patrick, on the Connaught coast opposite) whence they had been banished by St. Patrick. They migrated to the Sean-Glean, and covering it with a black cloud, dense and impenetrable to human sight, and making the boundary river impassable by infecting its waters with a poisonous stench. On one occasion an Angel appearing to St. Columba



directed him to go to the Sean-Glean, expel the demons, who had fixed themselves there, and consecrate it to God. In obedience to this angelic command, Columba, accompanied by a numerous retinue of holy men, set out for the place, and having penetrated to the bank of the poisoned river,

one of the evil spirits hurled a heavy pole from the opposite side which struck one of the Saint's companions called CEARC, and killed him on the spot. Columba, inflamed with holy indignation at such a daring act of the demon, flung back the pole, chasing away the thick darkness, and the devils in its course, until it fell on a spot where it struck its roots into the soil and was changed into a holly tree, which continues to flourish even

to the present day. After this the Saint blessed the river, and having crossed it, he was met by the Angel, who handed him a large blue stone with angles upon it, and told him to cast it into the Egyptian darkness before him. He did so, when lo ! the sun shot its bright rays into the gloom, and the evil spirits were seen crowding on a precipitous cliff, impending over the sea. Again, St. Columba by the Angel's direction, wielded the stone; and the bell called DUBH DUABSEACH, and casting them at the crowds of infernal spirits, bade them, in the name of Christ, precipitate themselves into the sea, and injure no one for the future. At the Saint's command, and his invocation of the sacred name, a violent shock was felt over the mountain, a chasm was opened in the cliff, and through it the evil spirits disappeared. The Saint then prayed for the recovery of the stone and the bell, and directly he perceived them both borne through the air and falling at his feet. By the great force of the fall the bell lost its tongue and sank many feet deep into the earth. The bell and stone are carefully preserved and regarded with deep veneration in the district which the Saint blessed, and ordained that it should henceforth possess immunity from evil power. With the stone many miracles were afterwards performed, and the tongueless bell lies still buried in the hole, which it made in its fall, and will remain there to avenge any and every violation of the immunity of the place."

Such is the strange account of St. Columbkille's first visit to the Sean-Glean, and some of the incidents, mentioned in it, are recorded in enduring memorials, which are pointed out to this day. For instance, the grave of CEARC, one of the Saint's companions who was crushed by the pole,

wielded by the evil spirit, is shown on the Kilcar side of the Glen river, and the townland where it is situated is called Stranakirke. The cleft in the precipice through which the demons collapsed into the sea, and the hole in which the bell lies buried, are all to be seen ; but the tongue of the bell, said to have been found only a few years since by a small farmer of the locality, is not at present in evidence. In his biography Manus O'Donnell also tells us that long before the introduction of Christianity, Finn, son of Cubhall, the most renowned Soothsayer among the Pagan Irish, foretold St. Columba's connection with the Sean-Glean. Speaking of the remarkable prophecies that existed regarding St. Columba's birth, he says :—"Not only did these and others who were advanced in Christian perfection, and men full of God, foretell the birth and holiness of St. Columba, but also many heathen Soothsayers long before the light of Christianity blazed in Ireland. Of these, perhaps, the most celebrated was Finn MacCubhall, a man whose great physical strength, and numerous victories over his enemies, have rendered him famous, not only in history, but in story. He in one of his hunting expeditions dropped upon a swift stag, and let loose his best and fleetest hound in pursuit of the animal. On went the stag bounding over the plain towards the river which separates the Sean-Glean from the surrounding country, and arriving at the water's edge, plunged in and swam boldly to the opposite bank. The Sean-Glean is in the extreme west of Tirconnell, running out far into the ocean, rising into lofty bare mountains, and terminating in steep cliffs. It has been long sacred to St. Columba, and one of his principal monasteries stand there. The hound in pursuit, though never before vanquished in the chase, did

not follow the stag into the water, but arrested his course, and stood immovable on the river's bank. Finn astonished at this unusual faltering in his invincible dog, employed his power of divination to discover the cause, which by God's permission he succeeded in finding out, and announced it as follows:—'There shall be born in this country a child by name Columba in the ninth generation from Cormac now reigning. He will be endowed by the great God with many graces and gifts, many churches and monasteries will be dedicated to him, and that region to which the stag fled for refuge will be sacred to him, as well as a safe asylum for all who avail themselves of it.' The path traversed by the stag is at the present time called path of the stag."





VI.—EXCURSION ROUND GLEN HEAD AND SLIEVEATOOEY TO ARDARA.

THE cliffs round Glen Head and Slieveatooey are only second to those of Slieve League, and the tourist, therefore should not fail to see them. It will hardly take away from its attractions that but the fewest of the very few who visit the coast scenery of Donegal make this excursion. Our visitor then may set out with the idea that he is “doing” the next thing to crossing some lofty unexplored Alp, and he will need to start early, having to traverse a coast line of some eighteen miles from Glen to Ardara. If he make the Hotel at Carrick his starting-point, he should engage a car to Glen, which he might order to meet him the other side of Slieveatooey, on the Maghery road or at the police barrack at the head of GLENGESH, to take him through that grand pass to Ardara.

But the night before this excursion may be spent at Miss Walker’s of Mallinmore, a nearer starting-point by four miles than Carrick. The road round to Glen (two miles) is capital, and affords exciting views of Glen bay. It will be easy to find a guide; the first intelligent peasant you meet will do. There is a bridle-path some two miles over the head-

land, and one can easily identify Glen Head by the Martello, tower. Having surveyed this cliff which rises 800 feet from the water, he should ask the guide to lead on to the STURRELL or Camas-binne (bentcliff), keeping close to the margin all the way, to enjoy the precipices from different points along the line of this rugged coast. In general these headlong steeps present an even front, awful for their unbroken altitude, the predominating colour being a pale yellow, with lines of watercourses and landslips here and there running from the top to the bottom. Among the rocks there are sparse scraps of green, which the natives sometimes come at by being swung down from above.

A gravelled walk leads to a seat from which the visitor may, without a sense of insecurity, survey
The Sturrell. the STURRELL. This stupendous object is almost insulated, being connected with the main range by a narrow neck, rising up on both sides, and ending sharply at the top. Beyond this the peninsula widens somewhat, and attains to the height of 850 feet. There are some patches of bright herbage which relieve pleasantly the weather-beaten face of the precipices. Care should be taken not to trust oneself among these, which on the northern side do not appear from a distance so impracticable as they really are. A few of the natives whose legs and heads have been formed by long habit, venture all round this enormous breakwater in quest of birds' nests, or the sweet grasses that grow in the crevices.

The tourist should now proceed to the SAWPIT, which is a cleft of about seven feet in width, and
The Sawpit. can pass down through this open, picking his steps over loose stones, to within about

fifty feet of the waves. The especial characteristics of the SAWPIT are the precipices, which rise on either side of the narrow passage like walls of finely chiselled stone, joined with exquisite art, and vertical as a plumb-line. The wall on the left as you look down advances into the sea considerably beyond that on the right, and below the point where the latter breaks off, the rock sinks into an even slope, falling gently to the waves. The visitor might be tempted to step on this embankment, but there is need of nice balancing, for a slip might lead to destruction, as the surface presents few inequalities for either hand or foot to hold by.

About a mile further on there is a break in the coast line

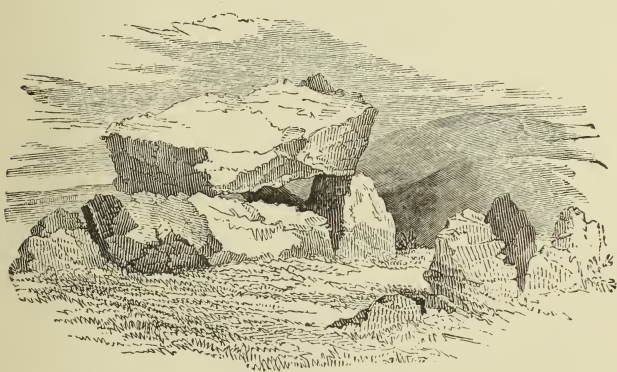
and a strip of strand, forming a little har-

Tormore.

bour, called PURT or PORT, a name which can be properly applied to it only by com-

parison with the other portions of the inhospitable coast. At the northern extremity of this indentation the steeps appear again in great magnificence, and TORMORE, the centre of a group of insulated boulders, begins to be a conspicuous object. Inland there is a valley in the black moor, a few green fields, and a group of four cottages of the humblest kind, built without reference to aspect or road, for here road there is none. Crossing a brawling brook, the russet bed of which may betoken mineral wealth in the bowels of the mountains, but it does not tempt one to linger by its waters. The traveller is now conducted to the TORMORE, and cautiously surveying his ground as he advances, he should approach the edge which sinks down, sharp and clean as a knife. Here on this vantage ground, raised 818 feet above the level of the ocean, he may rest awhile to contemplate the scene before him.

The geologist will strive to determine, according to the conditions of his theory, whether the family of rocks, scattered here amidst the waves of the Atlantic, are the fragments of a mountain, torn by the war of elements, or have risen from the deep, destined to serve as the foundation on which a new mountain shall in time be built. An instructive lesson surely, and of a noble science, may thus be gained. But a yet nobler lesson is suggested by the scene. The mountain solitudes, the awful cliffs round



whose base the waves rage and roar for ever, the vast limitless ocean, expanding far into the horizon, and beyond it the sky stretching farther still, until it is lost in the unimaginable depths of space—all kindle in the soul the feeling of the infinite; and the little thing man is, in the comparison, becomes annihilated by the sense of the majesty and the power, whose presence one here must recognise. Salutory lesson of greatness and of nothingness! The person must have an ill-constituted mind who can stand to con-

template the scene around, and not feel his soul glow with emotion. The least thoughtful will think of Him, who "compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits." An incident, related to the writer, in view of the spot, lends a melancholy interest to TORMORE. One morning not many years ago, a boy, who had been in the habit of visiting this cliff from time to time in quest of the birds' nests of this wild region, came here to ply his dangerous trade. In very calm weather, one well acquainted with the intricacies of the coast, can make his way at low water from this island-rock to the mainland. This day, however, a storm rose suddenly, which the boy, engaged in his exciting occupation, did not perceive in time, so when he came to cross to the shore, he found himself encircled by breakers. The storm lasted for more than a week, and during the whole of that time the waves continued to beat round the rock, with unabated fury, rendering all approach to it, or departure from it, certain destruction. The boy died of cold and hunger on that desolate crag, which, however, furnished clay enough to cover his remains, and he was buried on a narrow ledge, high up the precipitous side of the rock. Peaceful be thy slumbers, poor boy ! Thy trade was a dangerous one, and thou hast paid for thy hardihood, a dear reckoning. The winds and the waves, making common cause with the sea-fowl, conspired to crush thee, and thou wast in truth a feeble reed in the midst of their warring circle. Still, thou hadst that which made thee greater than they ; thou hadst knowledge of thy end they were unconscious of their power. Thou wast immeasurably less than they in the part of thee that was of earth, but infinitely greater in the part that is immortal. Even

now thou hast thy triumph. The awful accompaniments that made thy death so terrible, still surround thy tomb. The waves and the winds make ceaseless moan around thee, while the screams of the wild sea-bird mingle with the sad dirge that goes on for ever, and for thy resting-place thou hast found a monument, greater than column or pyramid, ever raised to hold the bones of earthly potentate.

If the visitor be a poet, the history of this poor boy is a fit theme for an effort. The rock itself is already admirably characterised in Keat's noble address :—

“Hearken thou craggy Ocean Pyramid!
 Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
 When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
 When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?
 How long is it since thy mighty power bid
 Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
 Sleep in the lap of thunder, and sun-beams,
 Or when gray clouds are thy cover-lid?
 Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep!
 Thy life is but two dead eternities—
 The last in air, the former in the deep;
 First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
 Drown'd wast thou till one earthquake made thee sleep,
 Another cannot wake thy giant size.”

A curious story is told, and universally believed in Glen, to the effect that it had been for some time the last hiding-place of the Pretender, before he was able to make his way from the shores of these kingdoms. The Rev. Mr Griffiths, when incumbent of Glencolumbkille, ably discussed this tradition in a paper, published many years since by the *Dublin University Magazine*, which they, who take an interest in the details of English history, should read. It would be worth the historian's while to examine the grounds of this

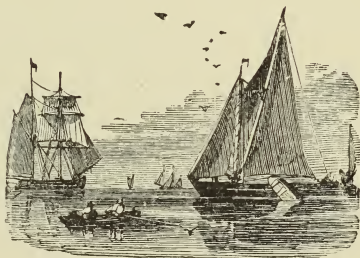
interesting belief. According to the tradition, the Prince used to spend the greater part of the day stretched on this headland looking out for the ship which was to convey him to another country.

The coast retains its precipitous character throughout, and as it is serrated, one will gain various and exciting views of these marvellous steeps along his path to PULISKA, where an indentation forms a basin of calm water amidst surroundings the most savage it is possible to conceive. Looking out from any of those airy headlands, on the vast field of ocean, one gets the idea of its immensity, its beauty of line and colour, and others of its attributes. Still, from your high position, the sea below seems calm, the swells look shadows, passing over the waters, and the surges like the breaking of the ripples on a quiet lake. But if you could get into a boat, and move a stone's throw from the shore, the sea completely loses this gentle character.

Amongst the most profound and vividly remembered emotions, produced in the mind of the writer, by anything he has seen in nature, were those received by him while passing under the cliffs of Slieveatooley, at their entrance into PULISKA. The starting point was Dowros, some eight miles to the north-east. The weather had been beautiful for weeks before, and that morning so fine that there was hardly wind enough to fill our sail. The sea was, as the phrase goes, at rest. Once fairly out in the deep, the element that had appeared to us from the shore to lie in calm and peaceful slumber, gave no token of a fixed law, or a regular succession of incidents. Now it is nothing but a broken surface of wave-crests in wild disorder. Sitting here

**Sailing under
the Cliffs of
Slieveatooley!**

on a level with the waves themselves, you realize the restlessness, the fitful change, the unfathomable depth, the irresistible might, the unsubdued power of the ocean. Our little boat moves lazily across the sound, and passes into the shadow of Slieveatooley. As we advance, rocks that were before unseen, now appear above the surface, and other rocks that were visible only as specks in the distance, rise up like sable monsters from the deep, while a thin margin of beautiful white, turned out to be an array of surges that we dared not approach. Advancing still we come closer to the shore. Threatening us on our left rose the cliffs of Slieveatooley, darkening half of the heavens; close ahead a precipice projected a short way into the sea, and the waves broke upon it with great fury. Just opposite, at a short distance was an island rock of a



large size, appearing not more than two or three feet above the sea-level. On this the swell rose tremulous, and broke at the instant it was leaving, making the place a circle of foam, in the midst of which the black area immediately began to show above the water, as the spray danced in a thousand miniature fountains down its edges. The narrow passage between this and the opposite wall was white with foam from the meeting of the two breakers, so narrow was the space between them. Beyond this white line was literally a forest of

islanded rocks, round which the waters surged in unappeasable anger, and fretted in the open spaces. It seemed as if we were borne by some irresistible destiny into a region of horrors. The boatmen saw alarm in some of our faces. "No fear, no fear," they said as they brought our frail skiff slowly between the two watery walls that threatened to engulf us. It was not till after we got clear of our Scylla and Charybdis that there was real need of caution. Suddenly our pilot dashed his oar into the water, and with two or three powerful strokes turned the bow of the boat and then all pulling together in strong, rapid strokes, the little craft bounded forward on the crest of a great wave, and in a moment we were moving silently through the calm water of PULISKA. Here we found ourselves in a circle of rough, naked rocks, standing round in grim array, like so many giants ready to smite anyone who should dare to invade those solitudes. Within, a cascade of considerable volume falling into a deep ravine, cut through the precipice sheer as far as the water of the basin. Towards this point our boat glided, and stopped near it, alongside a narrow ledge. One of the boatmen stepped out, and led the way, the rest of the party climbing up the steep after him.

If his visit to this part of the coast fall on particularly fine weather, the tourist should by all means explore this region from the sea, and he can learn at Ardara where a boat is most likely to be found. The most convenient starting place is Loughros Point, some two or three miles from Ardara, but a good arrangement would be to walk from the headland to Puliska and have a boat waiting at that place, which is the centre of the most interesting part of the scenery. There are many caves under Slieveatooley,

which are spoken of with great enthusiasm in the neighbourhood. The writer feels bound to say that he has not seen these caves, though he has often tried to do so. The approach to them is so guarded by dangerous breakers, that rarely one can effect an entrance. He has heard, however, from intelligent gentlemen, whose attempts were more fortunate than his own, that these marine chambers almost surpass imagination, presenting a perfect labyrinth of subterranean architecture.

The precipitous side of Slieveatooey, rising over PULISKA is precarious, and one, therefore, had better follow up for a short distance the course of the Glenlough river, which here brings its brief career to so striking an end, and then face the mountain. He will not fail to notice that the virgin solitude is broken by a solitary tenement, the lone habitation of a shepherd,

“Whose precious charge,
Nibble their fill at ocean’s very marge.” (*Endymion.*)

From the summit of Glenlough Hill a singularly fine prospect opens out. To the north-east the deeply-indented coast presents a rapid succession of creek and headland, receding in glorious perspective all the way to the distant Bloody Foreland. The visitor should here consult the map, as this is a capital position from which to get a clear notion of the part of Donegal that faces the Atlantic. Below is Loughrosbeg Bay, running up under Slieveatooey (mountain to the north), because it is the northern side of the peninsula, which has been followed since leaving Killybegs. Beyond is Loughros Point, a flat tongue of land, and then Loughrosmore, with its extensive tideway to Ardara, a “lurk-

**View from the
Summit of
Glenlough**

ing town" (to use Wordsworth's beautiful expression), from which may be traced the valley of the Owenea as far as Glenties, where it enters a highland glen for some five miles. Dowros and Crohy Head are two bold promontories, guarding Boylagh Bay, whence the estuary of the Gweebarra runs inland until it is lost from view. Beyond Crohy Head is a coast marvellously irregular, and a multitude of islands, covering the blue waters in that region. High above all is Arranmore, standing out in the sea, as if to protect the others from the violence of the Atlantic; then Rutland, looking like an enormous sandbank, and Owey, in the distance, are conspicuous objects in the panorama. Slieveatooley itself is of absorbing interest, for its whole northern face is precipitous, and will keep the visitor, who scrambles over it, constantly excited. These inaccessible wilds, like those of Slieve League, are still the favourite haunt of the eagle, so that there is a chance of meeting a member of the species, and here, if anywhere, the royal bird may revel in unrestrained freedom, for rarely, indeed, does the voice of human being break those solitudes.

"And sure there is a secret power that reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot profanes,
Nought but the herds, that pasturing upward creep,
Hung dim—discovered from the dangerous steep." WORDSWORTH.

The highest point of the mountain is Croagh Ballaghdown, standing 1,692 feet over the sea, its altitude seeming much greater than it really is because of the steep escarpment to the water. The tourist may now keep along the ridge to join the main route at the constabulary barrack and descend by Glengesh into Ardara, or take the headlong path that drops into the wild Granny Glen to Maghery where a few cottages are nestling under the shadow of the mountain.

In the immediate neighbourhood are half a dozen caves, three of which have narrow passages, like corridors in a catacomb, tunnelled some hundreds of yards right into the bowels of the mountain. The most interesting is the Croach-an-Darchadas (the dark cave), which can be entered only at low water. There will be no difficulty in finding a guide among the Maghera people, and one must not forget to provide a torch or candle, without which much of the interest of his visit would be lost. From Maghera to Ardara the path lies at the base of the mountain, down which leaps many a brawling torrent ; and Asherancally, a waterfall, about half a mile from Maghera, deserves a special visit should the visitor happen to be in this neighbourhood during wet weather. It is now evening, and one may fairly note down :—

**The Caves of
Maghera,**

“ Many the wonders I this day have seen ;
The sun, when first he kist away the tears
That filled the eyes of morn ;
The ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
Must think of what will be, and what has been.”

(Keats to his brother George.)

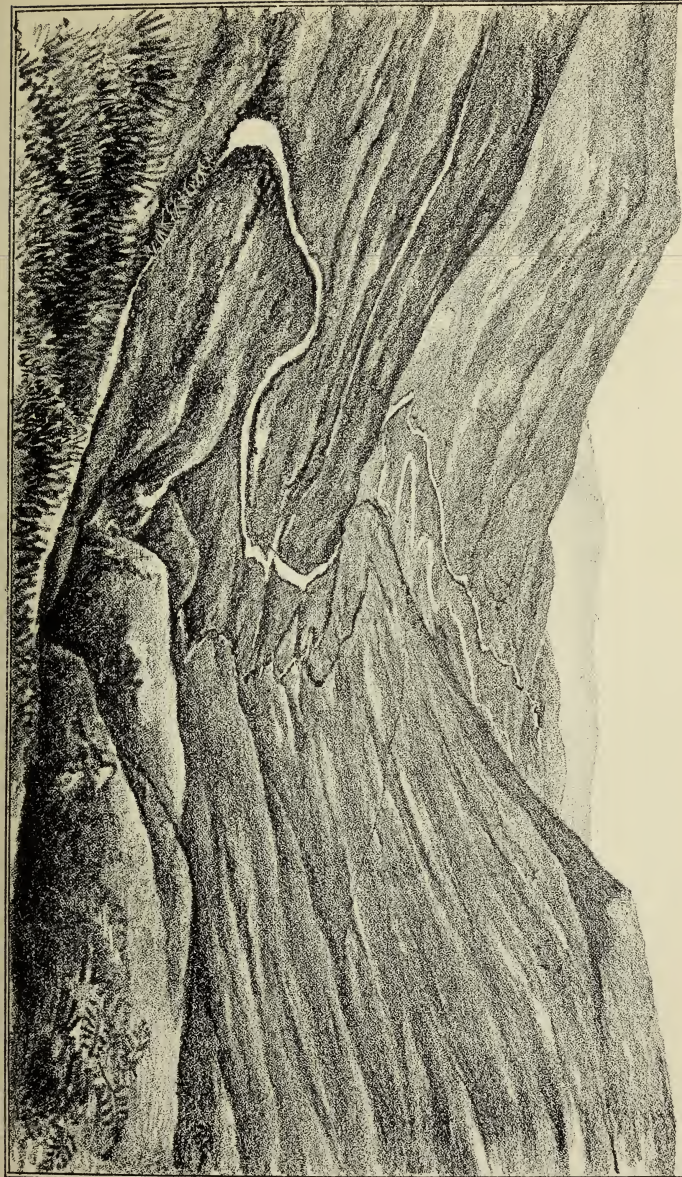
The tourist who proceeds by the direct route from Carrick to Ardara, takes the road that runs parallel with the Glen river for some distance, and then leaves it to follow up the course of the Crove river. After a long melancholy stretch, relieved, however, by some bold elevations on the right, and glimpses of the sea on the left, the watershed (1,000 feet) is reached, when all at once he finds himself above the most

**The Pass of
Glengesh.**

striking pass, perhaps, he has anywhere seen. A spiral road screws its way into Glengesh, or Glengeask, having Croagh-alery on the left, rising some 1,200 feet from the road, and on the right Glengesh hill, standing 1,652 feet over the sea level. About two miles from these mountain walls the road from Killybegs turns sharply, and pursues its way through a happy valley into

Ardara (Hotels :—*Nesbitt Arms, Brennan's Commercial* ; pop., 550), "which has an extremely pretty situation at the wooded base of steeply escarped hills" (*Murray*). It is a good centre from which to explore the magnificent scenery of Slieveatooley, and a fine field for the lover of sport. Above the northern extremity of the town there is a Danish fort, not very far from Woodhill, the residence of General Tredenick, which, with its thick belt of trees, clothes the immediate surroundings, and makes the town look exceptionally sheltered and picturesque. From Ardara the road follows up the Owentucker river, an interesting drive, affording rich variety of scene. Towards the end of the third mile there is a striking view of Glenties, with its back ground of mountains ; a view which has been fairly expressed by Mr. Falkner, in a painting exhibited by him in the Dublin Exhibition of 1864. From this high point, or "Maxwell's Hill," the road soon approaches the bank of the Owenea, a river that derives its name and source from Lough Ea, a tarn some six miles away among the mountains, and crossing the stream a little higher up passes into

Glenties (Hotels :—*O'Donnell's, Molloy's* ; pop., 450), "a small town, the situation of which, at the numerous converging glens, is its best point" (*Murray*). If its



GLENGESH, CO DONEGAL.

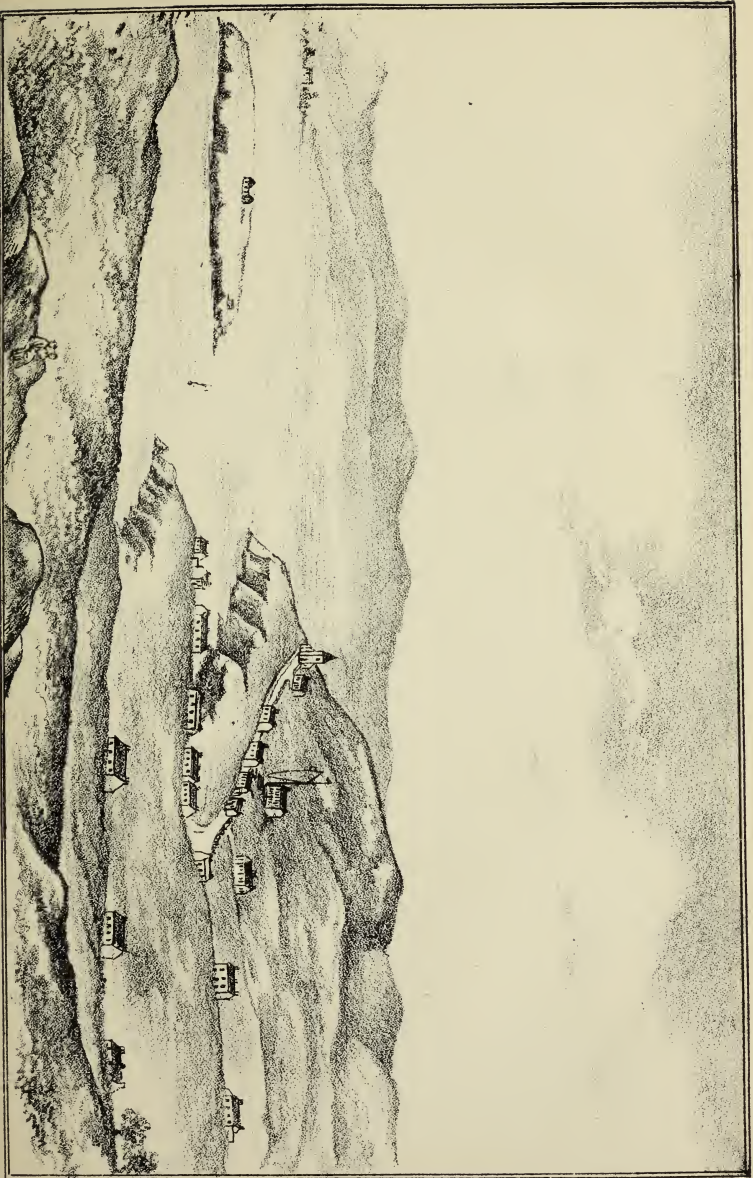
THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

mountain-border were warmly timbered, Glenties would possess all the features that go to make up a pretty Highland village. Its tidy appearance, its rushing river, its fringe of greenwood, its spacious Catholic church and bell turret on a commanding position above, the neat little Protestant church, with its ivy-clad walls below, and the few dwellings that crown the neighbouring heights, form an impressive group. In the centre there is one broad street, which, though shadowed by a monster poor-house and hospital, presents a lively aspect, especially when thronged with the hardy race, who pour down there from the hills in their great variety of bright-coloured costume. Glenties is the centre of the barony of Boyleagh, of which Lewis, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, wrote forty or fifty years ago, that it was remarkable for its "woollen stockings of excellent quality." This department of Irish manufacture, which had woefully declined, has for the past twenty-five years or more received a fresh impulse. It gives employment, particularly during winter, to the women and girls of the impoverished, but extensive territory of Boyleagh, Rosses, and Gweedore. The majority earn only a mere pittance, but even this is a great boon to those creatures, whose life in their own miserable holdings is no better than a constant struggle for existence. Now that Glenties has got its free gift of twenty-four miles of excellent narrow-gauge railway to Stranorlar, her native products must become more remunerative.

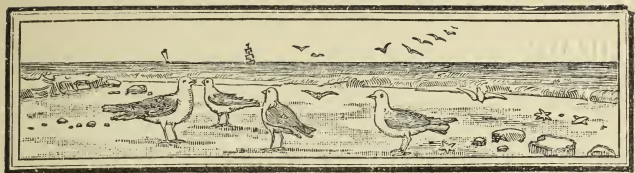
Excellent grouse shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood of Glenties, and capital sport in the rivers and lakes. "The angler," says the author of *Murray's Handbook*, "in the river Owenea, will have sport, if he is on at the time of

a spate, but as it rises and falls very quickly, it will be hardly worth his while to go there on a chance." The antiquary will find, in a field adjoining the road near the town, one of those pillar-stones, "which evidently owe their upright position not to accident, but to the design and labour of an ancient people" (*Wakeman's Handbook of Irish Antiquities*). This specimen is more slender and graceful than most examples of pillar-stone, though it stands only six feet over the surface of the ground. About half-a-mile from the town, on a hill, called from the circumstance the CASTLE, are the remains of what, it is almost certain, was one of those stone CATHAIRS or DUNS belonging to the Pagan period, the ruins of which are found so common along the southern and western coasts of Ireland. The visitor ought to note the fact that the thick wall enclosing the very extensive farm at the head of which the "Castle" stood is built of stones, taken from the fort in the memory of people still living. Enough remains to enable one to trace the circle enclosing about an acre of the crest of the hill; the rest must be supplied from what he knows of works of its class—from examples elsewhere remaining in a more perfect state of preservation. STAIGUE FORT, in the county of Kerry, is one of the most perfect CATHAIRS remaining in Ireland. "It consists of a circular wall of uncemented stones, about eighteen feet in height, and twelve in thickness, enclosing an area of eighty-eight yards in diameter. Upon the internal face of the wall are regular flights of steps leading to the highest part of the building. The doorway is composed of large unhewn stones and is covered by a horizontal lintel" (*Wakeman's Handbook of Irish Antiquities*, p. 46).

PORTNOO, THE GLENTIES, CO. DONEGAL.



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



VII.—EXCURSION TO INISKEEL, PORTNOO AND KILCLOONEY.

THE greater portion of the first two miles is over a moor land, but from every point of the road fine mountain views are obtained. At the third mile a detour should be made by the road leading to the right, to Portachurry to join the direct route again at Maas, which, carried along the declivities of the Derryloughan hills abounds in exciting incident, and affords splendid views of the Gweebarra. The tourist will be struck with the wonderful profusion in which granite boulders—some of them gigantic blocks—are sown broadcast on the surface of the ground over which he is passing.

“A primitive little fishing village is Narin, pleasantly situated opposite the island of Iniskeel, on which the antiquary will find a couple of ruined churches” (*Murray*). A monastery was founded on the island by St. Connell, who is mentioned in the *Martyrology of Donegal*, under May 22nd, as follows:—“Connell, Abbot of Iniscaoil, in Cinel Connaill, and he is himself of Cinel Connaill.” His name also occurs in the *Festology of Ængus Cile Dé* in the *Leabhar Breac*, fol. 34a, at 11th of May, and indeed there is hardly another name more celebrated in Irish Ecclesiastical history, because of

St. Connel's connection with the celebrated rule, drawn up at the time for keeping Sunday free from all servile work. The Saint's paternal name was CAOIL, and hence the name Inis-Caoil, pronounced Iniskeel. Colgan, in his *Acts of the Irish Saints*, mentions that the merits of St. Connell have been eloquently told by an intimate friend and enthusiastic admirer. This was St. Dallan, an accomplished scholar, and author of the Ambra Collum-Cille, a brilliant eulogium on St. Columba, pronounced in the famous Synod of Drumceat, where St. Columba himself was present. St. Dallan was often at the monastery in Iniskeel, having a tender regard for St. Connell, so great in fact that he devoutly wished to be near him even in death. He, therefore, earnestly and frequently prayed that if he died first his body should be buried in the grave, marked out for St. Connell; and during one of his usual visits he laid a solemn injunction on St. Connell himself to the same effect. God heard his petition, for the island was stormed by a band of pirates, who in their search for treasure found St. Dallan, cut off his head, flung it out into the waves, and then left with all the plunder they could find. When they had completely got out of sight, St. Connell came forth from his hiding-place, and being told of the terrible fate of his dear friend, he fell upon his knees, and after supplicating heaven with great fervour, the head of St. Dallan was seen to rise out of the waves, and, floating in, joined the body from which it had been severed. The corpse was tenderly cared, and buried by St. Connell in the grave destined for himself, so that the two saints now sleep their last sleep, under the shadow of those cloisters where they had spent together such a holy and such a happy time.

The Bell of St. Connell, or the BEARNAN-CHONAIL, is described by Dr. Petrie in his paper on the ancient Irish bells in the R. I. Academy, as well as by Dr. O'Donovan in his unpublished notes for the Irish Ordnance Survey. They speak of its workmanship as elaborate, a very beautiful specimen indeed, and resembling a good deal the bell of Armagh. They inspected it at Woodhill, near Ardara, then the residence of Major Nesbitt, who bought it for £6 from a decayed member of the family, who claimed St. Connell as belonging to their stock, and in whose safe-keeping this remarkable and valuable charge was retained for centuries. From Major Nesbitt the relic passed to one of his heirs, a Mr. Evans at Ardara, who brought it with him to England, where, after patient search, it has been quite recently hunted up in the British Museum, by Mr. W. J. Doherty, C.E., whose zeal in this department of Irish antiquities seems to be truly a labour of love. Iniskeel is a great resort for pilgrims, who come in large numbers during the summer months to beg the intercession of St. Connell. Opposite the island to the south is a coastguard station at Portnoo. The author of *Murray's Handbook* says :—“This whole promontory between Narin and Ardara is worth exploring for the sake of the remains. On Dunmore hill, a headland one mile to the west, there are ten old forts. It was probably the grand signal-station, so that a signal made there would alarm the rest.” The view from this hill is fine, embracing the magnificent cliffs of Slieveatooley, and the mountains above Glenties, forming a splendid link, with the more distant peaks of the Glendowan, Slieve-Snaght, and the Errigle range.

Above Narin is Lough Doon, on which there is a

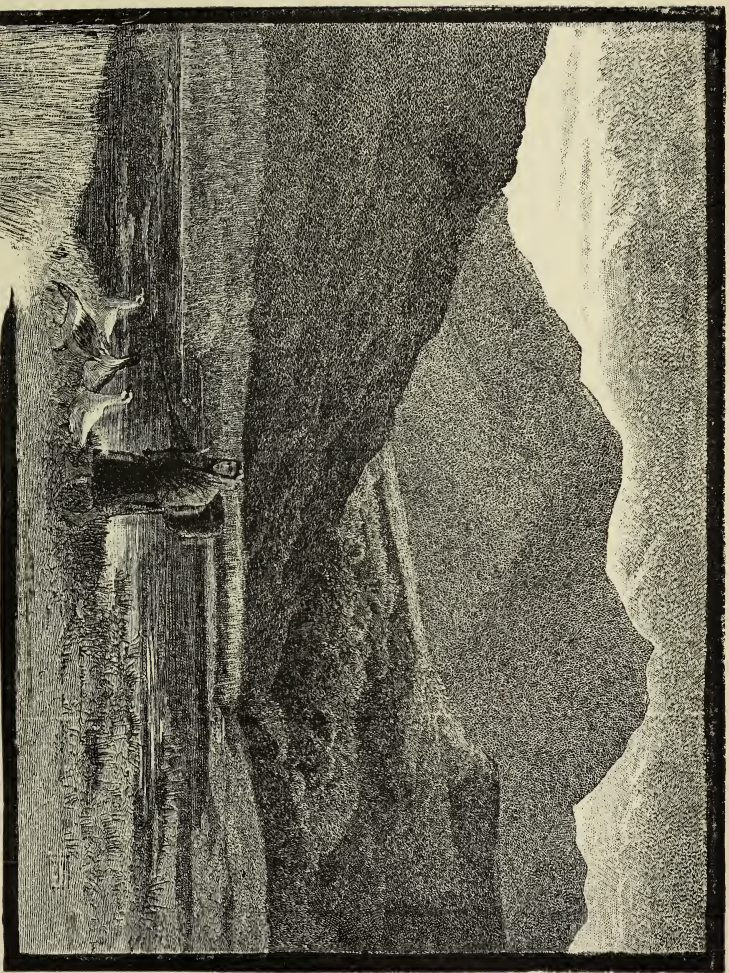
Bawan, in a tolerable state of preservation. It embraces the whole area of a small island close to the shore. Near Lough Doon is Lough Birroge, where a similar Bawan may be inspected. Then after a short distance comes Kiltooris Lough, with Eden House (Major Johnstone) on its east bank, and about a mile further on is Mossville (Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton) the residence of the late lamented Recorder of Cork, who was passionately fond of spending all his free time here in his native highlands, circulating freely among the simple people, and endearing himself to everybody with his kindly affectionate greeting. To the west of Kiltooris, on an island, are the remains of a castle belonging to the O'Boyles, once the Lords and Masters of Boyleagh, and a ruling Sept in the district.

Kilclooney.—From this place a hilly road leads to Kilclooney, where there is a CROMLECH, near the road, at a short distance beyond the Catholic church. The table, or covering stone, measures about eighteen feet from east to west twenty from north to south, and is from six to eight in thickness. This gigantic slab slopes with a considerable incline towards the west. Close to the larger “bed” there is another of about one-third its size, and both are enclosed by a stone circle. As the people of the locality never call this monument by the name of CROMLECH, the visitor should ask to have LEBACHA DIARMID AGUS GRAINNE pointed out to him, a designation which has originated in a very ancient and popular tale. The renowned Cormac Mac Art had a daughter, Grainnè, celebrated far and wide for her personal charms, whom the still more famous Finn MacCumhall solicited in marriage. Cormac was favourable to the giant's suit, and accordingly to his Court

at Tara came Finn, attended by a chosen body of warriors, amongst whom were his son Oisín, his grandson Oscar, and Diarmid O'Duibhnè, one of his chief officers. A banquet suitable to the occasion and the dignity of the guests, was prepared, at which the beautiful Grainnè did the honours as mistress of the palace. It was the custom in those remote times for the lady presiding at table to fill a rich drinking-cup with the choicest liquor, and to send it round to be tasted by the guests. In due time Grainnè's precious cup was carried round by her attendant, until all drank of it except Oisín and Diarmid, and as the bowl circulated great was the praise pronounced on the delicious draught. But the murmur of compliment quickly subsided into death-like silence, for the nectar in which they pledged the young hostess proved a powerful narcotic that threw everyone who had tasted it into a deep sleep. Having thus far succeeded, she appealed to the characteristic chivalry of Oisín and Diarmid to rescue her from an overwhelming misery. Finn was an old and war-worn man. How could she become his wife? But as her father had agreed to the match, the only way to escape the deep misfortune was by flight. Oisín, of course, could not dishonour his own father, but Diarmid might become her partner and protector. The lady's eloquence prevailed. Diarmid and Grainnè bade a hasty adieu to Oisín, and departed. Great was the rage of King Cormac and Finn when they awoke from their trance to find that the bird had flown. The renowned Finn started at once in pursuit, and

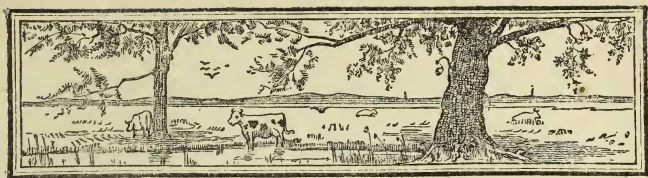


the sequel occupies the chief portion of an interesting Fenian romance, called "The Pursuit of Diarmid and Grainnè," with a literal translation, published many years since by the Ossianic Society. Looking to the East from Kilclooney, the visitor will easily identify Carnaween, the highest point in that quarter. On this lofty summit there is another CROMLECH, and by utilizing it the fugitives succeeded for a time in eluding pursuit. Finn, as all the world knows, had a tooth of divination which he consulted in difficulties by putting his thumb under it. When Diarmid had passed the first night at Kilclooney, being prevented by the sea from going further, he took with him a sack full of sand and returned by a *detour* to Carnaween, where he spread the sand on the heather for a bed. Meanwhile, Finn applied his thumb to the divination tooth and received for answer that the fugitives were passing the night on the sand. He went in consequence to the bed at Kilclooney and was, of course, disappointed. Next morning Diarmid having concealed his bag of sand, took a bundle of the heather to Kilclooney. Finn as usual, when the night came, consulted his tooth, and got for answer that Diarmid and Grainnè were resting on the heath, and he accordingly sought them on Carnaween. Thus was the giant baffled, his gift of divination notwithstanding. From Kilclooney one may return to Glenties by Loughfad.



THE ROSSES, CO. DONEGAL.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



VIII.—EXCURSION TO THE ROSSES.



SHOULD the tourist at the call of duty be forced to bring his holiday in Donegal to a close for the present, Glenties is admirably suited for doing so. It divides the scenery pretty equally, and its railway, now being made to Stranorlar, is comparatively level, though as seen in the distance, winding away through the mountain passes, it gives the impression as somewhat alpine and uneven in its progress. It will leave you in good time on the Finn Valley branch, and in the near future carry you back with the summer's sun to take up the virgin scenes of the Donegal highlands, and its echoes of the olden time, where they were unavoidably interrupted. If, however, one be free, and disposed to prosecute his present tour, let an excursion be made to the ROSSES which, with the neighbouring Gweedore, constitute the most congested of all the congested parts not only of Donegal but of Ireland.

The Problem of Congested Districts.—GWEEDORE, for example, with its population of 5,000 comprises 40,511 acres, at sixpence halfpenny an acre according to Griffith's valuation, thus giving to each individual four and a half acres under a rent of two shillings and sixpence per annum for the whole plot. In June, 1858, a Parliamen-

tary Committee sat to inquire into the impoverished condition of the Gweedore tenantry. In course of the investigation one of the local clergymen stated in evidence that of the 70 families in a townland called Carrick, 50 used seaweed as part of their food, 55 had neither blankets nor beds, and 20 were without a cow to give them milk. Of the 31 families in another townland, 20 lived mostly on sea-weed, while only 3 had the comfort of a bed, and so on with many more cases of the kind. The visitor will find in Rosses and Gweedore the "bits" of land throughout to be mostly red bog, mixed with rock, but teeming with a fine people, who can neither clothe themselves sufficiently nor support nature out of the bad and scanty supply of crop, yielded by the spongy and sterile quality of the soil. The men, therefore, are obliged to migrate in search of wages during the summer months, and to increase their little savings by denying themselves proper nourishment, and wearing away their vitality by overworking. Far more demoralizing, however, than this is the fact that whenever the potato fails, as it does very often, there is an appeal for help, and thus every feeling of self-respect as well as of self-reliance is weakened. To lift the poor, but spirited people out of this slough of intermittent distress by developing local industries, is the beneficent mission committed to the members of the Congested Districts Board. The women seem to take best to the knitting, but for the men fishing is the readiest and most natural industry. They have, it appears, in their deep sea circle, most promising grounds, but the coast is so stormy and iron-bound that large boats only can venture out in unsettled weather. To

buy a few of these suitable boats, and furnish them with the right gear is therefore a necessity on the part of the Government, who are engaged in establishing some fishing-centres with safe harbour accommodation, and an odd curing-station to employ many hands. Thus the tourist in these parts will have an excellent opportunity of testing on the spot the principle of helping people to help themselves, upon which the vexed problem of congestion in a poor agricultural population is being solved.

The direct way of getting to the Rosses from Glenties is blocked by an inlet of the sea, called the Gweebarra, which winds for seven miles into the mountains. This barrier is now happily about being removed by the enlightened action of the Congested Districts Board, who have undertaken to span the estuary at a convenient point by an iron bridge. In the meantime, leaving Glenties for the Rosses, the main route is followed up to the third mile, where the road goes off to the left by Derryloghan hill, and then turning to the right keeps along the Gweebarra as far as Ducarry. The shore facing the north is barren, rocky and untenanted, but the opposite district, called Lettermacaward, is cultivated and thickly dotted with cottages. The estuary lies at your feet all the way, and there is a view of the valley, running inland as far as the mountains of Slieve Snacht and Glendowan. From Ducarry you ascend by a zig-zag road, and looking back one sees the pass to Lough Barra. When high ground has been fairly attained, the "way lies through an untamable wild country, but with shifting panoramas of mountains that the attention is never fatigued" (*Murray*). Away to the right are the Glendowan and Derryveagh ridges, with Slieve Snacht in the foreground,

while the white peak of Errigal is seen peering from the clouds behind. "In fact if the weather is fine—and all depends on that—there is scarce such another mountain view in the kingdom" (*Murray*). To the left are the Crohy hills, subsiding here into waves of stunted heath, with nothing to strike one in their conformation along which the road is carried to

Dungloe (Hotels:—*Sweeny's*, *Boyle's*; pop., 450), a "tiny town," but wonderfully smart and thriving to



grow in such a district. The great Irish scholar, Dr. O'Donovan, when he came to Dungloe in 1835 on business connected with the Ordnance Survey, says he found the inn to be far from comfortable. At present Dungloe can boast of two fairly-sized hotels where the visitor may get a

clean bed, good plain cooking, a cozy parlour, and a warm fire if required. Then these hotels are well filled every season as soon as the rush sets in for the excellent trout-fishing in the numerous open loughs of the neighbourhood. The sportsman can also have in Dungloe plenty of wild fowl and seal shooting, for the place is situated at the head of a rather wide inlet of the sea, guarded on the outside by the island of Inishfree. The water is so shallow that it is not a fit station

even for the smallest boats, and at the foot of the town is a brawling mountain torrent, which in rainy weather is carried over its rocky bed with a deafening roar. "Cloghanlea," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "is the real name of the mountain village. Dungloe proper lies between the townland of Keadew and the sea, exactly opposite Oilen Leehan. There a fortification of lime and stone existed in ancient times, of which the foundations alone can now be traced. It stood on a rock, and commanded the little bay; but where or by whom it was built no one knows. A fair had been held near the site of the fortress until about 80 years ago, when it was removed to the growing village of Cloughanlea."

The tourist by all means should pay a flying visit to Crohy

Crohy Head.

Head, for the sake of the view to be obtained from that part of the extensive parish of Templecrone. The distance is but four miles, the road running along the shore as far as the Martello tower. The Head is about 800 feet high, and from it you look northward on a singular seaboard, carved into rocks and lakelets, presenting a perfect chaos of land and water, with a multitude of islands, "looking," to borrow Thackeray's image, "like dolphins playing in the bay." To the south-west, overlooking Gweebarra, is a curious landslip, called by the inhabitants THOLLA BRISTHA (broken earth). "The rocks seem to have been shaken and shivered to pieces—in fact, macadamized on a prodigious scale, and offer an awfully shattered appearance. The chasm varies in its dimensions, the greatest gash being twelve feet in width and upwards of twenty feet in depth. At some places the edges accurately correspond, and are serrated" (*Murray*). There are a few fine cliffs on the south-west side of the

Head, and there is also some good cave scenery, accessible only by boat.

Returning to Dungloe from Crohy Head, the tourist will next proceed to visit **Burton Port and the Islands** Burton Port and the Islands. At the second mile the road passes Meenmore Lough, near which there is an old, disused barrack, where Mr. Herdman, of a well-known firm of linen manufacturers in the North of Ireland, comes every summer with his family to be fortified with plenty of bracing air, and to do good. Evidently Mr. Herdman is in congenial touch with the normal state of poverty in which this deserving population is steeped. The assistance, which a clever man of business alone can give, he accords freely to the active pastor, Father Walker, as well as to the neighbouring clergymen, and Mr. Hammond, of Lackbeg House, Burton Port (local agent of the Marquis of Conyngham) in their effort to make the fishing industry of these parts a success. Not only are they co-operating with the action of the Congested Districts Board, but generously and vigorously maintaining a little steamer, started at their own expense, to minister to the material wants of the many communities, scattered over this dangerous coast.

Two miles from Meenmore Lough, you reach Burton Port, which is the chief point of connection between the islands and the mainland. Within a quarter of an hour's rowing is "Rutland Island, where during the Lord Lieutenancy of the Duke of Rutland in 1785, £40,000 was expended in making a military station, and general emporium for this part of the country" (*Murray*). The island is now a mere heap of sand; about a dozen of small dwelling-houses only remaining. Off Rutland is Arran-

more, on which there are some eighty families. If the tourist be fond of boating, and not pressed for time, he may have an abundantly interesting day's excursion, when the weather is fine, in exploring its cliff and cave scenery, which is very good, particularly near the lighthouse, and, indeed, all round the north-west side of the island.

From Burton Port the pedestrian, wishing to go to Gweedore, may follow the by-road, passing Kadu strand, and on to Kincaslagh, with its large, well-built Catholic church, thence to Mullaghderg, where there is a considerable lake, separated only by a sand-bank from the sea. Out on the coast are one of those Martello towers, and a crag called the Spanish Rock, from the circumstance of a Spanish vessel, supposed to belong to the Armada, having been wrecked there. In the memory of the inhabitants of this parish a number of well-finished brass guns were fished up, but unfortunately they got into the hands of some travelling tinkers, who had them broken into pieces for their own profit. Off the coast, a little to the north, is a group of rocks called the Stags, which, according to a legend, told in the district, had once upon a time been a fleet of seven magnificent ships, belonging to that order of beings known as "gentle-folk," but were changed by some powerful enchantress into ocean rocks. After a period of years they are permitted to resume the form they had at the moment in which they were metamorphosed, and they are then allowed to sail away, under the condition that no human eye sees them. It is needless to add, that the moment of emancipation for the unfortunate "Stags" has invariably arrived when the eyes of some one were directed towards them. Some twenty years ago, as it

was told to the writer, an old man living in the neighbourhood of Annagray, saw seven ships in full sail setting from the shore. It was a beautiful evening about midsummer; the vessels were of immense size, and the rigging gorgeous; the sails were of silk, resembling the rich colour of a cloud in the setting sun, while streamers of the same colour floated from every mast; the decks were alive with busy crews, dressed in caps and jackets of bright red. The old man gazed on the sight for a moment in rapt admiration, when presently the bright sails collapsed, gathering the entire rigging into thick folds, like an umbrella, quickly shut, and when he rubbed his eyes hard and looked again, the beautiful vision had vanished, and nothing was seen but the "Stags" pointing their sharp heads up from the blue waters. He then recollected how he had often ridiculed the story of their enchantment, but now he doubted it no more. From Mullagherg the pedestrian may keep along the coast to a place called the Point, where he will easily find a boat to take him across to Bunbeg, and proceed thence to the Gweedore Hotel.

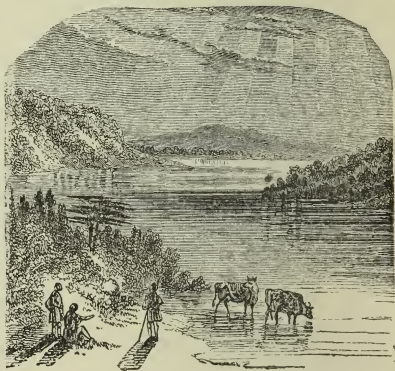
The direct road from Dungloe to Gweedore (13 miles) traverses a flat surface, for the most part desolate, but relieved in fine weather by the mountains that bound the view to the right, and the broken coast away to the left, which has been already noticed. At Lough Anure there is work for the geologist:—"The environs consist of Mica slate, with coarse granular dolomite. . . . On one spot will be found basilar idiocrase and epidote, crystallised in six-sided prisms, with common garnet of a reddish-brown colour" (*Giesecke*). At the head of Annagray, skirting a most melancholy-looking marsh, fed with quite a number

of inlets of sea and soft sand, you are still in the Rosses, where the gloom and desolation of the scenes have been lighted up within the past year by "The Borrowed Pride," a remarkable poem, just published in New York, by Mr. Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy. The author is fast adorning the literature of the Great Republic of the West, his adopted country, and it is gratifying to add that the poetic gift is as fresh and brilliant in him as the purple of his native heath on the mountains of Donegal. At the head of Annagray Creek the solitude is broken by a hamlet, and a little further on you enter Gweedore by crossing "the river at a spot, where a combination of rock and waterfall offers charming scenery" (*Murray*). Thence the road runs over a bare inhospitable tract, to Gweedore Hotel.

Glenties to Gweedore.—The Dungloe route just traced is the usual one between Glenties and Gweedore, and it is the more direct. But the visitor can easily explore this afterwards by special excursion from Gweedore, and travel from Glenties to Gweedore by a far better way, passing the valleys of Lough Finn, Lough Barra, and Lough Beagh, or Lough Veagh, which in all the more striking characteristics of Highland scenery surpass anything in Donegal, and would be lost to the passing tourist, who should follow the beaten track by Dungloe. The proposed journey is thirty-nine miles, while that by Dungloe is thirty; but a difference of nine miles will not, one should suppose, weigh much against the pomp of lofty mountain, deep lake, headlong torrent, and toppling precipice. The great, in fact, the only, inconvenience of this route is the absence of hotels on the way; it will be necessary, therefore to take a car and to start early.

Lough Finn and its Legend.—Leaving Glenties, the route takes a north-easterly direction, following the valley of the Shallagan river, and having on the left the Derryloghan mountains, and Aghla on the right. After the third mile, a road is given off to the left which leads to Ducarry. The tourist, however, will be careful to keep by Finntown, skirting Knockrawer, which looks from a distance like a gigantic pyramid. At the fifth mile he gains the watershed; and following for a short distance a gentle incline, comes suddenly on Lough Finn, a narrow strip of

water, extending some three or four miles from south-west to north-west. On the right rises the immense mass of Aghla (1,961 feet), sheer from the water, when its threatening sides, clothed with dark heath, and torn by mountain torrents, give the place



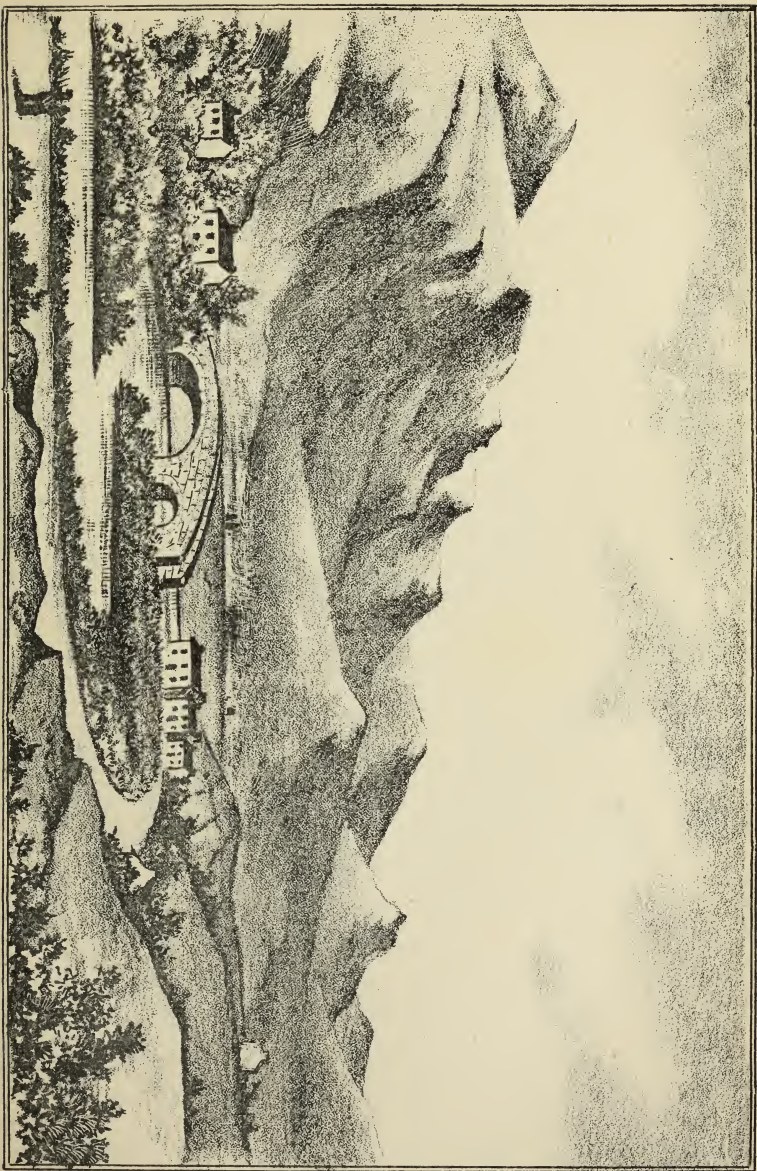
an air of wild grandeur. Still the scene is not savage, for there are plots of cultivated ground on the margin of the water. There is a legend that a giant, called FEAR GOWAN, one of the famous Fenian heroes, perished on the bank of this lake. The story goes that the Fear-Gowan, who had his principal residence at Glenlehin, some six miles to the north-west, returning from a visit to the South of Ireland, approached the haunt of a wild boar that

had long ruled supreme in the mountains south of Lough Finn, and had come off victorious from many a bloody encounter with the bravest Fenian huntsmen. The FEAR-GOWAN was young, but had an elder sister of the true Fenian stamp, who advised him strongly to keep clear of this formidable boar, and his friends the Fenians "up the country" gave him similar advice. But it was the rule with this youth, says the story, to do exactly the reverse of whatever he was advised. He was proud of his own giant proportions, and had with him three dogs, which he fancied invincible. Accordingly he sought the monster in his den, a recess near the head of the big glen about three miles from the present Glenties. The encounter began here and was continued by the heads of the other glens on towards Lough Finn. Confident that any of his dogs would be a match for the boar, the Fear-Gowan first slipped one, which after a bloody struggle was left dead on the grass. He let loose a second, but it was also killed; and then his last and best dog was put forward, soon to be torn in pieces by the infuriate animal, which now turned on the giant himself. The Fear-Gowan struck out powerfully, retreating the while over mountain and moor, till at length the combatants, struggling down the awful sides of Aghla, were brought to a stand on the eastern shore of Lough Finn. The boar was proving too many for the giant, who now began to shout lustily for his sister, and his stentorian voice shook the mountains for miles around. The sister heard him, and came speedily over the hills towards Lough Finn, filling her apron, as she advanced, with large stones that lay along her path. By the time she reached the place, her brother and the boar were both prostrate. He was able

to call, but owing to the echoes of the mountains she mistook the point whence the shouts proceeded. At a part where the lake was not deep she waded across, but when she got to the other side, the voice seemed to come from where she had left, and when she returned, the sound again seemed to issue from the opposite side. Thus was she kept crossing and re-crossing, till at last her brother's cries becoming fainter and fainter, and the echoes gradually dying out, she succeeded in reaching the spot. There lay the boar dead on the ground, and near it the Fear-Gowan, a mass of torn flesh. The sister, exhausted by her wild efforts to relieve the brother, as well as by her anguish of mind, sank down beside him, and both died about the same moment. Her name was Finn, and hence Lough Finn.

Finntown.—The eighth mile brings one to Finntown, a hamlet shining brightly on the brow of the lake, where a Catholic chapel of ease, resting on a green slope, the priest's neat residence, a police barrack, and a few farm-houses with a piece of young plantation, make altogether a pleasant Highland picture. On the opposite side rise the cliffs of Scraigs (1,410 feet), bare and weather-beaten. This lake is the source of the River Finn, which courses eastward by Ballyboffey and Stranorlar, where it spreads into a broad channel, and uniting with the Mourne at Lifford, flows on with power and majesty to Derry.

Ducarry.—From Finntown to Ducarry the distance is four miles, and the road abounds in all the incident of rocky defile, steep hill, and mountain tarn. Ducarry possesses many attractions both for the general tourist and for the angler; but it lacks that one indispensable need of every such resort, an hotel. Here is a promising place for one of



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

those comfortable Scandinavian hotels, which are being now introduced into the centres of Irish scenery, where they are most required, by active promoters of the Tourist Development Scheme in this country. Ducarry is the depot of the Gweebarra fishery, and Lord Cloncurry, who has a lease of it, would surely be generous in his permission to anglers staying at the hotel.

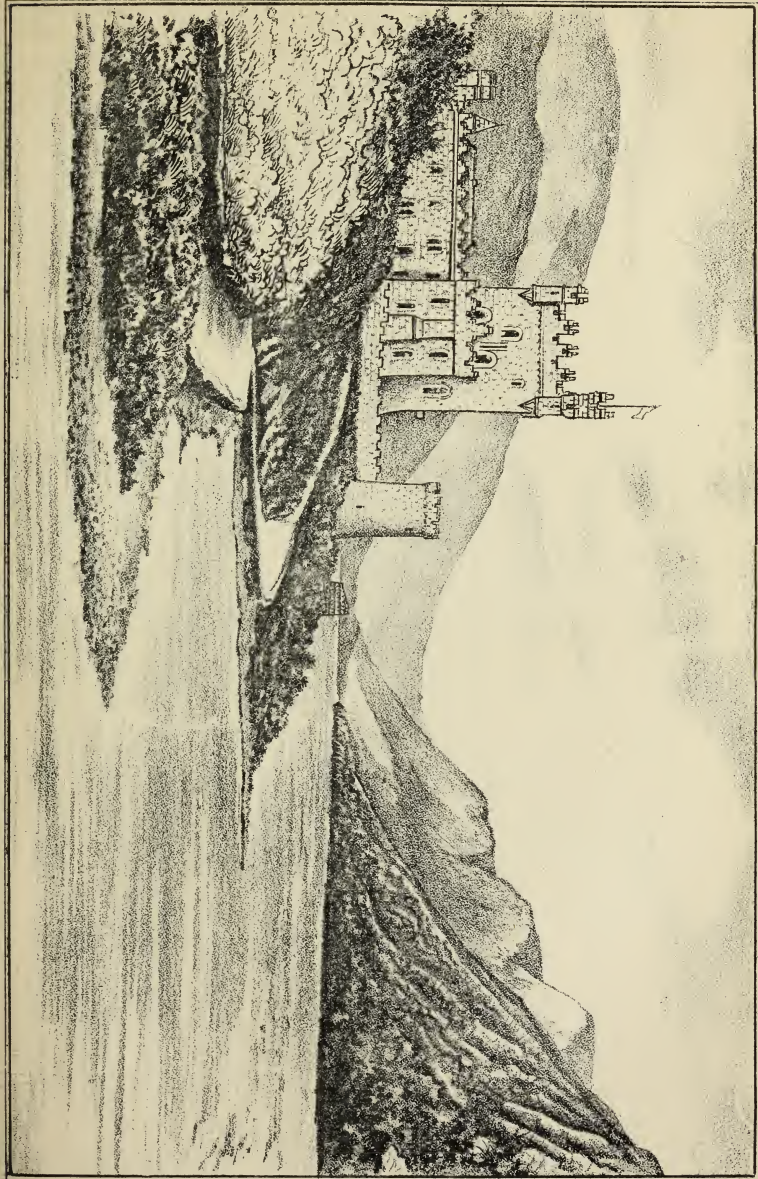
Lough Barra.—From Ducarry the road follows the course of the Owenwee river up the valley of the Gweebarra, which soon becomes a fine mountain pass. The sixth mile brings you into the lone region of Lough Barra, a small sheet of placid water, black as ink, with a border of golden sand, contrasting finely with the dark waters of the lake. Two torrents, Schruhan-Crolee, and Scardangle, come headlong down the side of Slieve Snaght, forming two waterfalls of an impressive character, which may be easily approached. If the visitor be a tolerable climber, he may enjoy a few hours' exciting mountaineering by ascending Slieve Snaght, which is more easily accomplished than Errigal, and affords almost the same wealth of prospect far and wide. He should keep along the crest of the mountain, a pathless course on which the history of many a storm is written, till he stands over the Poisoned Glen, where the view will amply repay him for the fatigue of the excursion. It is a deep vale, so savage, and so lonely that the visitor is not likely soon to forget this wild mountain recess. On the right Glenveagh lies beneath his feet, and he should direct his steps to regain the road, which passes between Slieve Snaght and Crockbrack till the watershed is gained, and then winds down into Glenbeagh or Glenveagh (glen of the birch trees). Here the tourist may consult his map with

advantage, for standing on this point of observation one will gain a clear idea of the physical arrangement of the Donegal Highlands. The great pass that traverses the county from the Gweebarra to the Mulroy Bay, is now to a great extent, under the eye. Almost parallel with this is the stretch from Glenties up to Finntown. On the southern side of the Glendowan range to the right, is the valley in which repose the waters of the beautiful Gartan Lough, and again behind Derryveagh, on his left, is the gorge opening to Glenveagh. As you begin to descend your attention is attracted by glimpses of the narrow strip of water "still and deep," enclosed between these thickly wooded and precipitous sides, 2,147 feet at the highest point, like the deep Trossach,

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream." SCOTT.

Glenveagh.—It is truly a wild region, still frequented by the eagle, and down the Glen at a turn in the road, your vision is startled by the Castle, rising like an apparition out of the lake, with its battlements, stately tower and waving flag, as if Royalty dwelt within. But Mrs. Adair is the Queen here, and unlike her late husband of eviction notoriety, she is well talked about in the locality. She is said to have expended £20,000 in improving the Castle and its surroundings, besides laying out an enormous deer-park with 500 miles of paling.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway has left the following sketch of Glenveagh :—"We proceeded to Glenveagh, and at length reached it after a very deep descent. We were delighted with the beautiful water, winding far between immense mountains, and apparently without end, losing itself in gloom



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

and solitariness, amidst the distant gorges and defiles of the hills. On the right hand side of the lake, the mountain rises like a steep wall out of the water, lofty and precipitous for a thousand feet, and this cliff is the secure eyrie of the eagle and jer-falcon. On the other side the shore was lofty also, and mountainous, but still there was room for the oak and the birch, the rowan and the alder, to strike their roots amidst the rocks, and clothe the ravines and hollows with ornamental copsewood. The lake itself is studded with wet woody islands, out of which rose perpendicular columns of smoke, which told full well that in this solitary secluded spot the illicit distiller was at his tempting and hazardous work. I have never been in Switzerland or Scotland; it has not been my lot at leisure to wander along the waters of Westmoreland or Cumberland, but I have seen good drawings of these most frequented scenes; and have thus admired Loch Katrine, the subject of the poet's pen and painter's pencil. But if *my* glen and *my* lake were not Irish, if the curse of being out of fashion did not put everything Irish under attainder, I would venture to show Glenveagh against any of those foreign fashionables, and would encourage my mountain nymph to hold herself as fair in varied beauty as any of them. . . . ”

A Lineal descendant of the McSwine Chief.—“I cannot,” says the same writer, “take leave of Glenveagh without calling to mind a visit we paid to a characteristic dweller of this singular and solitary scene. In a sunny nook, where a dark deep ravine expanded itself into a little grassy valley, affording room for a potato garden and a small meadow, and beside a small garrulous brook, rose a cabin—I dare not call it a cottage, for that supposes and associates cleanliness,

neatness, the woodbine bower, the rose-covered lattice, with its idea, and such a spot on Ulleswater or Windermere would have been blessed and beautified with such accompaniments ; but here we had no such amenities—the grunt of a sleeping sow, the growl of a gaunt greyhound, were the sounds that accosted us as we bent our heads to enter the narrow apperture that served almost as much for a chimney as an entrance. When you entered, however, things bore somewhat a more satisfactory appearance ; there was better furniture than is generally to be seen in an Irish cabin, some old-fashioned high-backed chairs, some old, carved, broken, brass-mounted chests ; a decent dresser on which were



ranged some pewter dishes and plates ; implements of fishing were suspended along the walls, and a long French musket, its barrel mounted with

brass, hung right over the immense mantelpiece of the chimney that jutted out almost into the centre of the apartment. Above the gun was an old mezzotinto print of the Holy Family after Raphael, and over that again an old armorial bearing on which you could observe a salmon, a lion passant, and a bloody hand, all well smoked. Beneath the canopy of the immense chimney, and beside the hob, in a comfortable high-backed chair, made of straw in the manner of a beehive, sat Jack McSwine, the master of the mansion. He rose apparently with pain as we entered. I thought he would never cease rising, so slowly did he unbend his extraordinary height, and with

apparent difficulty, as suffering under rheumatic pains, he advanced to meet my friend, whom he accosted with all the ease of an old gentleman, and all the cordiality of an ancient Irishman. All the humbler class of Irish are particularly civil and attentive to you when you enter their houses. I never in any of the provinces entered under a poor man's roof that I was not received with the smile of pleasure and language of benignity, the best seat wiped and offered for my acceptance, the pig expelled, the dog punished if he dared to growl at my entering; but here was even something better than this, for there was the Irish heartiness, adorned with the urbanity of a gentleman. If he were the lord of a palace he could not have received us with more kind and unembarrassed courtesy than did the dweller of the lonely mountain hut, and when I was introduced to him as one who came from Dublin to see and admire the beauties of Glenveagh, nothing could exceed the anxious kindness with which he expressed his desire to do everything to further my views; he lamented he had not a boat, that his fowling convenience and fishing tackle were not in trim for our use; in short, he seemed to feel a double pang that he was a poor man. But who was Jack McSwine? The lineal descendant of the ancient sept of the McSwines, who, next and only inferior to the O'Donnell, preserved a large portion of Tyrconnell. Our friend of Glenveagh maintained that he was the McSwine-na-Doo—the Connfinny, or head of the family. And surrounded by poverty as we saw him, the dweller of the wretched hut, without one shilling of income, with nothing to live on but the produce of his potato garden and the milk of a few cows that ranged the mountains, yet Philip II, of Spain, ruling over dominions on which the sun

never set, was not prouder in his bearing, nor richer in the recollections of his Austrian ancestry, than this fading shadow of an Irish Tanist ; the man literally lived, moved, and had his being as dependent on his family associations ; and still life was only supportable under the one hope which he cherished. Amidst chilling discouragements, insurmountable obstacles, and endless rebuffs, he had now come to the verge of the grave ; gray he stood and tempest-worn, like one of the withering oaks on the side of Glenveagh, and still he put forth the leaf and struggled for existence, hoping against hope. The McSwines, as proprietors of a large portion of the mountain district of Donegal, had usually sided with the O'Neils against the O'Donnells, and O'Neil's demand of sixty cows as tribute from O'Donnell was often enforced by the assistance of McSwine ; and when James I. conquered the O'Donnells and escheated their lands, as a reward to McSwine for his opposition to this cheiftain, his mountains, perhaps because not worth confiscating, were left him in peace, and in the following reign of Charles, when the execrable rebellion of 1641 broke out, the McSwine for some reason did not join it. There was no proof of massacre or murder against him, and the Act of Settlement left him his property as an innocent Papist. Here then, down to the present century, the McSwines lived the lords paramount of these glens and mountains, in barbarous and profuse hospitality. Here, surrounded by followers and retainers, amidst fosterers and cosherers ; their hall full of horse-boys—all idlers, all gentlemen, all disdaining any trade or occupation—fishing, fowling, hunting, or fighting by day ; feasting, quarelling and carousing by night—the McSwines, from father to son, lived ; borrowing money, and mortgaging one

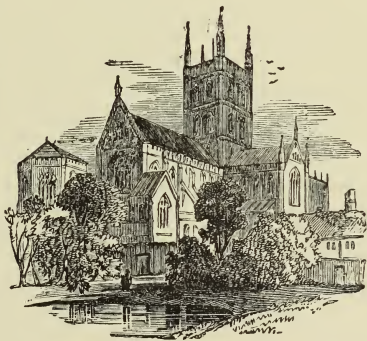
mountain tract, or line of sea, after another. This is the common history of an Irish Castle-Rack rent family ; and thus the common fate of the Sir Thadys and Sir Condys of Ireland, attended the McSwines, and our poor friend Jack came into the world the inheritor of his forefather's name, pride, recollections, and imprudences ; but alas ! his lands had all vanished, and became under foreclosed mortgages the properties of families, who possessed the low-born English and Scotch propensity of foresight and frugality. Still Jack McSwine clung to the hope and expectation of recovering some of his alienated lands ; he told us how certain portions were illegally conveyed away from him by his father, and he besought me with all the anxiety of a man who was catching at vague impossibilities, that I would search the records of Dublin Castle for him, and make out his title. No one could possibly have seen this fine old man, so tall, so meagre and yet so decent in his coarse attire, and so urbane and gracious in the old-fashioned manner of the last century, without wishing that some portion of the wide domains of his ancestors was returned to him, and that his gray hairs might descend in decency to the grave. Rather it would better become my desire and my prayer to turn these immoderate hopes, these ceaseless anxieties from such unreal fancies, from these fallacies of earthly ambition, to seek property in a better country—an inheritance with the saints in light—desiring to be found in Christ, clothed in His righteousness, endowed with His unspeakable gifts and possessing His unsearching riches. Every year this hearty old Milesian comes down from his mountain glen, and spends a day at the hospitable glebe-house of my friend, and he regularly brings to the younger part of the family an appro-

priate present, a gift which, from the remotest times, a king might accept, and a noble might bestow—a young eagle or jer-falcon of the true hunting breed, from the cliffs of Glenveagh. Before I left the country this genuine gentleman brought me such a present as a grateful recompense (the only one he could bestow) for the hearty interest and attention which I, as he said, condescended to take in the fallen fortunes of poor John McSwine" (*Sketches in Donegal*).

Glenleck.—A short distance below the Castle is Glenleck, a hollow in the mountain side down which a stream frets and foams in a channel, hidden under thick evergreens. The visitor will find a path to ascend the ravine through the heath, which here grows and blossoms to great perfection. The place gives forth thundering echoes; a gun exploded from a boat at certain points of the lake is answered by a loud crashing noise as of the mountains falling to pieces. The road through the glen, though not in favour with drivers, is very fair, and borders the lake, which is some four miles long, all the way down to the lower end, where it joins the direct route between Letterkenny and Gweedore. Here the Owencarrow river, flowing from Loughveagh, in the same north-easterly direction, on to Glenlough, thence to the sandy shores of Rosgul, is crossed at Glenveagh bridge, trends to the west, skirting Kingarow, and leaving Muckish (2,214 feet) to the right, it ascends the valley of the Culabber, a singularly wild Highland vale. On the left is the great Dooish range, already seen from Glenveagh, while on the right are Crocknalaragh (1,554 feet), Aghla-beg (1,860 feet), Aghla-mor (1,916 feet), and towering loftily over the very end of the valley, is the shapely summit of Errigal (2,466 feet), with its glistening

seams of quartz. As the traveller proceeds, he gains charming peeps of Glen Lough in the foreground, while near the summit level, the attention is arrested on the right by Altan Lough, a dark, savage-looking tarn, in a deep gap between Aghla-mor and Errigal, both of which mountains fall down upon the water with great rapidity. When the high ground is gained, a view opens up which is hardly to be surpassed in Great Britain.

Dunlewey Valley.—Before you is the mountain valley of Dunlewey, enlivened by some white houses, and in the middle lies the most beautiful lake, whose glassy surface is broken by a few islands, covered with ash trees. Near it is built a Protestant church of white marble, found here in great abundance, and a little beyond on a wooded slope, rising from the lake, is Dunlewey House (W. Hepburn, Esq.).



The Poisoned Glen.—To the left is the Poisoned Glen, a dark defile, ending above in a fine range of cliffs, that rise some 1,000 feet like mural battlements around. Hugging the steep base of Errigal, the road is carried by Upper Lough Nacung, near which there is a graceful round tower and neat Catholic church, built for the poor of this remote valley by the late Mr. William Ross,

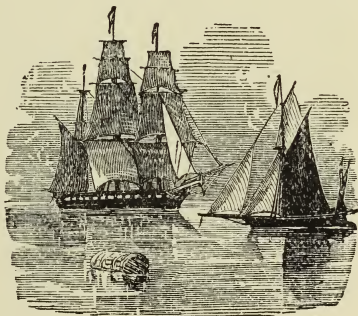
a wealthy Belfast manufacturer, and on by the Clady river to the

Gweedore Hotel.—This well-appointed and welcome refuge for the weary traveller, with its surroundings of green sward and bright leafage of young trees, as well as other amenities, making an oasis in the midst of the untamed wilderness, reminds one of how much might have been done, and how little has been done for the unrivalled scenery of the Donegal Highlands. It is more than half a century since Lord George Hill of Ballyarr, near Letterkenny, bought 23,000 acres here, and began at once to turn to account this vast area of bare mountain and almost useless bog, enhanced, however, by a fine salmon river, and various fresh water loughs. Not only was the bright, cheerful Gweedore Hotel built with its little forest of cosy parlours below, and tiny bedrooms above; but Lord George himself kept about it a good deal, seeing after every detail, and greeting the arrival of the lovers of nature “stern and wild.” His genial presence has been missed since 1879, when he died, but his traditions are faithfully preserved. Care is taken to have everything scrupulously clean, and the table well supplied with creature-comforts of the plainest kind, but of the very best for £3 a week, and an extra £1 during the visit for the privilege of angling.

Bunbeg is a little port with less shipping, about four miles from the hotel, and near it, at Derrybeg, there is a ravine, through which an overflow from the lake courses rapidly to the sea. It was in this deep hollow the faithful worshipped, during the period their religion was proscribed. Sentries were posted around to watch while the priest officiated at a small rustic altar, constructed on a ledge of

rock, and the people were thickly packed in the narrow space between the walls of precipice, with the sky as their covering in every state of weather. The place, because of its memories, came to be regarded so sacred, that when the Catholics of Gweedore were allowed to come forth from their hiding place, and build a parish church, they did so across the stream at the bottom of this great rent in the hill. One Sunday, not many years ago, when the inhabitants were all at Mass, this stream got so much swollen by a waterspout from the mountain, that it burst its bounds, and breaking into the church, swept away

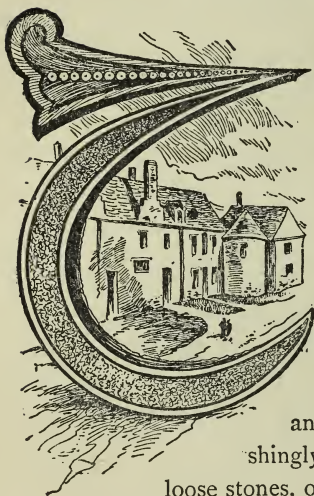
some members of the congregation. It has been succeeded by a still better church, but the old hallowed site is retained, so tenaciously do the people cling to the scenes of their captivity. A few steps, cut into the embankment, lead to



the priest's house close by, and over these steps on a gravelled walk, Police-Inspector Martin lost his life, during the Spring of 1889, in venturing to arrest a favourite pastor, in the presence of his devoted flock, under the shadow of his own sanctuary, and immediately after he had celebrated the most solemn mysteries of his faith. It was a time of intense excitement, when the rent-quarrel between the local landlords and their tenants was very angry, and the parish priest had been prominently fighting on the side of his people.



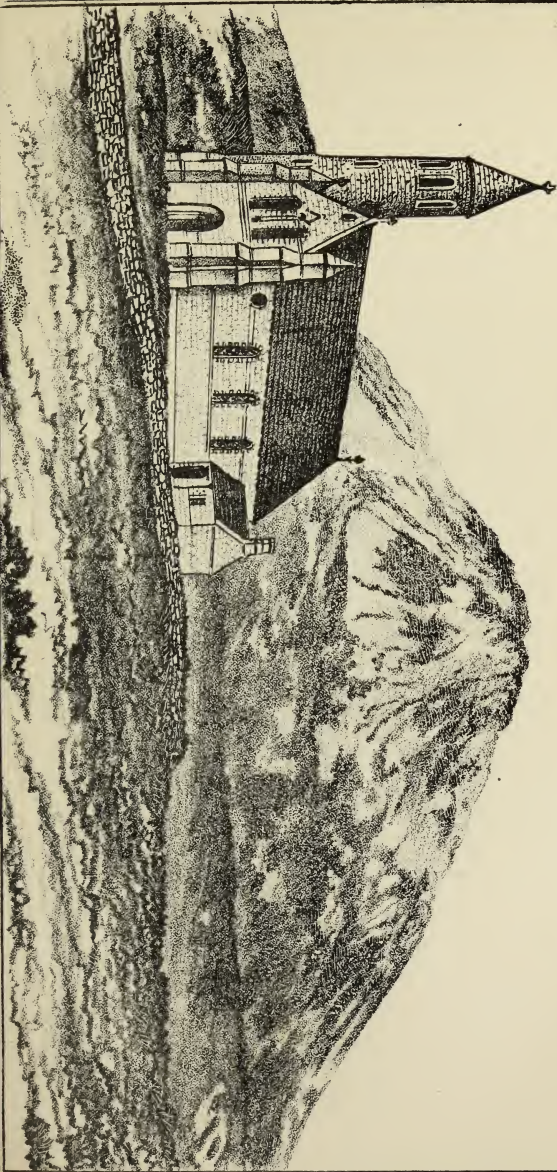
IX.—EXCURSION TO ERRIGAL.



HE tourist should not omit to make an excursion to the top of Errigal (2,466 feet). He may have a car to the foot of the mountain, about six miles from the hotel, and as Errigal rises rapidly, the ascent can be made in two hours. The path is on the south side

and winds in great part over a shingly surface, consisting mainly of

loose stones, of a pure white colour, which make this splendid sugar-loaf appear from the distance like a snow-capped Alp, to which circumstance, probably, it owes its name, "the White Peak." The footing is not exactly precarious, but there is need of picking one's steps near the top, where the acclivity narrows to an edge, with yawning depths on either side. When you have reached the summit, which is only a few feet across, you command a prospect of land and sea, which might satisfy an eagle's circuit of vision. Oh, for a clear day! Looking down, you feel yourself circled by abysses so deep, so silent, that it takes time to realize how your watch-tower is



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

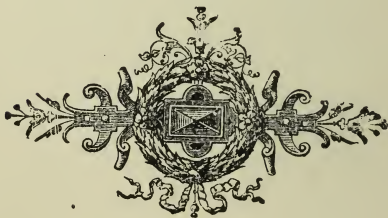
built on a solid foundation. To the south, over against you, rises Slieve Snaght, seeming so near, that one imagines he could step on it, and linked to it are the summits of the Derryveagh range, bare and desolate ; and close behind a throng of mountain-tops, receding in a tumultuous sea, southward still as far as Benbulbin, and Northern Connaught. And with these are joined the forms of many mountains in the counties of Tyrone and Derry, crowding the horizon away to the distant Knocklayde in the north-east of Antrim. More to the north are seen the hills of Caledonia looming afar off,

“Like the bright confines of another world.”

WORDSWORTH.

Then a low azure ridge cuts even against the sky ; there is no mistaking it ; it is the ocean, and your eyes come quickly homeward over its unbroken field, till they rest on the headlands of Inishowen, Fanad, the shores of Lough Foyle, Lough Swilly, the broken line of Mulroy, and nearer still, the solitary Torry. The western coast lies at your feet. Beneath is Gweedore, spread out like a leaf, and the sixteen quarter lands of Rosses, a rocky region, where from the multitude of its lakelets one would imagine land and water were left still commingled in original chaos. Then an array of islands, the chief being Owey, Cruit, Gola, and Arranmore, which looks a mountain from the plain below ; but seen from this lofty peak, it lies a quiet level. Inland you penetrate into a thousand and one valleys, that have in this mountain—the symbol of a higher unity—a common friend through whom they hold communion with each other. An impressive spectacle truly, the whole of the wide circle, visible from this pinnacle ! and if it

shows not "the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them," it speaks a higher revelation—it reveals the Infinite, and surely inspires sober thought, as well as the deepest reverence. Another interesting Excursion from Gweedore Hotel is one to Dungloe and the Rosses, but it has been already traced under the Excursion from Glenties to the Rosses, Dungloe and Gweedore (page 147). The reason why it ought to be made from Gweedore, instead of Glenties, has also been stated, so that the tourist is now ready to proceed from





GWEEDORE TO DUNFANAGHY (17 miles).



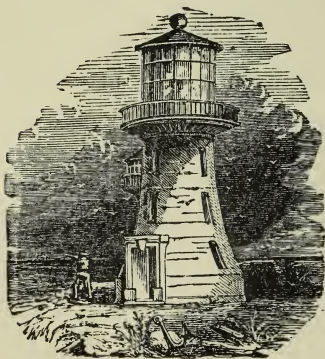
SETTING out from the Gweedore Hotel with its comfortable associations, the road for seven or eight miles traverses a wild and desolate region, with Errigal on the right, and on the left **BLOODY FORELAND** (1,000 feet high), stretching away into the sea, and distinguished by one of those martello towers, which abound on the north-west coast of Donegal. About this bold headland

there is a story that, after their defeat by Brian Boru, the Danes, to be out of the reach of their pursuers, fled from the battle-field of Clontarf to this most north-western point or *Farland*, afterwards changed into *Foreland*. The victorious enemy, however, following rapidly, soon came up with them even in this remote corner, when the encounter was so sanguinary that the place ever after went by the name of **BLOODY FORELAND**. After crossing the Tullughobegly river, green fields, and little hamlets begin to enliven the landscape. Bedlam is a characteristic bit of a village, beyond which the Catholic parish church, and near it, conspicuous in a field, Glenna, the parish priest's handsome residence, embellish the scene. A little farther on passing the Protestant rectory, at the head of Ballyness Bay,

and a group of islands, Innishboffin, Inishdooley and Inishbeg, you arrive at

Falcarragh or Crossroads (Hotels:—*Sweeney's, Brewsters*), a small village, occupying an exposed situation on the northern coast, and commanding a fine view of the mountains inland. The geologist may find interesting occupation in examining the tideways to the north-west, as there are striking indications of a subsidence in that quarter of the coast.

Torry Island.—Lying out by itself in the midst of a



vast blue field of ocean, Torry Island with its rocks, rising tower-like from the waves, fixes itself on the attention of the traveller. Falcarragh is a convenient point for starting on an excursion to Torry, which is sometimes written Tory, Torree, Inis-Torry. It is some eight miles from the coast, and nearly three

miles long, very narrow, and affording but a small area capable of producing any kind of crop, so that its population, of seventy or eighty families, lives altogether by fishing and kelp-making, sources sufficiently precarious. "They are said to feed their cattle upon fish, and to tether their turbot by the tail in salt-water till the Derry and Sligo boats come to buy." There is a neat Catholic chapel and a resident priest on the island, also a National school, and a lighthouse, which has lately been placed by the Government in telegraphic communication with the mainland.

“The rock scenery of the coast of Torry is very fine, and characteristic. Porphyritic Syenite appears to be the geological structure” (*Murray*). But its chiefest attractions are for the antiquary. In remote pagan times it was a principal stronghold of the Fomorians, one of whose chiefs erected a tower at the eastern extremity of the island, called Tor-Connaing, celebrated in our pre-Christian annals as

“The Tower of the Island, the Island of the Tower,
The citadel of Connaing, the son of Toclar.” (*Book of Leacan*).

Here was fought a famous battle, in which the fierce tribes of those early days maintained the conflict on the strand at Port Doon, till the returning tide buried nearly all the combatants in the waves. Here the formidable “Balor of the mighty blows” had his head-quarters. This Balor still lives in the traditions of the Island, where a very curious story is told of him. It appears this famous King of Torry had one eye in the middle of his forehead, and another directly opposite it in the back of his head. The latter eye, like that of the basilisk, had a mortiferous power, and was kept constantly closed, except when Balor wished to destroy an adversary with it. A Druid had prophesied that Balor should be murdered by his own grandson. To nullify this prediction, he shut up his only child, a daughter, in an impregnable tower, built on the top of a cliff on the north-east of the Island, under the care of twelve matrons, whom he strictly charged to keep her from intercourse with the outside world. Time went on, and Ethnea grew into a beautiful woman. Balor now, apparently secure against the prediction of the Druid, at the head of an adventurous band of sea-rovers, swept the neighbouring coast,

where a chief, called MacKineely, was the lord of a large district. His heart became so moved with sympathy for Ethnea's enforced seclusion in the lonely dwelling on Torry, that he resolved to win her in marriage, and for this purpose called in the aid of his friendly sprite, "Biroge of the mountain." She dressed him in robes of a young girl, and wafting him across the sound to the tower of Ethnea, where by representing her ward as a noble lady, just rescued from a tyrant in an attempt to carry her off, she succeeded in introducing MacKineely to Ethnea, who soon accepted him as her husband. The result was that in due time Ethnea gave birth to three sons, whom Balor secured at once, and rolling them up in a sheet, fastened with a *delg* or pin, sent them out in a boat to be consigned to the deep. The *delg* or pin gave way as the boat crossed the harbour, when one of the children fell into the water and disappeared; the other two were drowned at a spot which is, from this circumstance, called Port-a-delg. The child that had fallen out and disappeared was invisibly carried away by the Banshee, "Biroge of the mountain," to his father on the mainland. Balor, hearing how MacKineely had deceived and injured him, crossed the sound with a band of his fierce associates, and landing at a place called Ballyconnell, succeeded in making him prisoner, and laying his head on a large white stone, cut it clean off with one blow of his ponderous sword. The stone, with its red veins, still tells of this deed of blood, and gives its name to the present Cloghaneely. It may be seen in the grounds of the late Wybrants Olpherts, Esq., who carefully placed it on a pillar six feet high. Mr. Olpherts was the owner, and Ballyconnell is the centre of the property where a few years ago the

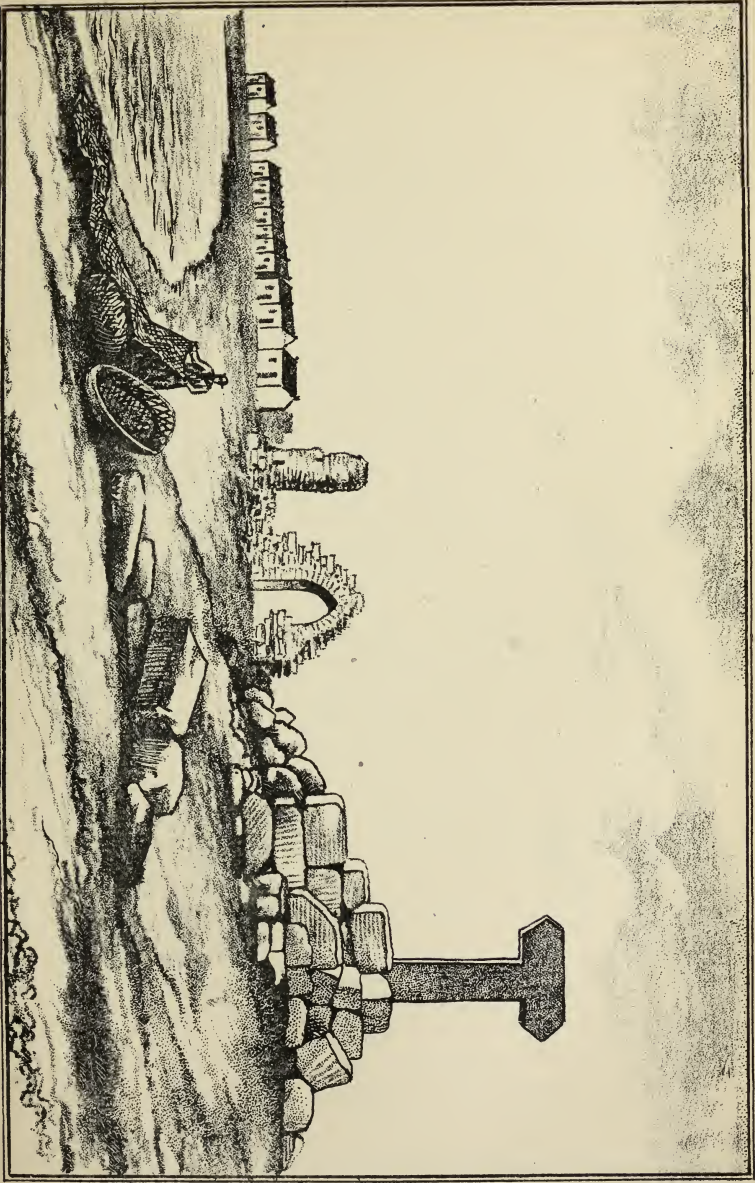
soldiers of the *Plan of Campaign* met the Queen's troops, and the notorious battering-ram was brought into action by the Royal army. Should the visitor not be familiar with the incidents of this, one of the most memorable episodes of the recent land-war in Ireland, he would do well to spend a day at Falcarragh in going over those parts of the field where the fight was hottest, and ascertaining its eventful history on the spot from an eye-witness.

The heir of MacKineely had in the meantime grown up to be a powerfully-built man. Fully aware of the circumstances of his own birth and escape, as well as his father's cruel death, he meditated revenge. This he soon was able to accomplish, for Balor one day came to a forge on the mainland, where the young MacKineely was also on business, and happened in the course of conversation to allude with pride to his victory over MacKineely, never suspecting that he was speaking to the son of his victim. The young chief, fired with rage, watched his opportunity, and taking a glowing rod from the furnace, thrust it through the basilisk eye of Balor, thus amply avenging his father's death, and fulfilling the prediction of the Druid.

St. Columba's Colony in Torry.—About the middle of the sixth century a voice from heaven came to St. Columba in one of the seclusions of his native mountains, commanding him to proceed to Torry and bless it by his presence, as he did the Sean-glean. He lost no time in departing with a few of his monastic brethren. Having arrived safely on the shore in sight of the island, the Saint, out of the abundance of his great humility, began to insist that there was among his companions some one far more fitted than himself for the holy work on which they had come. A pious

controversy arose between them, and it was settled by each casting his pilgrim's staff out upon the heaving waters in the direction of Torry, when that of St. Columba not only distanced the others by miles, but actually reached its destination. The Saint, therefore, consented to take charge of the mission, and entering Torry, with the king's favour, he consecrated the island to the praises of God, by establishing his monks there. They continued to flourish through a long lapse of ages down till Queen Elizabeth's Governor of Connaught, the notorious Bingham, made a descent on the place, and destroyed every thing he could not carry away. A round tower called the Clog-teach (Bell House) is still standing, and the foundations of seven little churches or cells can be identified.

The Nun's Grave in Torry.—In a retired corner there is a little mound, known as the "Nun's Grave," and the history of it; as told among the islanders, is a beautiful example of their simple faith. Long ago while Torry had been visited by a terrible storm, the remains of a nun were washed up by the wild waves and on to a soft bed, adjoining one of the sunny spots of the island. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," the deceased seemed more like one sleeping than dead, so peaceful, so calm was the appearance she presented. The body must have been badly beaten against the pointed rocks that guard the coast there, and yet no wound could be seen, no ugly gash, not even a scratch. The hands remained clasped as in prayer, but in no way wrenched by the seething element which rends the thickest iron or steel plates as if they were frail timbers. The face was very pale, but very sweet, and the rays of light that darted from it at intervals marked every feature with painful distinctness, while the aroma of her



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

virginity spread itself upon the air. As soon as the discovery, with its startling circumstances, became known, all the natives flocked to see it. The religious habit, with its leathern girdle and beads, was new to the spectators, yet they felt it to be too sacred for them to touch, and they stood at a respectful distance gazing with reverential awe on the strange object. How to dispose of it properly threw them into a state of suspense and anxiety, when they fell upon their knees and prayed earnestly for light what to do. In response they thought they heard a voice telling them the body was that of a holy nun, to bury it under the green sod where it was laid, and in the dress with which it was clothed. All this they did as lovingly as they could, and from that time the "Nun's Grave" is usually graced with the presence of some poor islander, prostrated before it in humble petition to God through the favour of her, whose bones are interred therein. The efficacy of this intercession is fully attested by the fact that not a boat is ever known to put out to fish without having a handful of the earth from the Nun's Grave carefully deposited in the stern. Indeed the drain on the clay has been so exhaustive that no one can now take more than a pinch of it at a time, and no wonder, for many a father of a family, many a poor widow's son it has rescued from drowning. The instances related of this and similar favours are so numerous that there is hardly a household in the island without one :—

"Ye crags of the ocean, ye caves in whose gloom
The saint found a home, and the martyr a tomb."

Muckish.—Beyond Falcarragh a road branches off to the right, running up to the Gap, which is the easiest approach to Muckish (Pig's Back), a mountain that

will repay the tourist for the trouble of an excursion, though the ascent is fatiguing. "The geological structure consists of a very thin slaty mica and granular quartz, and silver mica. At the height of 500 feet is an extensive bed of white quartz sand, in very minute grains, which has been exported to the glass-works of Dumbarton, being considered an excellent material" (*Giesckè*). The summit, which looks a sharp linear ridge from the distance, is a flat stretch, well covered with moss and peculiar grasses, amongst which the pretty saxifrage (London Pride) abounds. The view of earth and ocean is wondrous fine, but as it is nearly the same as that seen from Errigal's lofty tower, it is only necessary here to note, in addition to the outline presented from that pinnacle, that the shores of Sheephaven are now at your feet.

Returning from Muckish, you follow the highway of Falcarragh, across the Ray river, to the old churchyard, where there is a huge cross, made by St. Columba, from one stone block, which, tradition says, he hewed out of the side of Muckish, at Ballycross, and that, owing to his prayer, angels carried it from that place to the Myrath cemetery. It is lying on the ground at the west end, with its head to the north, and, though broken in two places, it is one of the largest, if not the very largest, of the ancient Irish crosses. Its arms at the junction are bound together by a circular rib, the width across the arm being 7 feet 6 inches, and the whole length 20 feet 9 inches, the shaft averaging 2 feet wide by about 2 inches thick. The stones in which it was originally fixed are still preserved, and from some fragments that have been discovered it would appear the lower part of

**St. Columba's
Huge Cross.**

the shaft was held between two circular stones. A wedge or pin was then driven through a hole in the shaft itself, corresponding with holes in the two circular plinths, which, being built round, would effectually prevent the removal of the cross. Four miles further on the road cuts off a promontory, named Horn Head, because it ends in a gigantic wall of rock, projecting somewhat after the manner of two great horns, and then enters

Dunfanaghy (Hotel :—*Stewart Arms*; pop. about 600).

“The view from Horn Head is one *per se*, and should not be omitted by the northern traveller in

**Excursion to
Horn Head.**

Ireland” (*Murray*). Setting out from Dunfanaghy, you cross, after half a mile, a massive bridge that spans a narrow channel, through which the tide rushes, thus insulating the Head.

After the submission of O'Neill and O'Donnell in 1602, a large portion of their property was transferred to English adventurers, who, at their own expense, raised troops, and fought for Queen Elizabeth against the North-



ern chieftains. Prominent among these was one Sampson, to whom the Crown assigned an extensive territory, lying on the

sea between Doe Castle and Falcarragh, where, at Ballyconnell, another of these fortunate English undertakers (Mr. Olpherts), established himself on a grant, extending far and wide towards Gweedore. In 1700 a Captain Charles Stewart, of old Scottish blood, having the motto, "Avant Darnley," engraved upon his seal, happened to come into these parts. He was so taken with the peninsula of Horn Head that he purchased it on the spot from Mr. Sampson, though his own gallant services at the battle of the Boyne had been acknowledged with rich possessions in the King's County. He built the present Horn Head House, where the family live on, in the full enjoyment of their ancient lineage, and from it a good road runs for some miles to within easy distance of the "Horn." The visitor should keep close to the precipices towards the north-east, where there is a castellated structure, and near to it is Horn Head proper, protruding from a line of cliffs rising 800 feet, sheer from the water. The Rev. Cæsar Otway has left a lively sketch of the scene:—"Did Shakespeare see these enormous battlements of Ireland? Dover Cliff, of which he gives such a sublime description, is, perhaps, magnified in the imagery of the poet; but certainly I conceive Horn Head comes up to his representation. One would think the Muse had caught up from Stratford-upon-Avon the poet of nature, and droppped him on this mighty promontory, until he had formed in his mind's eye the whole magnificent scene.

‘How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;

The fishermen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
 Diminished to her cock ; her cock a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
 That on unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high—I'll look no more.'

Nothing, indeed, could be more astonishing than the whole scene ; there was a mist hanging over the Atlantic, that gave a mysteriousness to its magnificence, like the way into the eternal world—shadows, clouds, and darkness rested upon it ; there was no wind, it was a perfect calm, and yet the roll of the waves, and the roar of the tides, as they rushed and rolled amidst the caverned cliffs, communicated an awful grandeur to the whole scene. It was the moan of suffering endurance under the ceaseless exertion of the Atlantic. . . . Now, in the midst of July, if it was a scene pregnant with grandeur, it was also one teeming with life."

The view northward is one of boundless ocean ; to the north-west lies Torry, to the south-west the group Inishbeg, Inishdooley, and Inishboffin. Then on the north-east the headlands of Northern Donegal, namely, Melmore, Rinmore, Fanad, Dunaff, and Malin, retire in rugged perspective, while away in the distance is seen the little island of Inishtrahull. The geologist will have much to occupy him in examining these cliffs, while "the student of natural history will find plenty of ornithological interest in the various sea-birds, amongst which are the shelldrake (Tudorna Vulpauser), the guillamot (Uriatroide), the sea-parrot, the cormorant, the shag (Phalacrocorox), the gannet, the stormy petrel, the speckled diver (Colymbus glacialis), and many others" (*Murray*). The "Horn" is also a favourite hunting-ground for the eagles, and in an account of a visit to

the place in 1853, the fact is well told :—" We had," says the writer, " some wet walking, and a good deal of jumping and climbing. Once on topping a little sand-hill, we saw in the hollow a large eagle tearing a rabbit. She was not four yards below us, and her eaglets were with her, to teach them probably, a lesson of gastronomy. Our party, shouting, ran down towards her, when deserting her prey, she strove to run, sweeping the sand with her strong, long wings, and half-running, half-flying, till having obtained sufficient air beneath her pinnions, she rose to a great height. At times lying still as the air, and uttering a wild cry, like barking, the young ones came circling round her, and presently we saw the male bird sailing majestically from the cliff to join her. It was really a magnificent sight, these two noble birds, in all the pride of their strength, and native wildness, hovering over us, which they continued during the whole time we remained on the Head. The incomparable splendour and majesty of the proud eye ; the broad, brown, strong shoulder, the fierce crook of the rigid, yellow beak ; the wild bark or cry ; the huge flap of the powerful wing ; the round legs, feathered thickly to the very toes ; and the claws crooked and cruel—these were all plainly recognised by us when we first observed the female on the ground, and now as they both crossed, and re-crossed over our heads, watching us as if we had come like a storming-party to seek and destroy their eyrie."

An excursion in a boat round the Head is very exciting when the weather is fine, and, indeed, the tourist need not be reminded of the influence of weather upon scenery of every kind. Horn Head under all conditions of atmosphere, offers effects of the most striking character. It is, however,

most glorious when lighted up by the beams of the early morning; but no matter at what hour of the day, at what season it is seen, whether under the golden sun, or the silvery moon, in cloud or flood of light, in calm or rough weather, the visitor will come away from Horn Head deeply impressed.

MacSwine's Gun.—The guide now turns towards the west to a point from which, looking back you see **TEMPLEBREAGA**, a natural arch of great beauty. After a rest here to contemplate the wonders, scattered around in such profusion, you are conducted, in a short walk, to the roof of a monster sea-cave, in which there is a remarkable orifice, open to the surface above. In times of storm, the waves dashing into the cave leap upwards with great force, causing an explosion like the cannon's roar, with which the air is made to tremble ominously, and is often heard at a great distance. For this reason it has been called a gun, and **MACSWINE'S GUN**, in honour of the former chief of this locality. To the south of this striking natural phenomenon there is a most inviting promenade of sandy beach, by which you may return to Dunfanaghy, a distance of about two miles.





DUNFANAGHY TO LETTERKENNY (21½ miles).



HE route now takes a south-easterly direction. On the right is the dark mass of Muckish, on the left Sheephaven, of which attractive views are obtained from various turns in the road. At first, skirting the shore, the way passes Seissagh Lough, a mile from Dunfanaghy, and traversing hilly ground, touches the Catholic church of Clondahorky.

Ards.—Two miles further on, a road to the left leads to Ards, “which, with its extensive woods and adjacent farm, is one of the most desirable places in the North of Ireland. The views, however, are not so diversified or pleasant as they are from Rosapenna” (*Murray*).

Another of the English soldiers of fortune, who faithfully served Queen Elizabeth in her wars with Red Hugh, the bravest of Tyrconnell’s chieftains, and in return received a slice of the O’Donnell forfeiture in 1603, was John Wray. He got 1,000 acres at Carnegilla, near Letterkenny, to which was soon added Castle Wray, a green slope on the Swilly, now held by the descendant of a Captain Mansfield, who secured 1,000 acres at Killygordon from James I. in his plantation of 1610. John Wray, lord of Carnegilla and Castle Wray, married the daughter of Mr. Sampson, his more fortunate countryman of the Dunfanaghy settlement. With her came possession of Ards,

where, in the centre of one of the most smiling scenes in nature, he had a noble residence erected on a sunny bank of Sheephaven Bay. Here in this delightful spot, sheltered from the north and north-east, tender flowers bloomed in the open air, and expanded, in an infinite variety of colour, down to the very margin of the salt sea. Amidst these tropical surroundings, with woods and pleasure-grounds, extending far away over the

winding landscape, John Wray passed a long and happy life.

His eldest son, Henry, with his wife, the sister of Lord Arran, removed to Oak Park, near Letterkenny, where his branch of the family is still represented. These second son, Humphrey, was



the father of the famous Master of Ards (old William Wray), who, for many a year, presided over that enchanting principality, in feudal state, wielding a sceptre more powerful than that of many a crowned head in Europe at the time. He married the sister of Sir Henry Hamilton, and was connected by degrees of relationship with nearly all the "planted" families in Donegal, and neighbouring counties. To these he dispensed hospitality with true regal splendour, so that covers for twenty guests were always laid in the dining-room, and twenty stalls always reserved in the stables for their horses. Lough

Salt mountain blocked the way to these festive meetings, but, nothing daunted, William Wray had a road made over it, and bullocks, posted at convenient points to help the horses in dragging the equipages of his visitors up and down the great barrier. The host from his lawn, fourteen miles distant, watched, through a powerful telescope, the procession, descending the mountain on the Ards side, and seeing it safely landed below, he ordered his little army of servants to prepare the dinner. Thus, to borrow a phrase from Chaucer, the home of the Master of Ards “snowed of mete and drink,” and the enormous expenditure began to be felt. But the proud, energetic, eccentric, and stately old William Wray, would not be restrained, for he was as tenacious of his profusion as he proved himself jealous of what he deemed his manorial rights. One day walking on the white strand near Ards, he encountered a girl, gathering oysters, who told him she came there by permission of her landlord, Mr. Stewart, of Horn Head. Regarding this as a slight upon his authority, he commanded her to leave at once, and tell Mr. Stewart that the right of coming there for such a purpose belonged to the Master of Ards, and to him alone. The defiant message was too much for a Stewart, who had the blood of Darnley in his veins, and he resented it by sending his son next day with twelve powerful men—all armed to the teeth—to gather oysters at the same place. The answer to this was the following challenge from Wray :—

“I must have speedy satisfaction, though I am sorry to do so with a man of your years, but my honour is at stake. Be master of your own weapons ; fix the time and place ; you must come alone, as I will, for the sooner this affair is ended, the sooner will revenge cease.

“WILLIAM WRAY.”

The stern Williamite officer, though over 70 years, and weakened with gout, wrote immediately as follows :—

“ November 9th, 1793.

“SIR,—You say that you have received a deal of ill-usage from me. I am quite a stranger to that, but not so to the base usage that you have given me, and all the satisfaction you intend from me is banter by your sham challenge. If you be as much in earnest as your letter says, assure yourself that if I had but one day to live, I would meet you on the top of Muckish rather than lose by you what I have carried all my life.

“Yours,

“CHARLES STEWART.”

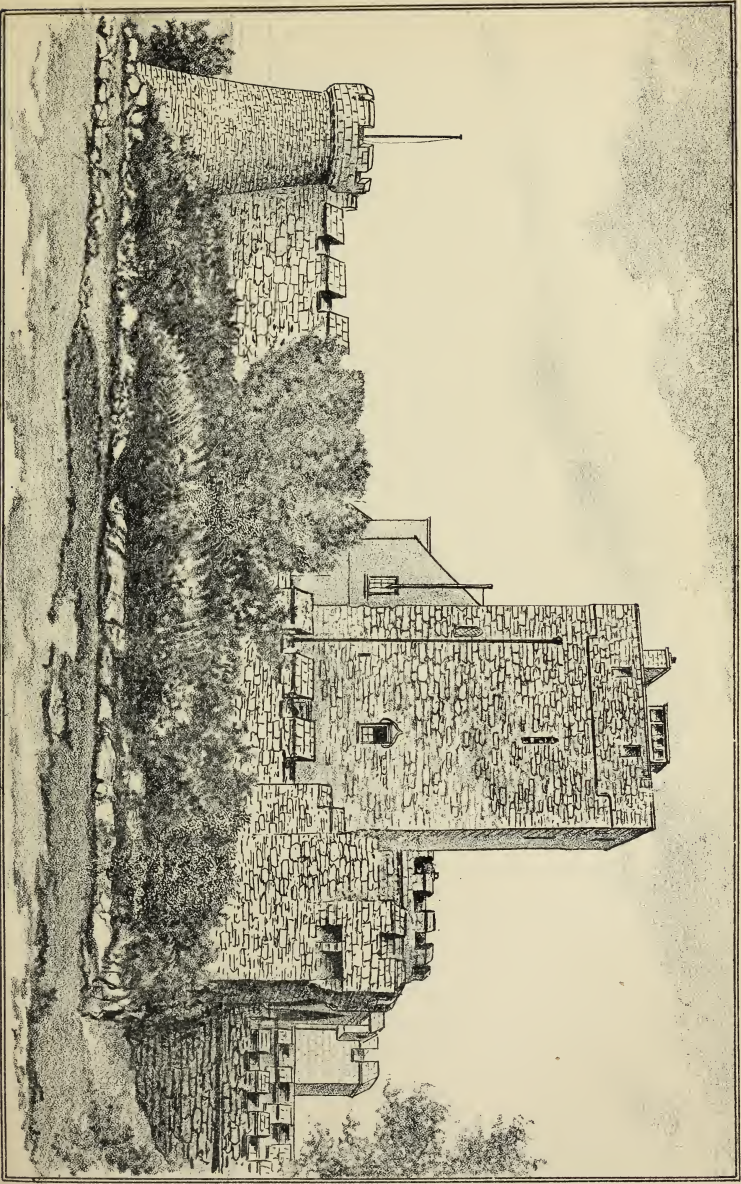
It is hardly necessary to add that the duel never came off. Mutual friends interfered, and the affair was amicably arranged. The financial ruin, however, so long threatening William Wray, came at last, and Mrs. Wray died under the shock. The old man, broken with grief, retired to France, where his son was leading an extravagant and dissipated life. In a few years he, who was so long the proud Master of Ards, died in a foreign land, poor, unfriended and forgotten. His beautiful home with its broad acres, was sold to Mr. Alexander Stewart, brother of the Marquis of Londonderry, from whom it has descended to his grandson, the present owner, known commonly as Stewart of Ards, and nearly related to the notorious Lord Castlereagh of unhappy memory.

A mile or more brings you to CREESLOUGH, a village perched upon an upland between Muckish and the sea, with a stronghold a short way off, commanding the most southern inlet of Sheephaven. This is

Doe Castle or Castle Doe, the residence for centuries of the MacSwine, who like the O'Doherty and heads of the other ruling septs of Tyrconnell, held their possessions in fief

from the chieftain (O'Donnell), and by him were installed in their respective sway. MacSwine's patrimony was made up largely of extensive districts or D'TUATHA in the native tongue, which literally meant the people, and from them it came to be applied to the place where they lived. Hence MacSwine na d'Tuatha, but as Doe is the euphonious form of d'Tuatha, MacSwine was mentioned as MacSwine na Doe, more commonly than MacSwine na d'Tuatha, and his family seat, as well as the adjoining parish, were, and still are designated by the same name, so that we have now Doe Castle, and the parish of Doe. The MacSwine na Doe had the honour of being foster-father to Red Hugh O'Donnell, who was actually staying at Doe Castle in 1588, the year of his memorable kidnapping by Sir John Perrott, at Rathmullen.

The Lords of Doe in their line of succession, from a remote age down to the confiscation of Ulster in 1609, present specimens of the fierce, lawless hunter, with "his foot upon his native heath," as well as of the most refined and fascinating of Irish gentlemen. Such was Sir Hugh MacSwine na Doe, surnamed the Red (Ruadh), tall and handsome in person, engaging in manner, and brilliant in wit, one of the most perfect of the many favourites, who graced the Court of Queen Elizabeth. But in striking contrast with him was Miles Maolmurrough, or MacSwine, of the Club, rugged and terrible like the wildest of his mountains. In the great ancestral hall he sat passing judgment on his offending vassals, and any, found guilty, if they belonged to the better class, the barbarous MacSwine clubbed them on the spot with his own hand, while others, of inferior social position, were delivered over to a fighting, savage family of retainers, Furey by name,



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

who strung up their victims from the parapets of the castle.

In 1603 Doe Castle and its lands, were made over by the Crown to a Mr. Harte, one of the English adventurers of Queen Elizabeth's army in Ulster. As a place of defence the building was considered impregnable. It was under its protection the experienced, but unprincipled, Nial Garv O'Donnell, advised Sir Cahir O'Doherty to entrench himself as soon as his stratagem of capturing the garrison at Culmore, and setting fire to the city of Derry, succeeded. Accordingly Inishowen's young chief, after avenging himself of the English insult in the blood of Sir George Paulet, led his followers behind the MacSwine fortification at Sheephaven, and here, too, General Wingfield, with 3,000 chosen English troops, in pursuit of the outlawed O'Doherty expected to come up with him. When Sir Cahir's rebellion ended in his tragic death, Doe Castle reverted to Captain Harte, Governor of Culmore, who had refused unflinchingly to surrender his trust to Sir Cahir, even under the threat of instant death. Since then Doe Castle is in the possession of the Harte family. Many years ago it was occupied by General Harte of the Indian Service, who took part in the memorable capture of Seringapatam, and brought home with him not only the reputation of untold wealth, but a Hindoo soldier, who went about in Asiatic costume, and armed to the teeth, slept every night on a rug outside his master's bedroom. On the General's death, his son, Captain Harte, lived in Doe Castle until he was killed, there by falling down the great stone steps leading to the banquet hall. The place passed then to Lieutenant Harte, who rented it to a Mr. Maddison, and from his time it has

been let to a tenant. The fortress of other days is in our own a pleasant mansion. The circular architecture of the keep or prison has preserved its external identity, but within the grim visage of the gaoler has given place to the radiant face of the dairymaid. Instead of a fosse, guarded by frowning bastions, the visitor will find a few small pieces of ordnance reposing peacefully on a smiling lawn.

Owen Roe O'Neil lands at Doe Castle from Belgium in 1642, and takes command of the Catholic Confederate Army in Ireland.—It was in the neighbourhood of Doe Castle that the famous Owen Roe O'Neil landed from Belgium in 1642. Nearly twenty years before this date the Irish Catholics paid King Charles I. the sum of £120,000 to release them from the pressure of those sanguinary measures, introduced by Queen Elizabeth to extinguish their religion, and which she was bluntly assured would leave her in Ireland "nothing to reign over but ashes and carcases." The persecution continued relentlessly, nevertheless, under James I., "the wisest fool in Europe," who, when waited upon by a deputation of complaining Irishmen, coolly told them, there was nothing to find fault with in his Government, "unless they would have the Kingdom of Ireland like the Kingdom of Heaven!" But Charles I. in return for the £120,000, undertook to give his Irish Catholic subjects free altars and free homes. Primate Usher, however, head of the Protestant Church in Ireland, publicly declared that "it would be a grievous sin to permit Catholics the free exercise of their religion," and the King became false to his promise. His generous subjects were sacrificed to this spirit of religious intolerance, and the unscrupulous Irish Viceroy, Earl Strafford, tried to screw

their Catholic conscience into the crime of apostacy by bribing a batch of venal inquisitors to invalidate the titles of the best Irish Catholic families to their estates, on the principle that Ireland was a conquered country, and its inhabitants held their lands by the good will of the State.

The dread of Primate Usher's fanaticism was not the only influence that drove the ill-fated monarch to break faith with the Irish Catholics. Any concession, whatever, to Popery on his part would, he feared, exasperate more and more the Puritans of England and Scotland, who were then making him tremble for his crown, and indeed for his head to wear it. In the reign of the Catholic Queen Mary, many sturdy followers of the Reformation in England, like John Knox and his adherents in Scotland, withdrew to the Calvinistic atmosphere of Geneva, where, having "purged" their Protestantism of "Popish abominations," they returned after the Queen's death, determined to exterminate from their midst, Popery and Papists. They were nicknamed Puritans in England, because they advocated greater purity of doctrine as well as of discipline, and Presbyterians in Scotland, because they rejected Bishops, and put Presbyters or Elders into their place. It was chiefly from these Scotch Presbyterians James I. took "the planters," whom he fixed throughout the six Ulster counties, in 1609.

In 1641 these Puritans carried through both Houses of Parliament a resolution never to consent to the toleration of Catholic worship in Ireland. News had also arrived that an army was being equipped in Scotland for service in Ireland to clear out all the Catholics there, root and branch, and in the March of that year, the first section, 10,000 strong, of this Scotch invasion, disembarked at Carrickfergus,

under General Monroe, where he was joined by the Protestants of Down and Antrim. The Irish Catholics thus menaced with annihilation, and having expended their money, time, and respectful remonstrance for nearly half a century in vain to obtain relief, resolved at last to appeal to physical force. They believed that Catholic subjects, if able and willing, can lawfully take up arms against any form of constituted government that tries to compel them at the point of the sword to renounce the truth, and embrace a religion which has been declared infallibly by their Church to be heretical. Accordingly the Catholic Bishops of Ulster on the 22nd March, 1641, in a meeting at Kells, pronounced the war undertaken by the Catholics of Ireland to be lawful and pious, but denounced murder as well as usurpation. Immediately the Irish Catholic population began to enrol themselves in a CONFEDERATION, directed by representatives of the old Irish Chiefs, such as O'Moore, Maguire, MacMahon, Sir Phelim O'Neil, Lord of Kinnare, and others who had been robbed of their inheritance. Communication was opened with the exiled Catholic gentlemen, serving in the armies of Spain, Italy, France, Austria, Poland, and they entered warmly into the project by sending money as well as arms, with the assurance of their own presence at the right time and place. Soon, however, the Catholic cause began to suffer for want of a proper head, when a deputation from the Catholics of the North waited upon Owen Roe O'Neil, at his residence in Brussels, to offer him the command of the Irish Confederate army. He was at the time Ireland's best general on the Continent. His father, Art Oge, was nephew of the great O'Neil, and accompanied him into exile on the



OWEN ROE O'NEILL

(From an original Portrait in Flanders).

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

occasion of "the Flight of the Earls" in 1607. Young Owen (Ruadh Red) being now without father or property in Ireland, went to Spain, where after graduating in the University of Salamanca, obtained a commission in the foot-guards of His Majesty, Philip III. In 1625 he changed into the Spanish force in the Netherlands where he rose rapidly, and defended the frontier town of Arras against an overwhelming assault of the French. It was in 1608 the hunted Earl of Tyrconnell died in Rome, and immediately after his brother Caffar, followed him to the grave, leaving a young widow, the beautiful and accomplished Lady Rose O'Doherty, sister of the ill-starred but gallant Sir Cahir. She soon quitted the scene of her great sorrow, and taking her infant son as well as little Hugh Alfred, the only child of the deceased Earl of Tyrconnell, came to the Archducal Court at Brussels, where Owen Roe O'Neil learned to admire and marry her. He now in 1642 gladly responded to the call of his native land, and became the proud recipient of warm congratulations from Pope Urban VIII., who accompanied his message by a very substantial sum of money to meet the expenses of this expedition to poor Ireland. Then it was that more than a hundred Irish officers, serving abroad, flocked to the side of the Confederate general. A frigate, well stored with war material was secured, and Owen Roe O'Neil, accompanied by three of his sons, together with this numerous company of Irish-Continental officers, stole out from a retired nook near Dunkirk, in the small hours of the morning of the 18th of June, 1642. After an exciting chase, and many a narrow escape from the English cruisers in pursuit, the foreign vessel, on one of the last days of July, turned a corner on the

wild north-west coast of Donegal, and running up the inlet of Sheephaven Bay, the captain found there a safe and secluded spot for disembarking.

Owen Roe immediately reported himself, and there was joy in the camp of the Ulster Confederates, for Monroe had been sweeping all before him so completely that the Catholic leaders were thrown into a state of despondency, and preparing to depart. The serious character of the situation is well given in Colonel O'Neill's "Journal of the memorable transactions of Owen Roe," at the time:—



"Monroe marched to Newry which surrendered to his summons, and he acted without mercy, so that a great many of the clergy and laity were hanged, killed, and drowned about the bridge of the town. He was prepared to overrun the whole of Ulster, so that all were on

the point of flying the country when the news from Owen Roe came, that he arrived at Castledoe, where Sir Phelim O'Neil and the other Ulster chiefs went to meet him, and 1,500 choice soldiers who accompanied him through the most secure ways, which was accordingly done by Ballyshannon side, they came to Charlemont, where Monroe had just left to join General Leslie in Antrim, who had arrived from Scotland."

The Battle of Benburb.—It was not until 1646 that Owen Roe O'Neil found himself ready to strike a decisive blow, and on the 1st or 2nd of June, 1646, he was marching at the head of hardly 6,000 all told, a force small in number but large in daring, and on the 4th of the same month a halt was ordered, when this brave little army filed past their valiant General. He encamped near Benburb, a steep cliff over the Blackwater, on the borders of Tyrone and Armagh. It was the day before the battle, and the soldiers were made



happy by the loving assurances and sweet consolations of their religion. O'Neil did not delay long in giving signal proof of his consummate skill. He posted his men under the shade of two moderately-sized hills and a wood behind, thus compelling the enemy to plant their lines right opposite a dazzling summer sun that blazed into their faces. Moreover, O'Neil knowing that Monroe had ordered up his brother, Colonel Monroe, with cavalry

from Coleraine, took advantage of the sun's glare, which he had cleverly turned upon the enemy's vision, to intercept the expected assistance. At the right time he had a strong detachment on a well-chosen point of the road to confront the reinforcement from Coleraine and drive them back. It happened accordingly, and the victors were returning to join their comrades in the great battle, when the Scotch General, seeing them in clouds of dust, at a great distance, with the sun in his eyes, easily took them for his brother's squadrons. But as soon as the Confederate uniform became painfully distinct, Monroe sent round word to his principal officers to retire in good order. Owen Roe saw at a glance that his tactics had succeeded, and riding down the front he addressed his troops, panting for the fray, in a few rousing sentences on the subject of their bleeding country. Then wheeling round he shouted the charge, which was made so effectually that even Monroe, without waiting to pick up his hat, cloak and sword, tore away on his fleet horse, *VENTRE A TERRE*, until he reached Lisburn. Among the 4,000 killed on the Scotch side Lord Blaney fell, and among the prisoners was Lord Montgomery, while of the Irish only seventy were killed and 200 wounded. Colonel MacTully O'Neill was in action that memorable day, and in his interesting journal, he tells us, after giving a vivid account of the battle, that :—"If God had not put this timely stop to Monroe's career, his instructions and intentions were to harass the whole country before him till he came to Dunmore near Kilkenny, as was found by a memorial delivered by my Lord Montgomery's own hand when a prisoner." The gallant Colonel also mentions how the fruits of the victory, so gloriously won on this occasion, were sadly

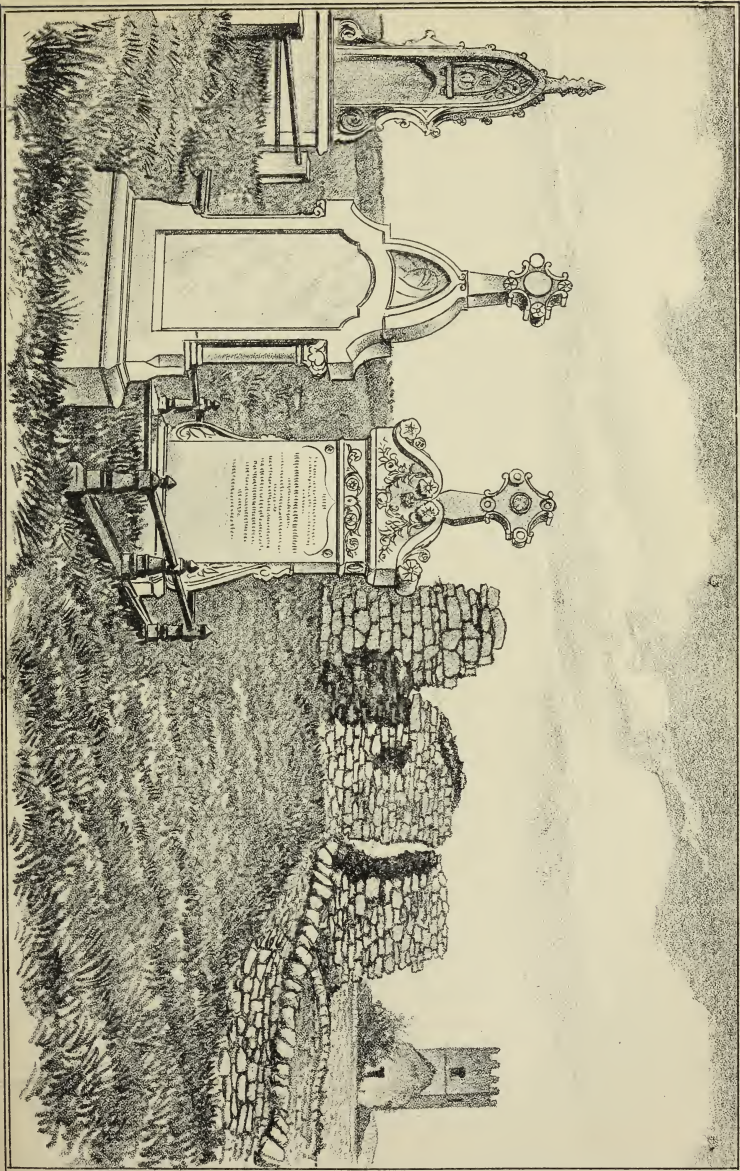
blighted by a cursed division among the Irish Catholic leaders. This overwhelming proof of military genius, on the part of Ireland's only General, was not suffered to be brought into play even for a second time. The traditional split sank like iron into the souls of the Confederate chiefs, and grew into such unfortunate proportions as to scatter the most expressive and promising combination ever formed by Irish Catholics for their religious freedom. The splendid powers of Owen Roe were so obstructed at every turn, by the miserable jealousy of the Anglo-Irish party, that he became completely broken and disgusted. In 1649, being on his way from Derry to the head quarters of the Royal army, he was stricken by a fatal illness, and had to be carried on a litter to his brother-in-law's castle, on an island in Lough Oghter, between Cavan and Killeshandra. Here his malady, which it appears, was not from poison as is commonly stated, showed such alarming symptoms that the doctors declared there was no hope of saving his life. In four days the last dread summons came, and a personal witness describes the scene thus:—"He died in our Lord on the 6th of November, 1649, a true child of the Catholic religion, in full sense and memory, many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit. Being most devout to all religions, and ever during his life, especially to the Order of St. Dominick, he wore his habit as a sure buckler against the rigour of future judgment, and was interred in the monastery of St. Francis, Cavan, to oblige both Patriarchs."

"Sagest in the Council was he, kindest in the hall;
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Eoghan won them all,
Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neil! bright was your eye,
Oh! why did you leave us, Eoghan? why did you die?"

In eight months his son Henry, who had married the daughter of Sir Luke Fitzgerald, was made prisoner by Sir Charles Coote, on the field of Scariff Sollis, near Letterkenny, and sent before a Court Martial in Londonderry, where he was executed. Owen Roe's other two sons escaped to the Continent, but when and where they died has not been ascertained. His amiable wife, Lady Rose survived him many years, and sleeps in the same grave with the murdered youth, Bernard, a son of the first and great Earl O'Neil, in the Franciscan Convent at Louvain.

Leaving Creeslough, the road traverses a tract of cold country, affording a magnificent panorama of the Muckish and Errigal group, the Dooish and Glandowan ranges, while close on the left rises Lough Salt mountain (1,546 ft.). About three miles from Creeslough, the Owencarrow is crossed when the traveller enters Barness Gap, a long defile, intersecting one of the outliers of Lough Salt Mountain. The sides of this pass are rugged and precipitous, and near the top almost grand. On emerging from it the road strikes into an open territory, gradually assuming a more cultivated character, as you advance, and affording views, away to the right, which keep the attention constantly excited. Passing Tarmon Catholic church, you drop into

Kilmacrenan, or Cill-Mac-Nenain, which is remarkable for being the foster-place of St. Columba, who founded here a favourite Abbey. It was largely endowed by Nenain, the Saint's brother-in-law, and lord of the territory, who lived in the neighbourhood. Around this important Ecclesiastical establishment grew up rapidly, as was usual in those days, a considerable town after the name of its benefactor, Nenain. Still later, another member of this princely family added a



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

splendid Franciscan Priory, but on its site stands the Protestant parish church, and over its principal door, in the wall, is inserted a fragment of sculpture, representing the head of an Abbot or Bishop. Of St. Columba's own venerable Abbey nothing is left but a slender tower, pierced with a few pointed windows, and round about some decayed pieces of wall. The town itself, so patronized by Nenain, is now a poor dilapidated village, contrasting miserably with its pretty situation in a highland valley, through which a fine rushing river bounds on in its course.

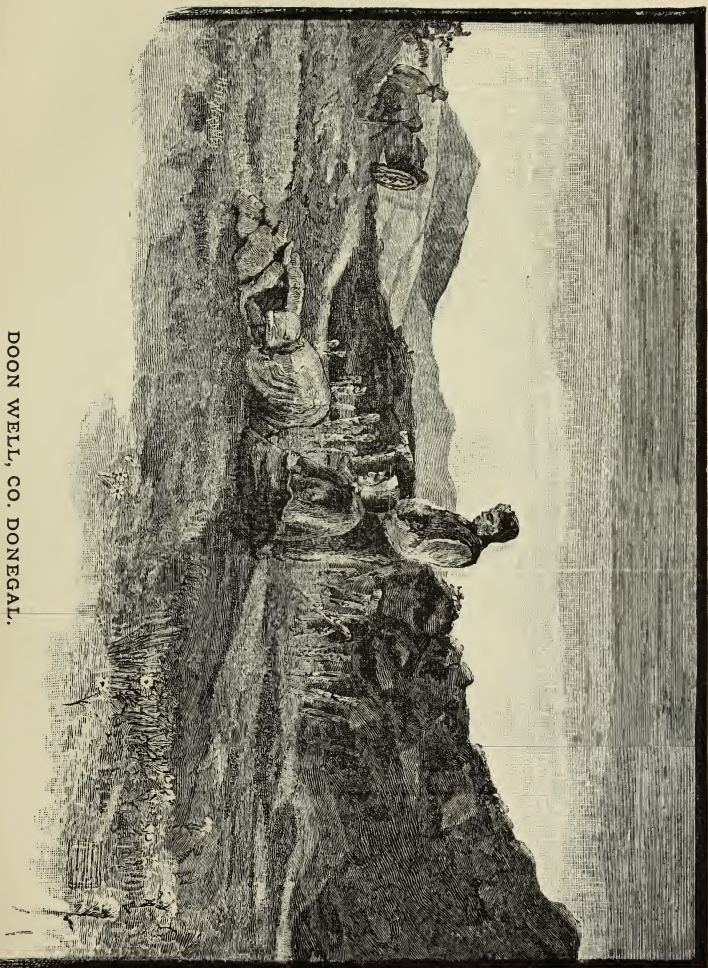
Inauguration of The O'Donnell.—Here, too, either in the Abbey church, or at a short distance from Kilmacrenan, on the Rock of Doon, the Coarb, that is, the Successor of St. Columba, invested the O'Donnell on his accession to the chieftaincy. Lynch, a well-informed author, has left us the following description of what took place on the occasion. He says:—"That when the investiture of the O'Donnell took place at Cel-Mhac-Crenain, he was attended by O'Ferghail, successor to Columbkille, and O'Gallachuis, his Marshal, and surrounded by all the Estates of the country. The Abbot, O'Ferghail, put a pure white, straight, unknotted rod into his hand, and said, 'Receive, Sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption, or tie of friendship, be able to prevent your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour, take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security.'" The proud recipient of this religious ceremonial, while taking the oath to maintain the laws and

privileges of his ancient realm, was made to stand in the foot-prints of the first Chieftain. These were cut into the inauguration stone, which, according to the Four Masters, was kept in the Abbey. It has, however, long since disappeared, and as to its fate, there is a good deal of conjecture. Dr. O'Donovan, in his unpublished notes at the Royal Irish Academy, mentions the belief that the stone is in possession of the family of an unknown thief, while others say that a pervert, by name MacSweeney, in the first fervour of his apostacy, not only battered the features of the venerable Catholic head at present in sculpture over the door of the Protestant church at Kilmacrenan, but broke up the inauguration-stone into the smallest pieces, and scattered them broadcast to prevent them from being ever after recovered.

The Rock of Doon.—This eminence, rising sharply from the ground, constituted a splendid natural fortress in days when artillery was unknown. The story-tellers make Doon a headquarters for the fairies :—"There is a sort of cave in the eastern side of the rock forming a vestibule to an immense cavern, which is said to be within ; this is the favourite abode of the GOOD PEOPLE, and their council-chamber. A thousand times troops of tiny people are seen entering the cave, and some gifted mortals have observed the door open, and have got a glimpse of sumptuous apartments and splendid banquettings."—*Otway's Sketches.*

Doon Well.—Near the rock is a holy well, to which pilgrims come in large numbers at all seasons of the year, and from the remotest parts of the country. Proofs are advanced, with all the confirmation of name and date, of miraculous cures effected by it, and there is hardly a Catholic family in the whole country that does not keep

DOON WELL, CO. DONEGAL.



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

at home, under lock and key, a bottle of water from Doon Well. It is attributed to the blessing of Lector O'Friel, or O'Ferghail, a holy priest, whose name is in benediction with the Catholics throughout. Should the tourist in Donegal wish to see Doon Well he must come there not to scoff but to pray, and if he have his New Testament by him it is a happy thought. He can open it on the way, and read the whole of chap. xix. of the Acts of the Apostles, in order to take in thoroughly the vividness with which the sacred writer describes how the faithful at Ephesus "brought aprons and handkerchiefs which had touched the body of St. Paul and applied them to the sick, when the diseases departed from them." Presently the reader of this inspired narrative, steps on to a dreary waste, saddened by the abundant tears of a sky, that hardly ever ceases to weep, and he is face to face with an almost faithful repetition of the Scriptural scene, enacted nearly 2,000 years ago, in the great emporium of Asia Minor. He sees here at Doon the pious natives of these Donegal Highlands, carrying their sick over long and wearisome journeys not on the soft cushions of smooth-running conveyances, but on the bare planks of jolting carts. He contemplates these afflicted creatures, as one by one they are helped by the tender hands of a sorrowing parent, perhaps a fond brother or sister, to prostrate themselves before a rude cross at the head of a small spring, which is guarded by a circle of loose stones. He watches these pale, wasted-looking groups, in their intervals of fervent petition, as they stoop to drink of the blessed fountain with a loving confidence that God has cured them :—

"A breathing of prayer in the desert is heard,
The Angel comes down and the waters are stirr'd."

The heart of the visitor cannot but be moved, and if still incredulous, he ought to fix his eyes for a few moments more on the kneeling forms of those, who have faith, and by it are "made whole." Let him take a parting look at this holy well, its little forest of crutches, its floating rags of various colours—the memorials of what true faith has done, and can do.

The Rising of Sir Cahir O'Doherty.—There is a tradition that Sir Cahir O'Doherty met his death at the Rock of Doon. Of the many rulers in Tyrconnell, who acknowledged the O'Donnell's supremacy, the head of Sir Cahir's ancient family, stood first. He was not only lord of many a fair valley of Green Inishowen, but of the bravest, and most devoted people in the North, while he loyally responded to the call of his suzerain in the hour of danger. During the late wars with Elizabeth Inishowen was well represented by Sir John O'Doherty, proud of his lineage, and dauntless in maintaining its traditional glories. In the memorable battle of the Curlew mountains (1599) Sir John gallantly led his terrible pikemen to victory, and in 1601 he fell mortally wounded while helping Red Hugh, to reckon with Nial Garv, who had just gone over to the English. Sir John O'Doherty left an only child, Sir Cahir, a boy of 14, living in fosterage at Royal Aileagh, with Sir Phelim MacDevitt, the head of another powerful sept in Donegal. Red Hugh, as Lord paramount, in order to place the sovereignty of Inishowen in safe-keeping, appointed Sir Phelim O'Doherty, brother of the late chief, to succeed. The friends of the minor, especially his foster-father, MacDevitt, regarding this as an injustice, induced the youth to tender his submission to the English, which he did after a short

time, when the uncle had to retire, and the nephew was invested by the Lord Deputy in all the rights and belongings of Inishowen. After this Sir Cahir, still a mere lad, became a great favourite in and about Derry. As a dashing young officer in one of Dowcra's regiments, he was in much request, and while yet hardly 20, he married the Hon. Mary Preston, daughter of Lord Gormanstown, whom he took to Burt Castle, his principal seat on Lough Swilly. Here they were living happily, and in befitting splendour, when one day towards the end of April, 1608, Sir Cahir, calling on business, was struck in the face by Sir George Paulet, Governor of Derry, during a conversation touching the flight of the Earls. Maddened by the indignity, the proud O'Doherty registered a vow to wipe it out in blood. This was a rash and hopeless step to take, and his faithful friend, Sir Phelim MacDevitt, knew it well, still, seeing that it was a foregone conclusion, he determined to stand by Sir Cahir. Accordingly word was sent round to Owen O'Doherty of Inishowen, and other sympathisers to summon the clansmen, and be ready, at Buncrana, on the 3rd of May to march with the young chief and Sir Phelim MacDevitt on Culmore. The arrangements were conducted without a hitch, when in the dead of night on the 3rd of May Culmore was seized, and the English garrison put to the sword. Leaving MacDevitt in charge of the fort, Sir Cahir hastened to Derry, slew Paulet with his own hand, sacked the city, and thence to Lifford. In this awful act of revenge there is much to appal, but nothing whatever to justify the version of it given by Cox, and other unreliable writers, to the effect that the taking of Culmore was an act of *cool and base treachery*. The story is that "Towards

the close of April Sir Cahir invited Captain Harte, Governor of Culmore, his wife and infant child (O'Doherty's godson) to Burt Castle. After dinner Sir Cahir led Harte into an inner apartment and told him that the blow he received from Paulet demanded a bloody revenge. Harte remonstrated, but no sooner was his voice heard by O'Doherty's retainers, concealed in another room, than they rushed in, and drawing their swords, commanded Harte to deliver Culmore into their hands, if he did not wish his wife and child slain before his eyes. Harte, however, was inflexible, and Sir Cahir thinking that a few hours' reflection might induce him to surrender his trust, motioned his followers to retire, and on their leaving the chamber, he locked the door of his prisoner. At the expiration of two hours, he returned, and saw that Harte was in nowise inclined to comply with his demand. He then grew furious, so much so, that the loud, angry tone in which he vented his rage, was distinctly heard by the two ladies—his own and Harte's wife. The latter suspecting that some foul play was meant her husband, forced her way into the room where she found him face to face with O'Doherty, who was urging his demand with a naked sword, pointed at the Captain's throat. Seeing this she fell on the floor, like one struck dead, till Lady O'Doherty, who had come to her assistance, raised her up, with the assurance that she had no complicity in her husband's rash design. Stung by this avowal, Sir Cahir thrust his wife and Captain Harte down the stairs, ordering his men, who were on the alert below, to seize the latter. Lady Harte being kept back, now fell on her knees before Sir Cahir to implore mercy for all she held dearest; but instead of being placated by her entreaties, he solemnly swore that she, her husband, and infant, would

be sacrificed on the instant, if Culmore were not surrendered to him that night. Horrified by this menace she consented to accompany him and his men to the fort, where they arrived about midnight. On giving the password the gate was thrown open by the warder, whose suspicions were lulled, when Lady Harte told him her husband had broken his arm, and was then lying ill in Sir Cahir's house. The parley was short, and the followers of Sir Cahir rushing in, fell on the sleeping garrison, slaughtered them in their beds, and then made their way to an upper apartment where Lady Harte's brother, recently come from England, was fast asleep. Fearing that he too might share the same fate, Lady Harte followed them, and adjured the young man to offer no resistance to Sir Cahir's partisans, who broke open trunks, presses, and other furniture, and seized whatever valuables they could clutch. Her thoughtfulness saved the lives of her children, and brother; for as soon as Sir Cahir had armed his followers with matchlocks, and powder from the magazine, he left a small detachment to garrison Culmore, and then marched rapidly to Derry, where he arrived about two o'clock in the morning. Totally unprepared for the eruption, the townsfolk were roused from their sleep by the war-shout of the clan O'Doherty, who made their way to Paulet's house, where Sir Cahir, still smarting under the insult of the angry blow, satisfied his vow of vengeance, by causing that unhappy gentleman to be hacked to death by Owen O'Doherty and others of his kindred. After plundering the residences of the more opulent inhabitants, seizing such arms as they could find, and reducing the town to a heap of ashes, Sir Cahir led his followers to the palace of Bishop Montgomery, who fortunately

for himself, was absent in Dublin. Not finding him they captured his wife, and had her conveyed to Burt Castle, where Lady O'Doherty, and infant daughter had remained."—*Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell*, Ch. VIII. Fortunately there is against this narrative the sworn statement of the jurors, who under James I. held an Inquisition at Lifford, anent the O'Doherty affair. It runs thus :—

“Cahire O'Dohertie, late of Burt Castle, in the county of Donegall, Knight, and Phelim Reagh MacDavid, late of the same county, together with divers other and most wicked traitors, in the year of the now King of England the Sixth, at Buncrannagh, in the said county of Donegall, treacherously, and as false traitors to the now King, assembled in a warlike manner, and then and there by violence, and arms, viz., swords, lances, and guns, designed, intended, and plotted the death and destruction of the said now King, and then and there conspired and designed to depose, and deprive the said King, and his royal power and Government of his Kingdom of Ireland, and to take upon themselves, and henceforth to retain in their own power against the will of the said King the government of the same Kingdom, and to prosecute that false, treacherous, and infamous design, the aforesaid Cahir O'Dohertie, Knight, and Phelim Reagh MacDavid, with the said other most wicked and criminal traitors and rebels, on the 20th of April, in the year aforesaid, at Buncrannagh aforesaid, made insurrection, and every one of them made insurrection, and then and there moved and excited divers lieges, and subjects of the King to a rebellion against the said King, and by violence and arms, viz. :—swords, lances, guns, and other arms, offensive and defensive, then and there

raised cruel and open war against the said King, and his faithful subjects, and from thence proceeded in a warlike manner as far as the fort of Culmore, in the said county of Donegal, and took into their own hands and possession, the aforesaid city of Derry, and the castles in it lying, and plundered, burned, and demolished it from the foundation, and then and there cruelly and treacherously murdered George Paulett, Knight, the Vice-Governor of the said city of Derry, and divers other faithful and liege subjects of the King's, and so they stood, and many of them stood, in open and actual rebellion against the King and his faithful subjects, and against the peace of the said now King, his crown and dignity, and against the form and effect of divers statutes in the same case, made and provided. The said Sir Cahire O'Dohertie, Knight, afterwards to wit, on the 5th of July in the year aforesaid, being in rebellion at and near Kilmacrenan, in the county of Donegall, together, with the said other traitors fought, and contended with the army or soldiers of the said King then and there remaining . . . On the 20th of April, in the year of the said now King of England, the Sixth, the aforesaid Cahire O'Dohertie, Knight, being in rebellion, as is before mentioned, was seized as of fee of that whole barony, country or territory in Inishowen, alias O'Dohertie's country, in the said county of Donegall, and all the castles, manors, demesnes, messuages, lands, tenements and heriditaments, which are parcels of the possessions of the Erenagh of churches, rectories, or any abbeys, or religious houses, lately dissolved, and lying within the barony or country aforesaid. The said Cahire O'Dohertie, Knight, at the time of his being killed in actual rebellion, as is before said, was seized of the aforesaid country, territories, castles, manors,

lands, tenements and hereditaments, and of every parcel thereof, except as before excepted, as by the survey taken thereof, to which the jurors refer themselves, appears. But of what goods and chattels the aforesaid Cahire was possessed at the time of his being killed, aforesaid, the jurors aforesaid have not the least knowledge." Here we have the jurors testifying on oath, that O'Doherty's rebellion began, not at Culmore, but at Buncrana, and thence the rebels under Sir Cahire, and Sir Phelim MacDevitt *proceeded in a warlike manner to the fort of Culmore, and took it into their hands.* Therefore, the ghastly vision of O'Doherty's act of "cool and base treachery" exists only in imagination.

Sir Cahir recognised by an English soldier and shot through the brain under the Rock of Doon.—

As soon as the news of O'Doherty's outburst reached headquarters, Marshall Wingfield and Sir Oliver Lambert, Governor of Connaught, were despatched in pursuit with a flying column, 4,000 strong. They first searched Culmore, where Sir Phelim MacDevitt held out until all his means of defence were exhausted, and then he blew up the place. Taking his men by water to Derry, he set fire to the city, which was burned to the ground, but afterwards, in 1633, rebuilt at the expense of the city of London, and consequent thereon, its name was expanded into Londonderry. Sir Phelim now lost no time in joining his outlawed friend, O'Doherty, at Lifford, and having tried in vain to recover that stronghold from the English, they took the road to Doe Castle, where the best advantages for confronting the enemy were expected. Meanwhile the government troops hastened from the ashes of Culmore, to Burt Castle, where they found not O'Doherty, but his wife and child,

who were immediately sent under escort to her paternal home at Gormanstown. The garrison of Burt Castle having surrendered, Wingfield and his battalions crossed the Swilly, and were scouring the country on the track of the fugitives. Sir Cahir O'Doherty, believing that the deep defile of Glenveagh was much safer than the fortifications of Doe Castle for his slender and irregular force, he led them into that gorge. Thither the enemy followed, and at a convenient point they formed into three divisions, with orders to carry the three Glenveagh fastnesses, blocked by O'Doherty's men. One of the divisions, coming from Kilmacrenan opened fire upon the rebels, who held the pass on that side, and it was in driving them back upon the Rock of Doon that Sir Cahir, in his impetuosity, exposed himself, when an English soldier, recognising him by his tall, lithe figure, and nodding plume, took deliberate aim, and shot him through the brain. His head was sent to Dublin, and "set on a pole of the East gate, called New Gate," and according to the Four Masters under 1608, "his body was quartered between Derry and Culmore."

The Lord Deputy sped to Dundalk, where he issued the following proclamation :—

"Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God so to bless His Majesty's army in pursuit of that wicked rebel O'Doghertie, and his adherents, as that on Tuesday last, being the 5th of this present month of July, the said O'Doghertie was happily slain near a place called Kilmacrenan, in the county of Tyrconnell. When God hath not only showed His just judgment upon this treacherous creature, but doth plainly declare to the nation and to all the world that shame and confusion is the certain and infallible end of all traitors and

rebels. We have, therefore, thought fit, not only to notify and publish the killing of this said traitor to all His Majesty's good and loyal subjects, but also in regard to the adherents and followers of the said O'Dohertie in his late rebellion, who are now broken and scattered, and are likely to put themselves and their goods under the wing and protection of such as have continued in their obedience, we do forewarn all good subjects that none of them do presume to relieve, entertain, receive or protect any person or persons whatsoever, who have been counsellors or followers of the said O'Dohertie in his late action and rebellion, upon pain to be reputed, to be adjudged traitors in as high a degree as the said O'Dohertie himself or any of his adherents. Notwithstanding we do hereby promise that whoever shall deliver or bring unto us the said Lord Deputy, or to any of His Majesty's principal commanders or officers of his army, the body or bodies of any person or persons, dead or alive, who have been followers of the said O'Dohertie in his said rebellion, being swordsmen or owners of goods or creathais (herds), shall have for his reward not only His Majesty's gracious pardon, but also all the goods of such person or persons whom he shall deliver or bring unto us, Phelim Reagh MacDavid only excepted, who must expect no pardon, but whoever shall bring in his head, to deliver his body alive, shall have the full benefit of our former proclamation in that behalf. Given at Dundalk, the 7th of July, 1608."

Sir Arthur Chichester, the author of this document, was a native of Eggesford, in England, and accompanied the Earl of Essex in 1599 to Ireland, a journey which then cost him fifteen days from London. He rose to be Governor of Carrickfergus, and afterwards in 1604

to the high office of Lord Deputy or Viceroy of Ireland under James I. Lord Oxford, in his account of the rise of the Annesley family, tells the following interesting anecdote :—"Mr. Annesley was butler to Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Lord, one day at play, won a considerable sum of money, and leaving his purse on the table went out to wait upon his company. On his return he missed the purse, and questioned Annesley, who said he had seen it, but denied taking it, and yet nobody came into ye room, where he was. My Lord grew enraged, and Annesley turned, and he suffered some punishment. He was so uneasy in Ireland, that he resolved for England, and as he was just got on board, some of my Lord's servants came from him to desire he would return and with some difficulty they prevailed with him. My Lord met him with open arms, desired he would forgive him ; he had wronged him, for the monkey had stole ye purse. He took care to heap all places of honour on Annesley, and thus the rise of his family began." Sir Arthur Chichester died in London in 1625, when his remains were conveyed to Ireland, and buried in the Church of St. Nicholas, at Carrickfergus. Besides suppressing the O'Doherty rebellion he helped materially in maturing the scheme for the "plantation of Ulster," that is, the expulsion of the Catholic natives from two million acres of the fairest lands in Ulster, and settling upon them Protestants from England, as well as Presbyterians from Scotland. In return for these services Sir Arthur received from the Crown the vast possessions of the chieftain of Inishowen, out of which he built up the present family and title of the Most Noble the Marquis of Donegal. But among the officers commanding for Queen

Elizabeth in Ireland there was not one, perhaps, who contrived to get so much of the "spoil" as Sir Oliver Lambert, one of the generals in charge of this expedition against O'Doherty. In 1599 the Earl of Essex, during his own absence, confided the supreme military control to Lambert, who, after a few years more, was despatched as Governor to Connaught, where he seized the principal properties, and expelled their rightful owners. In fact the number of estates he acquired in this province, as well as in other parts of the country, was simply prodigious, as appeared from an Inquisition taken shortly after his death.

Sir Cahir O'Doherty's history has all the elements that go to make up a popular hero. His youth, his handsome person, his devotion to the popular cause, and the early period put to his career have gained him a place in the memory and imagination of most of his countrymen by the side of Hugh Roe and Robert Emmet. His sad and premature end under the Rock of Doon—he was only in his twenty-first year—is thus recorded in an Inquisition of James I., Chapter VI. :—"The said Cahire O'Dohertie, Knight, afterwards to wit, on the 5th of July, in the year aforesaid, being in rebellion *at* and *near* Kilmacrenan, in the county of Donegal, together with the said other traitors, fought and contended with the army or soldiers of the said King, then and there remaining. The aforesaid Cahire O'Dohertie, Knight, so contending was slain, and the jurors saw the body of the said Cahire then and there slain." The fact of his having been killed in red-handed rebellion *at* and *near* Kilmacrenan is here stated under official seal, so that his alleged murder under the Rock of Doon by one Ramsay, cannot be accepted. Still the tradition to that effect exists in

Inishowen, and is founded on a fictitious incident, which has made its way into print. It represents the O'Doherty and MacDevitt in the dead of night going out from their camp in Glenveagh to reconnoitre, and falling asleep under the Rock of Doon. Ramsay happening to come round that way, recognised the O'Doherty and ran him through the body with a dagger. His moans roused MacDevitt, who, seeing his young friend's life-blood ebbing fast, raised him gently on to his shoulders, and ran in the direction of Glenveagh. But he had not gone far when the sufferer whispered faintly into his ears to lay him down to die, and the moment his last breath was gone to take off his head, hurry with it to Dublin, and demand the large Government reward. The devoted Sir Phelim MacDevitt, in executing this dying injunction, was soon on his way to Dublin, and got as far as Swords, where he put up for the night. In the meantime, Sir Arthur Chichester, who had been kept fully informed of the errand and movements of the traveller, contrived to reach the hotel at Swords long after MacDevitt had gone to sleep. The case in which the head lay was easily abstracted and carried off by Chichester, in the small hours to Dublin Castle, where he secured the money. But, the particulars of the engagement with the Royal troops in which Sir Cahir O'Doherty met his death are set forth by Philip O'Sullivan Beare, familiarly known as O'Sullivan Beare, from Beare, near Bantry, in the county Cork. Here his ancient family flourished until 1601, in the castle or fortress of Dunboy, famous for holding out so long against the English, after their victory at Kinsale over the united forces of the Spanish expedition and the Irish chieftains. Philip O'Sullivan Beare went to Spain in 1602, and, after

being educated at Compostella, entered the Spanish navy. His principal work, written in Latin, is the *History of Irish Catholics*, published at Lisbon in 1621, and in it at fol. 210, tome iv., and book ii. he writes :—"O'Doherty, considering his own unequal to the forces of the enemy, concealed himself with all his troops in the wood of Gleann Beatha (Glenveagh). Leading to the valley there were three passes through which the army could advance to attack him. These were at once seized by the Royal army, formed into three divisions, commanded respectively by the English generals, together with Nial Garv, and MacSwiney Doe. Sir Cahir, hearing this, formed his comparatively small army also into three divisions, and posted them at the three entrances into the wood to prevent the advance of the Royal army. After the lapse of a few hours, the enemy's musketeers opened fire on one of O'Doherty's divisions, and the courageous but rash young chieftain advanced at the head of another division to drive back the enemy. In the *melee* he received the stab of a double-headed javelin, and died in the space of two hours without being expiated from his sins by sacramental absolution."

Thus Inishowen lost its last chieftain, and 6,000 of its fine people were banished for ever. Sir Cahir's only child was a daughter, of whom nothing is known, but her young mother soon married a son of Sir William Warren. Sir Cahir's two brothers, John and Rory, after a safe and protracted refuge under the hospitable roof of O'Rourke of Breffni, went to Belgium, where they entered the Spanish army serving in that country. The elder died after a short time, but the younger established himself in Spain, and there brought up a promising family. Sir Phelim

MacDevitt, the fast friend of the O'Doherty and chief actor with him in this rebellion, was betrayed into the hands of the English not long after the collapse at Kilmacrenan. He was hanged at Lifford on the 27th of September, 1608, and the harrowing circumstances of his death are set out by the same O'Sullivan Beare in his *History of Irish Catholics*, 1621.

Lough Salt.—Leaving the Rock of Doon, the tourist



may return to the Kilmacrenan road and ascend at once Lough Salt, a mountain which is the subject of one of Otway's most elaborate sketches:—"We at length," he writes, "reached the top of the mountain ridge, and suddenly turning the point of a cliff, that jutted out and checked the road, we came abruptly into a hollow, something like a crater of an extinct volcano, which was filled almost entirely by a

lovely lake, on the right-hand side of which rose the highest peak of the mountain, composed of compact silicious sandstone—so bare, so white, so serrated, so tempest-worn, so vexed with all the storms of the Atlantic, that if mere matter could suffer, we might suppose that this lofty and precipitous peak presented the portrait of material endurance ; and still, though white was the prevailing colour, yet not one tint or shadowing, that decks and points a mountainous brow was wanting. Here were the brown heath, the grey lichen, the green fern, the red crane's bill ; and straight down the cliff, from its topmost peak to the water's side was branded in a dark and blasted line the downward track of a meteoric stone that had fallen from the atmosphere, and shattering itself against the mountain's crest, rolled in fiery and smoking fragments into the adjacent lake. Last year, amidst the crash of a thunderstorm, this phenomenon occurred, and the well-defined line of its burning progress is, and will be for years, apparent. On the other side of the lake a fair, verdant bank presented itself, courting the traveller to sit down and take his rest after winding his toilsome way up the long ascent into this peaceful and unexpected retreat ; gentle and grassy knolls were here and there interspersed, on which sheep of most picturesque leanness, some black and some white, with primitive crumpled horns, were grazing. But the lake—not a breath was abroad on its expanse ; it smiled as it reflected the gray mountain and the azure face of heaven ; it seemed as if on this day the spirit of the Atlantic had fallen asleep, and air, earth, and ocean were celebrating the festival of repose ; the waters of the lake, of the colour and clearness of the sky, were

‘ Blue—darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.’

You could look down a hundred fathoms and still no bottom ; speckled trouts floating at immense depths seemed as if they soared in ether. Then the stillness of the whole scene ; you seemed lifted, as it were, out of the turmoil of the world into some planetary paradise, into some such place as the Apostle in the Apocalypse was invited to, when the voice said, 'Come up hither.' You might have supposed that sound had no existence here were it not that now and then a hawk shrieked while towering over the mountain top, or a lamb bleated beneath as it ran to its mother. I could have gone to sleep here and dreamt of heaven, purchased for poor sinners, like me, by a Saviour's blood. I did at any rate praise the God of nature and of grace, and drew near to Him in Christ, grateful for all His blessings and all His wonders of creating and redeeming love. But the day was advancing ; we had farther to go and much to do, and my friend drew me away from my abstraction and repose that had settled and softened into prayer. So we mounted our ponies and rode about a quarter of a mile along a level road as smooth as a gravel walk, that coasted the lake until we came to a steep bank where we let our horses graze along the water's edge and ascended a ridge or ruin, as I may call it, of the cup or crater in which we were embosomed. All of a sudden the most magnificent prospect that ever met my eye presented itself—the whole range of the northern coast of Donegal. Seemingly beneath your feet, but really some miles off, lay the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, like eternity before you, over which fancy flew, and almost impelled you to strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of America. Some leagues out at sea, but apparently within your grasp, lay Torry Island, rising out of

the deep like a castellated and fortified city ; lofty towers, church spires, battlements, bastions, batteries presented themselves, so varied, and so fantastically deceptive were its cliffs . . . Directly under us was a most curious picture to be seen ; the mountain on which we stood, as it descended to the west, presented sundry shelves or valleys, in each of which lay a round and beauteous lake. These tarns looked like mirrors, set in the mountain side, to reflect the upright sun ; and five or six of such sheets of silver presented themselves, until at the very root of the mountain, a large expanse of water, studded with islands, sufficiently wooded to be ornamental, finished the whole picture, and formed the last beauty and curiosity I shall record of this surpassingly interesting hill.” At the foot of



Lough Salt Mountain reposes the little village of Glen, occupying a sheltered corner on the northern shore of Glenlough, an attractive sheet of water, fed by the Owen-carrow river.

From Kilmacrenan the visitor traverses hilly ground, enlivened by views of the valley of the Lannan, and the more distant Glenalla hills, rising between Mulroy Bay and Lough Swilly. After a long and tedious pull one gains a splendid prospect, extending from the Gartan mountains, away to the green slopes of the Laggan. The road now descends into a pleasant vale, and we enter

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



ST EUNAN'S CATHEDRAL, LETTERKENNY, CO DONEGAL.

Letterkenny (Hotels:—*Hegarty's*, *Laird's*), a pleasant and thriving town of one large street, occupying the side of a hill, and over-looking a large expanse of fertile country, which is decked with the neat residences, and belted plantations of a numerous gentry. Above it, on a height, is the Catholic Cathedral, rapidly developing into handsome Gothic proportions, under the magic wand of a learned and earnest Bishop, who is as proud of his ancient diocese as he is devoted to its fervent people. This remarkable object of architectural beauty, and the palatial looks of the County Asylum at the other end, while adding materially to the grandeur of the place, help to cover the nakedness and gloom of the Union Workhouse as well as the neighbouring hospital. It was at Letterkenny that Theobald Wolfe Tone was taken prisoner in 1798, immediately after the defeat of the French squadron, by Sir J. B. Warren's fleet, off Tory Island. The *Hoche*, in which Tone was embarked, during six hours, maintained a most determined, but unavailing struggle with four sail of the line, and a frigate. Tone commanded one of the batteries, and fought with the utmost desperation, during the engagement, as if he was courting death! When the *Hoche* struck, and was taken into Lough Swilly, the prisoners were landed, and marched to Letterkenny. The officers, amongst whom Tone passed for a Frenchman, were invited to breakfast at Lord Cavan's. One of the guests (Sir George Hill), a former friend and fellow-student in the University, recognising Tone, addressed him by name, and denounced him to the host.



X.—EXCURSION TO GARTAN.

THE road passes through the spreading beeches of Ballymacool demesne (— Boyd, Esq.), adjoining the town of Letterkenny, and at the end of the first mile skirts the ruins of CONWALL, where there was an ancient priory, important enough to give a name to the parish. O'Clery, one of the Four Masters, says this is Con-baile, that is Compagus in the original. Like other famous monastic seats in ancient Ireland, this of CONWALL attracted a considerable population, but unlike Glendalough, or Clonmacnoise, it has left hardly any remains of its former greatness. An old churchyard now marks the site of this historic place, and within it the few walls, that survive of the great establishment, are at present beaten level with the ground. Close to one of them on the south side is a very curious tombstone, shaped like the lid of a coffin, with a cross, and other sacred emblems, engraved upon it, exhibiting the result of a very old style of art. Many distinguished names are buried in this sacred dust. The Four Masters mention some, as for instance under A.D. 913 :—"Scamlan Airdunneach of Congbhail-glinne-Suilighe died," and under A.D. 1204 : "Sitric O'Struthan Erenagh of Conwall, that is head of the Hy-Murtele, and chief man of all the Clann-

Snadhgbile for his worth, died after exemplary penance, and was interred in the church which he had himself founded."

The important centre, which grew up around Conwall's hallowed fane, is remarkable for its connexion with one of the most noteworthy incidents in the history of Tyrconnell. It is a mistake to regard the invasion of the Anglo-Normans (1169) as a war between the English on one side, and the Irish on the other. It was a war between Irish chieftains themselves, in which the Anglo-Norman Knights took part, as the auxiliaries or allies of one party. The numerous hereditary feuds of the Princes, as well as the impulsive character of the Irish race, created a great demand for the sword of the stranger, and the Anglo-Norman, being brave and unscrupulous, exacted a large payment in land, and held it. Bodies of these mercenaries established themselves at Slane and Kells in Meath, whence they issued from time to time to plunder their neighbours in the North. Famous amongst all the English Knights was John de Courcey. To the physical strength of a giant he added a spirit of daring and enterprise, beyond most free-lances of that adventurous age. He claimed Ulster, and headed an organized following of desperate men after his own heart, to make good his pretension. His first incursion was into Down, where he succeeded in the beginning, but afterwards suffered so severely from the Kinel-Owen and Kinel-Conall, that he retreated in disorder to Leinster in 1189.

These English barons had long set their hearts on crushing Tyrconnell. Maurice Fitzgerald (1250) then Lord Justice of Ireland, the boldest and bravest of the Anglo-Normans, contrived through the aid of O'Connor, one of his Irish auxiliaries, to cross the ford of Ballyshannon.

and hold his ground there at a time when Godfrey O'Donnell and Rory O'Cananan were contesting the chieftainship of Tyrconnell. But the Tyrconnellians made peace, and drove the Anglo-Normans far beyond their borders. A few years afterwards Maurice Fitzgerald once more led his mailed warriors against Tyrconnell. Godfrey O'Donnell went out to meet him (1257). The armies encountered each other at Creadran-Kille, in the north of Sligo, where they fought long and fiercely. Fitzgerald and O'Donnell met in single combat. O'Donnell clove his antagonist to the earth, and the powerful baron was carried off the field to die. O'Donnell, too, received a mortal blow in the encounter, but victory remained with him, and the English fled from Lower Connaught. The chief of the O'Neils took advantage of the dying condition of Godfrey to assert the supremacy of the Kinel-Owen over the Kinel Conall. Accordingly about a year after, while the O'Donnell was still lying ill of his wounds on an island in the secluded Lough Veagh, messengers came to him from O'Neil, demanding hostages and other tokens of submission. O'Donnell's answer was to summon his fighting-men from all quarters:—"Having assembled at his call, he ordered them to prepare the coffin in which his remains should be buried, to place him therein, and to carry it into the very midst of his people. He told them to fight bravely, as he was amongst them, and not to fear the power of their enemies. They then proceeded in battle array, at the command of their lord, to meet O'Neil's force, till both armies confronted each other on the banks of the Swilly"—*Annals*. After a hard-fought engagement, the Tyronians were routed, and the Tyrconnellians, returning from the

field, deposited on the street of Conwall the coffin in which Godfrey lay, and the heroic spirit of the chieftain departed amid the shouts of victory. The incident is very exciting, and has found expression in a popular ballad :—

“Now proud and high Tirconnell shouts, but speeding on the gale,
Upon the ear ascendeth now a sad and sullen wail ;
For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,
The spirit of O'Donnell fled !—Oh, woe for Ulster, woe !
Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight—
A chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his might.
They dug him there a fitting grave, upon that field of pride—
And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side.”

Scariff-Hollis.—Following up the right bank of the Swilly, the road passes the Glebe-house, embosomed in a dark wood, under which is the historic Scariff-Hollis, a safe part of the river, which in former times served as one of the chief passes into the hill country of Tyrconnell. It was over this that the celebrated Shane O'Neil (the Proud) fled, after his defeat by the chieftain Hugh Dubh O'Donnell in 1569 (see page 46), and in the dismantled castle on the bank above :—“Caffar, son of Manus, son of Hugh Dubh, son of Hugh Roe, Tanist of Tyrconnell, a man of a bounteous, munificent, and truly hospitable character, and a favourite of the distressed, and of the learned of the North of Ireland, died in his own mansion seat of Scariff-Hollis, on the 15th of October, and was buried at Donegal.”—*Annals*.

Bishop Heber Mac Mahon.—After the death of Owen Roe O'Neil, their only General, in 1649, Irish Catholics were thrown into a state of wild dismay in seeing the Parliamentary army marching to victory through Catholic blood. A few of their more ardent prelates, like MacMahon of

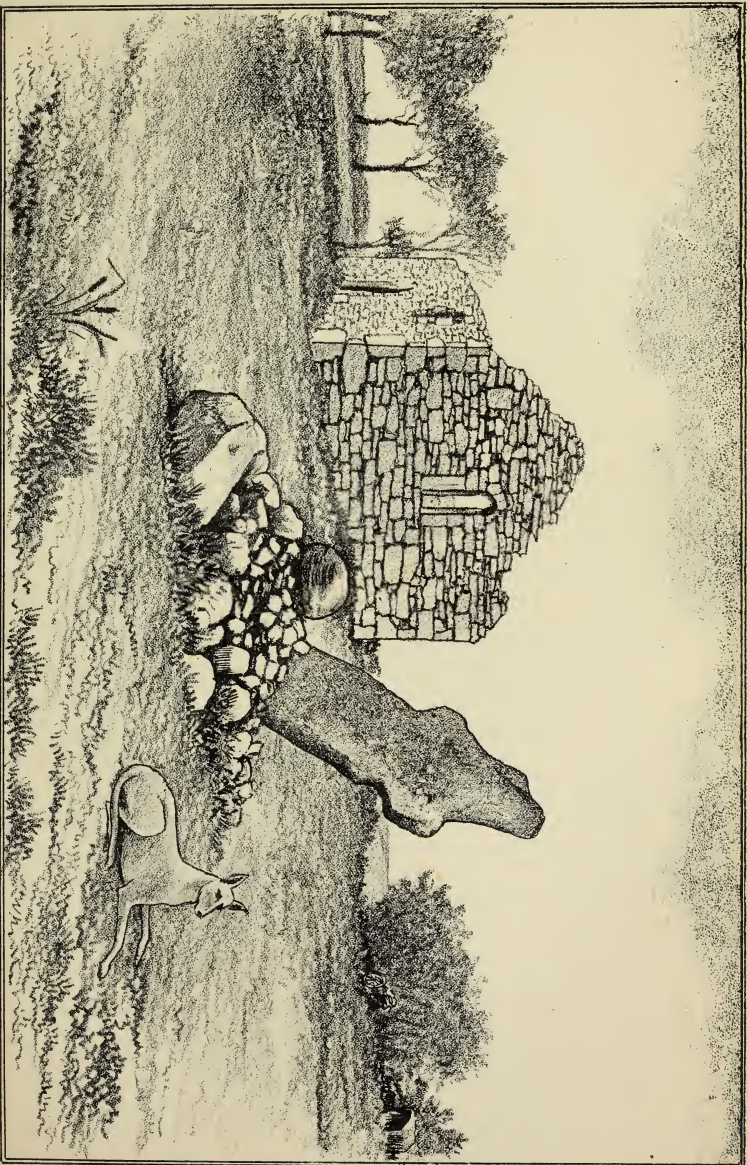
Clogher, in the North, and the Bishop of Ross in the South, left the sanctuary in response to what they believed the sacred call of duty, and took the field against Cromwell. On the 21st June, 1650, Sir Charles Coote and Colonel Venables came up with Heber MacMahon at Scariff-Hollis, and summoned him to fight or surrender. The Bishop chose the former, but the Cromwellian cavalry, more than twice as numerous, all but annihilated his little army. The people of the locality say the place has been called Scariff-Hollis (ford of the light) from the circumstance of the flashing of ordnance there during the night before the battle. Many a saddle was emptied of its rider on that day; and the horses, left to themselves, continued long after to roam about on the hill above, which has been since, from this circumstance, called Crock-na-neach (*i.e.*) hill of the horses. In the *Curiosa Hibernica* there is a very interesting account of this unequal engagement from the pen of Colonel Henry McTully O'Neil, the same who served under the Confederate General, Owen Roe, and wrote a Journal of that memorable campaign. Touching the affair of Scariff-Hollis he says:—"Being under cure of my wounds, I was not an eye-witness of the action at Letterkenny, but what I have is by hearsay, and from an officer in the action, who assured me that the Bishop was 4,000 strong when he marched to Tyrconnell. When the army came to Letterkenny Colonel Miles Swiney made an humble request of the Bishop to give him and his regiment leave to march to Castledoe, to try if he could gain it for their future security in that part of the country, which permission was granted. But the Colonel's presence, as well as that of many others, that were left in garrisons up and down in those parts, was

afterwards needed, which very much weakened the army the day of the action. It appeared to this gentleman that the enemy's horse of Scotch and English were as many as the Irish had of horse and foot. The Scotch, who were protected by the Bishop in those parts, and particularly Colonel Saunderson, bore a great share in defeating him the last day.; the first day's engagement being a fortnight before, was thus:—The Bishop's army coming to a pass on the river between Lifford and Derry, the tide beginning to flow, the colonels were commanded to cast dice as to who would venture over the ford with his regiment first. Phelim McTual O'Neil, though his turn that day was to be in the rear, said he would cast no lots, but would venture over, which he did with some difficulty, and beat off the horse on the other side, whereby he gave the whole army liberty to march over leisurely, some having been forced to swim. All that night they were obliged to stand to their arms; next day Sir Charles Coote appeared with his formidable army, and drew them up by a Danish fort upon a narrow pass leading to Derry. The Bishop also drew up his army in battle array. Both armies being within musket-shot of each other, Captain Taylor and Captain Cathcart, two of the best horse-officers the enemy had, marched with two strong brigades of horse towards the rear of our army in a full career, who were repulsed bravely by our horse and some foot, and beaten back into their own body with the loss of both their fine captains, which ended most of the day's action, both armies withdrawing till the fatal day at Letterkenny some while after. The enemy in this interval preparing and increasing till the last blow was given, wherein

we lost, after quarter given, Colonel Henry Roe O'Neil Colonel Hugh Maguire, Colonel Hugh McMahon, Art Oge, O'Neil, McShane Deveny, and Colonel Phelim McTual O'Neil. Quarters were made good to move, but for George Sexton Quarter Master-General, who was put to death afterwards at Carrickfergus by order of the High Court of Justice ; Major-General O'Cahan was killed on the spot with a great many prime officers, and about 1,500 private men, the Bishop was taken ten days after by Major King near Enniskillen and executed afterwards in Enniskillen. After this every one shifted for himself the best he could, except some parties who kept out about Slieve Bussell in Ulster ; no general protection granted."

Birth-place of St. Columba.—Two miles beyond Scariff-Hollis one leaves the bank of the Swilly and ascends a rising ground with Foxhall (J. Doyne, Esq.) on the left. Crossing Drumbolog bridge and passing Temple Douglas where once stood an abbey, still traced in the present graveyard, the road is carried up the side of the valley of the Lannan to Churchill, beyond which at a short distance the two GARTAN LOUGHS, separated by a very narrow neck of land, break upon the eye with peculiar pleasure. This great reservoir, with its margin of emerald, reposes at the base of Glendowan Mountains, which rise in an amphitheatre, and enclose the sparkling basin on the north and west. Otway describes it as "one of the finest of those numerous sheets of water which are interspersed through the valleys and mountains of this highland district, either in the midst of the mountains, forming the sources of rivers, or in the lowland valleys expanding as their receptacles. High or low, small or large,

HOME OF ST. COLUMBA, CO. DONEGAL.



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

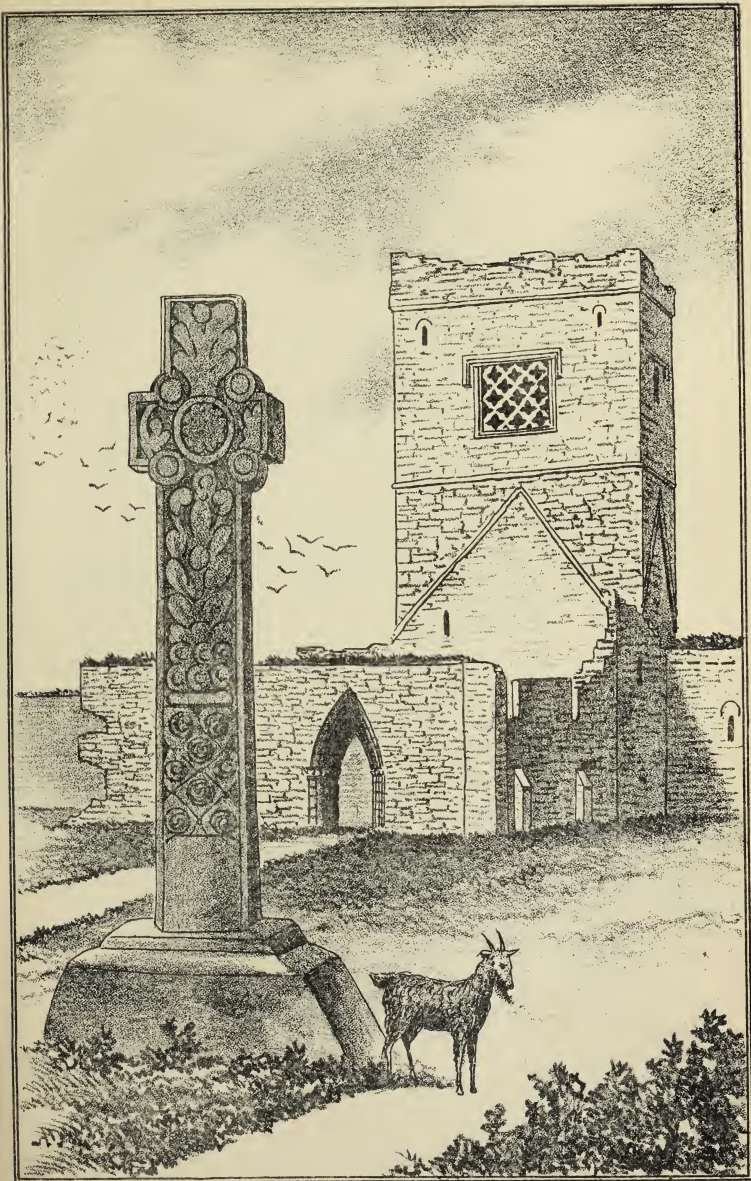
they form interesting objects for the tourist ; and I am not sure whether in this way our Irish lake may not be found as worthy of a visit as one in Cumberland, or Scotland, or even Switzerland."

Bordering the lower lake or Lough Gartan proper, is Belleview, the residence of — Hewitson, Esq., standing in a retired but delightful glade, which separates it from the glebe-house, with its modest but becoming front. Near the western shore of the upper lake, or Lough-a-Gibbon, are the remains of a chapel and abbey, built near the spot where St. Columbkille or Columba was born. "The father of the Culdees," says the Rev. C. Otway, "could not come to birth in a more appropriate place."

An incident touching in itself, and illustrative of the Saint's affection for his native home, is related by Adamnan, and so interesting that it deserves a place in this notice. "On a certain occasion while Columba was in Iona, he told one of the brothers that a crane driven about by various winds should come, weary and fatigued, and lie down on the beach of the island quite exhausted. 'Treat that bird tenderly' said the Saint, 'bring it to some neighbouring house where it may be kindly received and well nursed for three days and three nights. When the crane is refreshed after that time, unwilling to sojourn any longer in this strange land, it shall fly back directly to its lovely home in Ireland. I am very anxious about this bird because it comes from my own native place.' The good brother obeyed, for the bird came, and after three days' careful nursing, gently rose on its wings to a great height, and marking its path through the air homewards, it directed its course across the sea to Ireland, straight as it could fly on a calm day."—*Life of St. Columba*, by Adamnan, Trans., page 56.

St. Columba.—To this day St. Columba is the pride of Tyrconnell. He has given his name to one of its parishes, and all over the county are scattered relics and traditions of him in great abundance. These, together with a life of the Saint by Adamnan, and another by Manus O'Donnell, who belonged to the family of Columba, are amply suggestive of a brief notice, suitable to these pages.

About 544 Columba, or Dove of the Churches, having gone out from Kinel-Conall, returned to give the blessing which, according to St. Patrick, had been reserved for him. He was a youth of princely descent. His name was Crimthain, his father being Felim, the grandson of Conal-Gulban, and his mother Ethnea, a daughter of the royal house of Cahir-Mor of Leinster. Born in 521, he was, according to the usage of the time, placed in fosterage with a relative at Kilmacrenan. "From his boyhood," writes Adamnan, "he had been instructed in the love of Christ, and by the grace of God, and his zeal for wisdom had so preserved the integrity of his body and the purity of his soul that though dwelling on earth he appeared to live like the saints in heaven." He passed from his fosterage to the school of St. Finian, and made a course of studies under this famous master, at the head of Strangford Lough. Then he went to Clonard, and from this to other celebrated seats of learning, for already had there risen in Erin many institutions in which sanctity and science were taught hand in hand. Soon the fame of Columba for knowledge, and still more for his holiness of life, attested by splendid miracles, spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. After taking holy orders he traversed Tyrconnell, leaving monuments of his piety and zeal on the hill of Doire Calgaigh (Derry), on the rocks of Torry, in the remote Sean Glean,



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

everywhere on sea-cliff, and in deep glen. Though these memorials, like all that is perishable, have yielded to the corrosive action of time, and, in but too many instances, to the more destructive fury of man, the traveller of to-day will be able, from the traditions still clinging to the rude cross, or the blessed well, or the grass-grown remains of a chapel, to gather a better record of him than could have endured on inscribed stone. His blessing went beyond the limits of Tyrconnell. His wonderful piety, and his many miraculous tokens of divine favour, marked him out as indeed, a man of God, and drew disciples around him. Thus he became the father of an order of monks, distinguished, even in that fervent age, for the severity of their rule. Among the many abbeys which he founded in Ireland, were those of Derry, Durrow, Swords and Kells—all houses renowned in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Erinn. In the forty-second year of his age (563), St. Columba, resolving to seek a foreign country for the love of Christ, sailed from Ireland to Scotland. He was graciously welcomed by Conall, King of the Albanian Scots, and a relative of his own, who gave him the island of Hy or Iona. St. Columba had twelve disciples with him, and laid the foundations of the monastery of Hy, which soon became the most famous in Northern Europe, and for centuries after, the recognised fountain of his order. From Iona he ventured to carry the light of Christianity among the heathen, and with God's blessing, he planted the standard of the Cross in the Orkney Isles, in the Hebrides, among the Northern Picts, and away south beyond the mountains, over the Lowlands and into Northumbria. In the midst of all these labours he found time for the cultivation of letters, and his productions in this department

are a title, only second to his imperishable services in the cause of God, to the gratitude and veneration of mankind. He is said to have built three hundred houses devoted to God's service, and to have written as many manuscript books, some of which have survived to the present day, and are even now specimens of marvellously fine penmanship.

In 573 the Saint revisited the old land in the suite of Aidan, King of the Albanian Scots, to attend the great National Convention of the pettykings, princes, chiefs, bishops and clergy, summoned by Hugh Ainmire, Monarch of Erin, to Drumceat, for the settlement of some bitter controversies, long agitating the public mind in Ireland. Whether the Irish colony established in Scotland, should be still considered dependent on the mother country, was the first question discussed, and on it the opinion of the Saint was accepted as definite, namely, that it should be henceforth regarded as an independent State. The second matter submitted to the deliberations of the Convention was the withdrawal of their ancient privileges from the bards, who had deteriorated, and became so numerous and aggressive as to provoke a loud demand for suppressing them. Their insolence had grown to be so intolerable, that the Convention had resolved to extinguish the Association, but in deference to the advice of St. Columba, it was decided to diminish only the number of its members, and place them under stricter ordinances. St. Columba died in the 76th year of his age, and was buried in Iona, but his bones were afterwards removed to Downpatrick, where they were placed in the same tomb with those of the National Apostle and St. Brigid. Here they were found

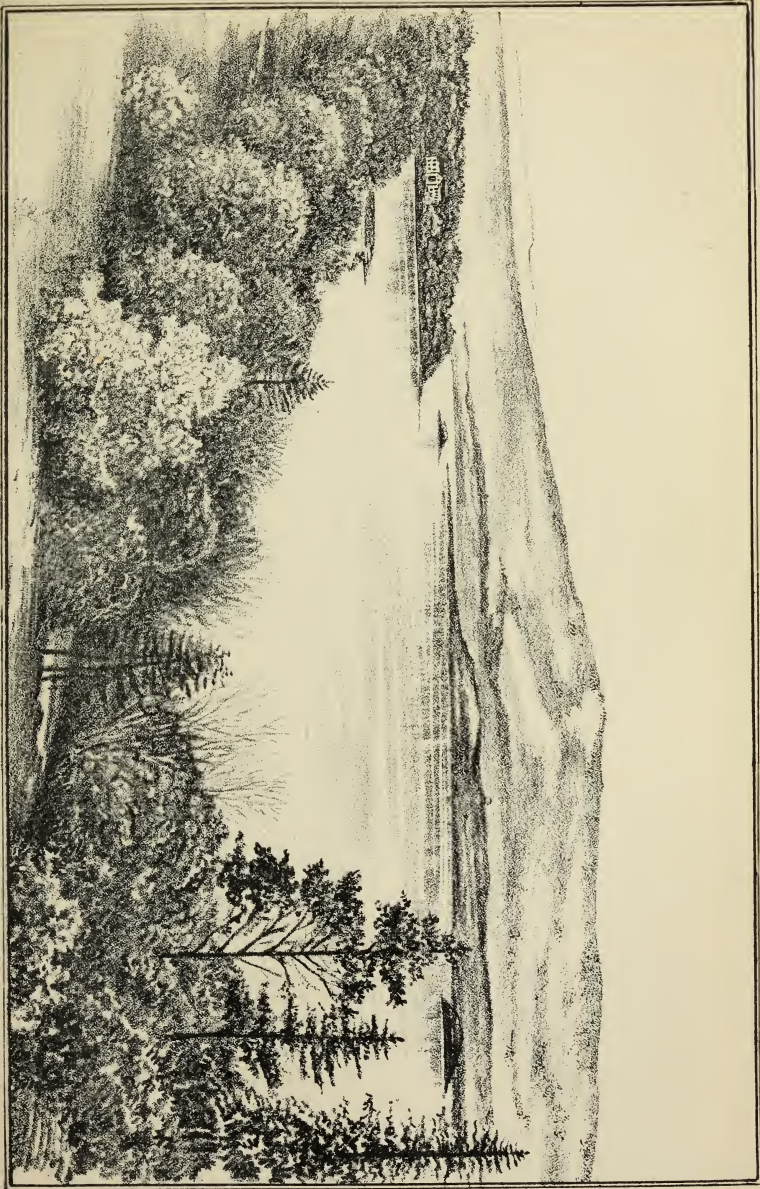
in 1186—St. Patrick in the middle, St. Columba and St. Brigid on either side—and translated to the cathedral with great ceremony in the presence of Cardinal Vivian, special envoy from Pope Urban III.

Adamnan, the biographer of St. Columba, and his eighth successor in Iona, has left us this portrait of him:—“Angelic in appearance, eloquent in address, holy in work, with talents of the highest order, and consummate prudence, he lived a good soldier of Christ during thirty-five years in his adopted island (Iona). He never could spend the space of even one hour without study or prayer, or writing or some other holy occupation; and so incessantly was he engaged night and day in the unwearied exercise of watching and of corporal austerities, that the weight of his singular labour would seem beyond the power of human endurance; and still he was beloved by all, for a holy joy, ever beaming in his face, revealed the ecstasies with which the Holy Spirit filled his inmost soul.” Baithen, the immediate successor of St. Columba in the Abbacy of Hy, was his relative, and a native of Tyrconnell. Adamnan also, from whom we have quoted so largely, was from Tyrconnell, himself a saint, and one of the most remarkable men of his time. Sprung from the royal stock of the great Conal-Gulban, he seems to have devoted himself from his earliest years to the service of God in the order of his more renowned kinsman, St. Columba. In due time he was elected to the Abbacy of Hy, being the ninth in order from the holy founder. His talents and accomplishments, as well as his extraordinary sanctity, made themselves known under the rude garb of the monk, and kings and legislators often invoked his assistance in matters of diffi-

culty. He was the intimate friend of the famous Alfrid of North Britain, and seems to have lived a good deal in Ireland. At a legislative Assembly at Tara in the year 697 he procured the passing of the law of the innocents, namely a law protecting women and children from the barbarities of war—afterwards known as the Canon of Adamnan, a memorial which a conqueror of the world might envy. The venerable Bede bears testimony, and a more competent witness there could not be, that Adamnan was “a good man, and wise, and a peer in the knowledge of the Scriptures” (H. E. lib. 5, ch. 15).

Cathac of St. Columba.—Part of the Psalter, which St. Columba copied out with his own hands, was sealed up in a strong box, richly gilt, some nine inches long, eight wide, and two in depth. On its thick silver lid are engraved figures of the Crucifixion, St. Columba, and other appropriate symbols, while the covering throughout is studded with gems in great profusion. To this relic the chieftain of Tyrconnell, in whose family it was transmitted, attached the holy spell of ensuring victory, and had it always borne before him into battle. It is known as the CATHACH OF ST. COLUMBKILLE, and may be seen among the treasures of the R. Irish Academy, Dublin, where it was deposited some years ago by Sir Richard O'Donnell, Bart.

The Derryveagh Evictions.—Running north-west from the Upper Gartan lake is DERRYVEAGH, the scene of the “Adair Evictions,” some sixty families having been turned out there on the hill side, and their roof-trees broken down in one day. Mr. John George Adair, a gentleman of property in Kildare, came to Donegal for the first time in August, 1857. “Enchanted by the scenery,” to use his



GARTAN LAKE, CO DONEGAL.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

own words, he began by buying Glenveagh from Mr. Pitt Skipton, then the Gartan Estate from Mr. W. C. Cornwall, and in the September of 1858, he was made a Magistrate of the county.

In December, 1857, Mr. Adair purchased, in the Encumbered Estates Court, a fee-farm rent of £25 Irish out of Glendowan, as well as a fee-farm rent of £60 Irish out of Derryveagh, and immediately he set up a claim to the right of sporting in both cases, though in his title the Court reserved this to "the grantor and his heirs" (not his assignees). Mr. James Johnston, owner-in-chief of the property, resisted, and when Mr. Adair, on the opening of the season in August, 1858, presented himself with his dogs and gun, to shoot over Derryveagh, a number of Mr. Johnston's tenants came out and warned him off. Legal proceedings were instituted, but, in October, 1859, Mr. Adair bound himself by agreement to pay Mr. Johnston £225 a year, or £40 over the existing rents of the occupying tenants, for a fee-farm grant of Derryveagh (11,956 acres).

In January, 1860, Mr. Adair served notices to quit on his Derryveagh tenants, and early in 1861, having had sentence of eviction passed upon them, he gave his reasons for doing so, to the Under Secretary for Ireland in two letters of the 8th and 16th February. Those same causes for his action he mentioned more definitely in a letter written on the 6th of the following April to both the Parish Priest, and Protestant Rector of the locality:—"On these lands," he says "I was attacked by a large armed party, most of whom I recognised as inhabitants." He is alluding to the demonstration made by a few of the Derryveagh tenants when he came there in

August, 1858, to assert his claim of shooting over it. But, it does not appear that the party, who thus blocked his way, had *arms* in their hands, and they were there not to "attack," but to deter him from invading the rights of their kind landlord, Mr. Johnston.

Another justification put forward in these letters was:—"About the same spot my Manager, Mr. Murray, was murdered, and two or more of the Coroner's jury in Murray's case, who found a verdict of wilful murder, were attacked." The Protestant Rector of the parish (Rev. Mr. Maturin), however, bore testimony to the good character of the accused, and more than insinuated that the crime was the result of a motive, then the common talk of the country, but in no way connected with Derryveagh or its excellent people. The fact of Murray being armed with a revolver, and his body found on an open, bare mountain, pointed very suspiciously to the murderer as one with this private motive, lurking in his heart, who had been walking with his victim, and closed upon him treacherously.

The allegation that:—"two or more of the Coroner's jury in Murray's case, who found a verdict of wilful murder, were attacked," was assumed by Mr. Adair from a report of a drunken row in which these "two or more" had taken part.

In his list of grievances against the Derryveagh tenants, Mr. Adair goes on to enumerate (3) "A previous proprietor of my estate, Mr. Marshall, was murdered a few years ago;" (4) "While I was at the house of one of you (Rev. Mr. Maturin) investigating the murder of Murray, two offices belonging to the premises, were maliciously burned down;" (5) "My dogs on two occasions were poisoned, and large

numbers of my sheep have been done away with." He concludes his indictment by declaring "that almost all the crimes (of which he complains) were in some way connected with Derryveagh, and that the perpetration of many of them must have been known to the people of the district. He purchased the property being enchanted with the scenery, and he would not suffer himself to be diverted from his design of improving the condition of the people, by the infernal combination of the Ribbon Society, which had fatally spread over the whole community." Now, the existence of this "infernal combination" in Derryveagh seems to have been altogether imaginary. There is no public record of it to be found except in heated assertion. Moreover it is opposed to the good opinion of the people, so positively proclaimed by the Rev. Mr. Maturin, and it was challenged at the time in the House of Commons by an Hon. Member, who said "he had not been able to trace the slightest semblance of Ribbonism among the inhabitants of that property." With regard to Mr. Marshall's murder it happened in 1840, nearly twenty years before Mr. Adair made his acquaintance with Donegal. How then did he know that the deed was ascribed to the peasants of Derryveagh, except from hearsay evidence, and even this could hardly have been available, seeing that Marshall was the landlord of the Gartan estate, so that if his murder were agrarian it must have been committed by some of his own aggrieved tenants and not by any from Derryveagh, who had no connection or quarrel with him. "That the Rev. Mr. Maturin's two offices were *maliciously* burned down" (4) cannot be accepted, for the first to arrive on the scene of the fire was the constable in charge of the neighbouring police-station, and he

stated it was *accidental*. So, too, Mr. Adair's dogs were not maliciously killed, as he believed (5), but died from eating the poisoned material, distributed over his preserves to protect the game from vermin. The second part of this charge, that "large numbers of his sheep have been done away with," was made the subject of a magisterial inquiry, when the Bench were unanimously of opinion that Mr. Adair's sheep were not "done away with," as the evidence of the constabulary proved that 66 of his sheep were found dead from the severity of the weather without any marks of injury upon them.

Upon these grounds, given under his own hand, Mr. Adair inflicted on his Derryveagh tenantry a penalty next to death, and in doing so during the 8th, 9th, and 10th of April, 1861, he was assisted by a force of 200 men from the R. I. Constabulary, under the command of two officers and a Resident Magistrate. The official return issued at the time shows that 28 houses were levelled, 47 families evicted, comprising 37 husbands, 35 wives, 159 children, and 13 other inmates, making a total of 244 souls. Of these 50 were driven into the workhouse, one old man died from the hardships he endured, and two became insane, one of whom sought relief in drowning.

On the 2nd of the following July Mr. Vincent Scully, M.P., in pursuance of notice, rose in the House of Commons to move :—"That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, representing Mr. John George Adair, one of the Justices of the Peace for the county of Donegal, to have recently ejected all the inhabitants from a tract of land in that county, under circumstances which appear to this House to affect seriously the general peace and well-being of the

district, and praying that she be graciously pleased to direct an inquiry with a view to consider whether it was fitting that Mr. Adair should continue to hold Her Majesty's Commission." After narrating the harrowing facts of the case, Mr. Scully said :—" If a landlord would assert his rights he must not shelter himself under false excuses, and if he became a disturber of the public peace it was a fit subject for inquiry whether his name should be retained in the commission of the peace. Mr. Adair had no right as a landlord to confound the innocent with the guilty—he had visited the alleged sins of the fathers upon the children, for amongst those whom he had evicted were 159 children. . . . He did not bring this motion forward in any way as a public prosecutor, but felt it his duty to afford Mr. Adair an opportunity of having his conduct fully inquired into. If the case were his own he would be glad to have such an opportunity, and, as one of the landlord class, he was able to say sincerely that no man would more rejoice than he should do if Mr. Adair were able satisfactorily to vindicate himself, and to show that he was worthy to retain his commission as a magistrate. He trusted that Mr. Adair, when he came to take a calm review of all the circumstances, would perceive that his only escape from the position into which he brought himself was to admit he had been wrong, retrace his steps, and restore the unfortunate persons to their holdings."

In the same debate, one of the most respectable members of the house, Mr. More O'Farrell said :—" It was a fact to be noticed in the case that the rent of the parties evicted had been paid up to the moment of their removal. It was a question, then, whether the laws for the protection of property had not been perverted to the purposes of

vengeance, and he thought it a fitting subject for inquiry whether the law could not be altered so as to restrain individual landlords from these gross outrages, while preserving the protection which it afforded to the rights of property. He thought that in such cases a landlord should be made to intimate his intentions beforehand to one of the Superior Courts in Dublin, and that such wholesale evictions should be carried out under the sanction and control of the law. Great sympathy had been evoked by the eviction of these poor people. They were the descendants of those who, 200 years ago, were driven from the fertile plains of Ulster. They took shelter in those lone mountain recesses, and remained unnoticed until the modern demand for land tempted speculators, and stories were raised about the crime of the country in order to justify their wholesale eviction." The motion, after an interesting debate, in which Lord Palmerston wound up, was rejected by a majority of 65.

Sometime after the terrible event the writer went into the presence of the awful accompaniments that made this eviction so distressing. The place lies in a lonely valley, skirted by a broad lake with wooded banks, and terminating in an amphitheatre of mountains. We entered when the sun was descending rapidly in the West, but some rays still lingered to enable us to perceive how dreadfully this scene of soft beauty was disfigured by the many mouldering heaps that marked the spots where, but yesterday, humble happiness dwelt. Not a sound was heard except the moaning of the wind, which floated up from the trees below, and while listening an incident occurred which lent a melancholy interest to the occasion. We saw coming towards us a man, bent low with grief. He survived to tell the story of the

Derryveagh evictions; but, sad to say, it pleased God to deprive him of the power to do so. He was dumb, and it was truly touching to see the look of despair on his face as he raised it full upon us, and struggled to express the utter desolation of his loneliness by a hollow and mournful ring of the voice. He shook his head helplessly, and, waving his hand high in air, pointed significantly to the broken roof-trees around. We were standing close to the ruins from which an old man of eighty was carried to the work-house, where he died, and further on lived poor Bradley, who was rendered insane by the shock. It was now the pensive hour of evening, when feelings of depression are quickened by the falling darkness. We hurried down the glen, and our hearts were sore as we stood now and again amidst the flitting shadows, "to cast one longing, lingering look behind" on that peaceful hamlet, strewn with the wreck of many happy homes.

In one of those sparkling papers on "An Unknown Country," in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of 1887 the following passage occurs:—"Some years ago, in Glenveagh was enacted a tragedy . . . The innocent suffered with the guilty. Every family, women and children, young and old, was turned out on the moor—for eviction here, in this desolate place, means entire homelessness.

"'And what became of them?' I asked, when the driver and I were left alone in the carriage, and I had somehow made him understand that I knew the story, and was sorry for the poor souls—at least for the old folks, the women and children."

"'Some died, ma'am, and some settled in other parts. A good many went to America. Anyhow there is not one of them left here—not one.'

“ ‘And Mr. Adair?’

“ ‘He’s dead.’

“The man set his teeth together, and hardened his face—a face I should not like to meet on a lonely road. It was the first glimpse I had had since our coming to Ireland of that terrible blood-feud now existing between landlord and tenant, in which neither will see the others rights and wrongs, nor distinguish between the just and the unjust, the good and the bad.” The tourist may now return by Kilmacrenan to LETTERKENNY.





XI.—EXCURSION TO RAPHOE.



PASSING the port of Letterkenny the traveller journeys down the valley of the Swilly for about a mile, and then turning to the right he holds a south-east course over an uninteresting country to

Raphoe ($8\frac{1}{2}$ miles), which is well situated at the foot of the great range of Donegal mountains, as they begin to decline into the lowlands RAPHOE, anciently RATH-BOTH ("the rath of the cottages,") is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and, though it was in the golden age of its prosperity, so flourishing as to give its name to the diocese, has declined much of late years; whole rows of houses being in a state of dilapidation. St. Columba established a monastery here, which was subsequently enlarged by his distinguished relative, the great Adamnan, who ruled the famous Abbey of Hy in the last half of the seventh century, and was second only to St. Columba in the illustrious memories he left behind.

St. Eunan.—In the eleventh century another St. Adamnan or Aonnan (Eunan) in the native dialect, converted the place into an Episcopal See and became its first Bishop. He it was who built the Cathedral, which, with some notable alterations, exists there to this day. It is a plain cruciform structure, with a square tower of the last century, which is also the date of the transepts, added by

the Protestant Bishop Pooley in 1702. The venerable diocese of Raphoe was incorporated with that of Derry by Act of Parliament in 1835, and the Palace now stands near the Cathedral in a ruinous condition. The Catholic Ecclesiastical division remains what it has been from the earliest times, but the Catholic Bishop resides at Letterkenny. The late Rev. Mathew Kelly, of Maynooth College, in a notice of the patron Saint of Raphoe, says:—"His festival was formerly observed in that diocese on the 7th of September. It is now on the 23rd of that month, the day on which all ancient calendars commemorate the illustrious Abbot of Hy, St. Adamnan, correctly pronounced Eunan." Here the learned Professor is evidently in error by representing "the illustrious Abbot of Hy" as identical with Adamnan, first Bishop of Raphoe, who is the same as ST. EUNAN. Ware in his *Irish Antiquities* was the first to write EUNAN. He did not know Irish, and spelling the name as pronounced by the people on the spot, he set it down EUNAN. The confusion thus created has been a difficulty to antiquarians. Thus Harris speaks of the matter :—"It seems it was St. Eunan who erected the church of the Abbey into a Cathedral, and who is looked upon to be the first Bishop of this See. But upon the strictest inquiry I could make, I have not been able to discover the exact time in which he lived." No wonder, for Colgan in his *Acta Sanctorum*, nowhere even insinuates the existence of St. Eunan as distinct from St. Adamnan, but invariably mentions St. Adamnan as first Bishop of Raphoe.

The jurisdiction of the Bishop of Raphoe originally included a larger territory than he now controls. In the

beginning the diocese was measured by the limits of Tyrconnell, but these bounds have been notably contracted.

Reasons are given off-hand by some, who pretend to a knowledge of the subject, but the amount of historical foundation they possess one cannot easily see. What we do know is that "in 1266 Germanus O'Cherballan, Bishop of Derry, seized by violence, and appropriated a part of the diocese of Raphoe." Ware in his *Irish Antiquities* states this fact, and for his authority he refers us to the Registry of Clogher, which the writer has never been able to see. The part of Raphoe, thus usurped, is Inishowen, or the peninsula of Eoghan, one of the sons of Nial of the Nine Hostages, and founder of the O'Neil family, who held it down to the fifteenth century. It then passed to the O'Dohertys, descendants of Conal-Gulban, and they were Lords of the district, till the violent and premature end of Sir Cahir O'Doherty in 1610 (see p. 211).

Convoy.—On the summit of a hill about two miles from Raphoe, there is at Beltanny a fine example of a stone circle, consisting of sixty-seven stones, and measuring one hundred and fifty yards in circumference. The name Beltanny is supposed to be a corruption of Baal-tinne, the "Fire of Baal," intimating a place where that deity was particularly worshipped in Ireland; just the same as the etymology in Gaelic for the Beltani tree, burned at Midsummer. The land around Raphoe towards the south and east is rich and highly cultivated, the surface of the country being uneven. A fine *coup d'œil* may be obtained from Mullafin (954 feet) eastward, over the green undulations and valleys of the Deel and Finn, as well as beyond the Foyle away to the distant hills of county Derry, while on every other side

the Donegal ranges darken the horizon. Close at hand on the north-west, is Cark mountain (1205 feet) near the top of which, some ten miles from Raphoe, is Lough Deel, in which the Burndale takes its rise (see page 10). This stream flows south near Ballindrate, and joins the Foyle a little below Lifford where the river is navigable by small craft. "Hard by, near Convoy," writes the Rev. C. Otway, "I observed a kind of magnesian stone or steatite, that might be applied to many uses in architecture and the arts; it is easily cut and carved as a piece of wood, and it bears the fire so well that it would answer for crucibles."



From Convoy the road traverses an open country through the clean village of KILLYGORDON, on the Finn Valley Railway, and within easy distance of

Castlefin,—Here stood formerly one of those fortified centres from which the Tyrconnell chieftain ruled the

district down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was assigned as a residence to the brooding Nial Garv, instead of the more stately Castle of Lifford, which he alleged had been bestowed upon him by the late chieftain, Hugh Dubh. His grievance against the Red Prince for depriving him of this grander edifice so worked up his old jealousy, that he no longer hesitated to sacrifice his valiant kinsman to the enemy.

In 1601 when Nial Garbh consummated his iniquity by placing himself at the disposal of the invaders at Derry, Hugh Roe happened to be in Connaught where he had gone to chastise the chiefs there and in Munster for having assisted the enemy to enter the Foyle. He heard at Ballymote of the flagrant betrayal, and in order to confront it, as soon as possible, he made for home in such rapid marches that "none of his soldiers were able to keep up with him except a few of his horsemen" (*Annals*). Meantime Nial Garbh at the head of a considerable military command from Dowcra had successfully stormed the O'Donnell stronghold at Lifford, and seized it for the English (see page 57). At this critical moment, Red Hugh reached CASTLEFIN and made it the seat of operations to recover possession of Lifford:—"O'Donnell having heard of the taking of this place (Lifford), came on the 12th of October with 700 foot and 100 horse, and encamped himself about three miles off at Castlefin. The next day he came and showed himself before the town. Our garrison made out, had a skirmish with him of an hour long, wherein Neale Garvie behaved himself bravely. Captain Augustin Heath took a slight hurt in his hand, and some ten or twelve men on each side were slain. On the 24th he came again, and laid himself in ambush a mile from the town watching to intercept our men fetching in of turf. . . . The alarm taken, the garrison made forth again, and Neale Garvie behaved himself bravely as before, charged home upon them, killed one, hurt one or two more with his own hands, and had his horse slain under him. Captain Heath had a shot in the thigh, whereof he shortly after died, and some twenty more were hurt and slain. . . . All this time

after Liffer had been taken O'Donnell kept up and down in those parts, watching still to take our men upon some advantage, but finding none, and hearing two Spanish ships that were come into Killybegs with munition, arms, and money, on the 10th of November, he departed towards them, and between Tyrone and him they made a dividend of it" (*Dowcra's Narrative*). Thus wearied and worn with the hardships of the camp in this bitter winter the Bayard of Tyrconnell broke up quarters at Castlefin to meet the traitor at another time.

Lifford.—A few short miles from Castlefin is Lifford, the ancient Liffer, and present Assize-town of the county Donegal. It may be easily understood how Lifford, situated at the confluence of the Finn and the Mourne, uniting their waters to form the Foyle, which flows in majestic stream thence to Derry, was one of the most important military positions on the frontiers of Tyrconnell. At this pass, about 1525, Hugh Oge, one of the best chieftains that reigned in Tyrconnell, scattered the boasted army of his jealous foe, the O'Neil (see p. 42). Then in course of a few years Manus O'Donnell, son and successor of Hugh Oge, raised on the coveted spot, in spite of the O'Neil, the strong frontier Castle of Port-na-dtri-namhad, where he wrote in Irish the well-known biography of St. Columba, the glory of the O'Donnell family, and a member of the same (page 43). In the year 1600 Nial Garbh O'Donnell, having joined the English, established himself in this fortress, as has been just related, and held it against the conquering hero, Red Hugh, whom he had so basely deserted.

The famous School of Clonleigh.—Near Lifford flourished the famous School of Clonleigh, one of those

numerous seats which “induced people from every country to flock to Ireland as to a mart of learning” (*Ven. Bede*). The place was suppressed in the reign of Edward VI., and in the report of an Inquisition, touching it we are told:—“On the 10th day of December, and 27th year of the reign of Henry VIII., late king of England, there was a certain college or religious house, called Clonleigh, situate, lying and being in the parts of Tyrconnell, lately called the county of Donagall, near the river of Loughfoile, not far from the Castle of Liffer, and there are situate and lying there the ruined castle of the same late College or the religious house, which College in the twentieth year of the late King Edward VI., now abandoned, dissolved and suppressed. The Provost of the said late College, or religious house of Clonlighe, at the time of the abandoning, dissolution and suppression of the same, was seized in his lordship as of fee, in right of this said late house, and of two quarters of land with the appurtenances of the said College adjacent, together with all tythes of the same, and of two parts of the tythes of the fish taken in the river aforesaid, near the land aforesaid, and near the land of Liffer. The said Provost of the College aforesaid, and other inhabitants upon the land of the College aforesaid, were a long time, before the dissolution of same, accustomed from time to time, to fish in and upon the river aforesaid by licence from Lord O'Donnell, in that part, obtained with one small cymba (cot) by right, and only at ebbing of the water. The premises were of the yearly value beyond reprisal of 3s., 4s. money of Ireland. By reason of certain statutes, made, confirmed, and in the Kingdom of Ireland established, all the premises appertain to the now King as assured to the Crown of Ireland. From

the time of the dissolution and suppression of the said late College or religious house of Clonlighe divers Bishops of Derry from time to time received, took and raised all and singular the profits of the premises, until the time of the taking of this inquisition, but of what right the jurors know not." From this statement, it is evident that Clonleigh, at the time of its suppression, was a vast and richly-endowed ecclesiastical establishment, with colleges, schools, religious house and church. As a matter of course, therefore, it gave its name to the present important parish of Clonleigh, in which is also situated STRABANE (white plain), one of the most thriving towns in the north of Ireland.

The old church of Clonleigh is still there, bearing on its aged walls the evidence of this past greatness. Colgan, in his notice of St. Cairnechus, gives a prominent place to Clonleigh: "Hagiographers," he writes, "generally record that St. Cairnechus was a bishop, but in what see he discharged his Episcopal functions they have not made known. I think, however, it was in his monastery. For that he was an abbot, and had his monastery either in the place called Cruchan Lighean, situated at the frith or arm of the sea, commonly called LOCH FEBHAIL, and near the town of Liffer, or surely in some adjacent place, an ancient writer has stated, who says that the land of Cruaghan Lighan was bequeathed to him in the will of Erca, his mother's sister, the daughter of Loarnus" (*Acta SS.*, p. 782). In the parish of Clonleigh there is a townland called Croaghan, and a hill of the same name about two miles from Lifford—this, undoubtedly, is the Cruaghan Lighean, which Colgan says was bequeathed to St. Carnechus. It was upon the heights of Croaghan the O'Donnell drew out his army in 1599, and challenged Docwra

to battle. The answer was a sortie, in which the English general got severely beaten, and pursued up to the very walls of Derry. Hence the people of Tyrconnell, as they pass by, respectfully salute the historic scene, for it stirs up within them the memory of their dauntless Red Hugh.

The tourist may now find himself in the matter of time at a late afternoon, but he will not lose much by this, seeing that the highway from Lifford to Letterkenny is rather bare, and affords nothing special to interest him. It is, however, a flax country *par excellence*, as he will be sure to perceive if he happen to pass in the end of August, or beginning of September, when the air is impregnated with the abominable odour of the fibrous plant. There are good views over the valley of the Swilly, into which the road falls at the tenth mile and pursues its course up to Letterkenny.





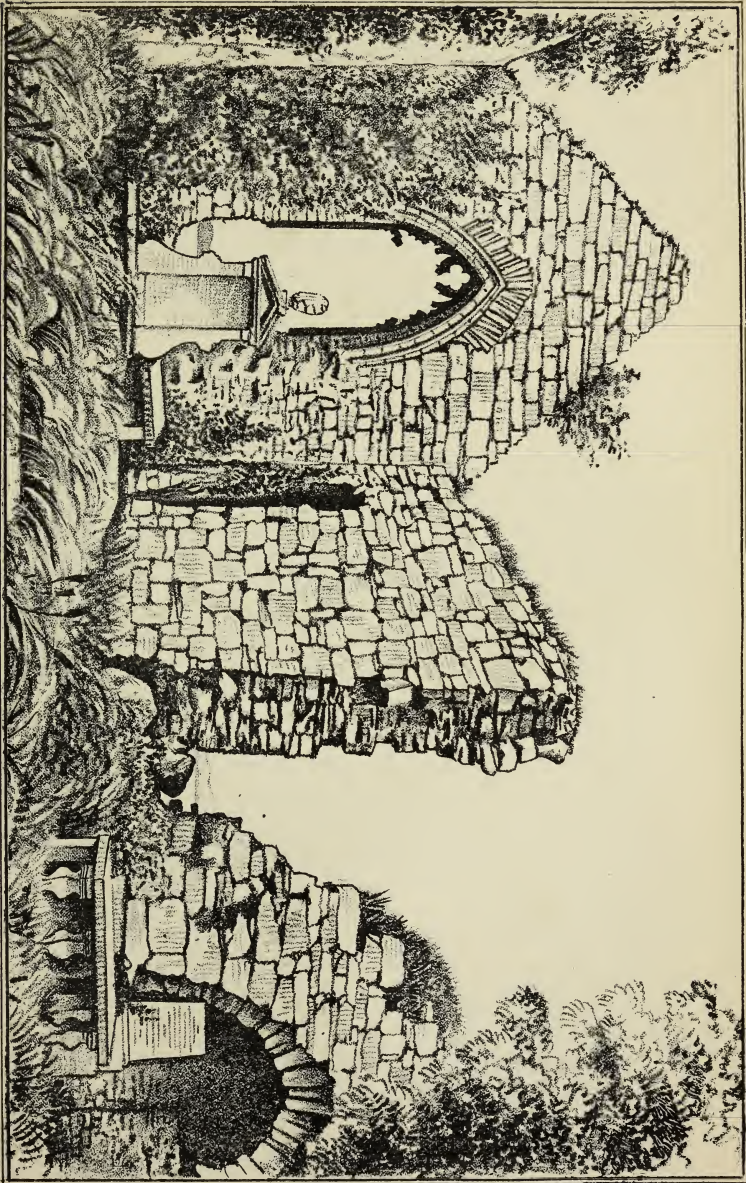
LETTERKENNY TO RATHMULLEN.



Ruined Abbey of Killydonnell.

Tis a pleasant drive on the western side of the Swilly, passing Gortlea, Kiltyoy Lodge, Lisnenan on the left, and on the right Barn Hill, Castlewray, and Castle Grove, at which point (four miles), the direct way turns inland.

But the tourist had better follow that which keeps along the shore, for the sake of the exquisite picture, presented by the spreading Lough and its coasts. Beyond Ardrumman House (Captain Mansfield), are the ruins of Killydonnell, a Franciscan friary, founded in the sixteenth century by an O'Donnell. A record of it occurs in the *Annals* under A.D. 1558:—"Hugh Boy O'Donnell, son of Hugh Duv, son of Hugh Roe, heir to the lordship of Tyrconnell, a man much skilled and learned in every science, who was much distinguished for munificence and hospitality, for prowess in the field of



KILLYDONNEL ABBEY, CO. DONEGAL.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

battle and the gap of Danger, and who was expected for his steadiness and other characteristics to attain to the lordship of his own country (Tyrconnell), died at Cill O'd'Toughragh (Killydonnell), on the 29th March, after having received the Communion and Extreme Unction." This abbey is regarded as, perhaps, the finest specimen of early ecclesiastical architecture to be found among similar ruins in Ireland. A large portion of the side-walls of the chapel is still standing, as also a turret or gable from which the visitor may contemplate one of the most delightful landscapes on earth. Below him is a sea of purest sapphire, bordered by a line, sloping off to the hills of Fanad and Inishowen, and resplendent in its purple mantle of waving forest :—

“ The bowery shore
 Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
 And light blue mountains, but no breathing man
 With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
 Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
 Objects that looked out so invitingly
 On either side. . . .
 The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
 Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress ;
 Whence ever and anon the joy outsprings,
 And seals upon the beauty of its wings.
 The lovely turret shattered and outworn,
 Stands venerably proud—too proud to mourn
 Its long-lost grandeur.”—KEATS.

The bell of Killydonnell, according to a popular legend, is heard once every seven years at midnight. The story goes that a party of marauders from Tyrone attacked the abbey, and, carrying off amongst other things the bell, put it on board a vessel which they had waiting off the strand below, and departed with their booty across the

estuary. But God's justice overtook them, for a storm arose and the sacrilegious robbers were all drowned, so that the sacred bell never entered Tyrone. It is kept somewhere at the bottom of the Lough, whence its muffled tones proceed once every seven years at the still hour of midnight.

Beyond **Killydonnell** is Fort Stewart, where there is a ferry of the same name, touching on the opposite side within about eight miles of Derry. At a short distance farther on at Shellfield, are the ruins of old Fort Stewart, a place built at the commencement of the seventeenth century. Thence the route winds over a well-cultivated country to

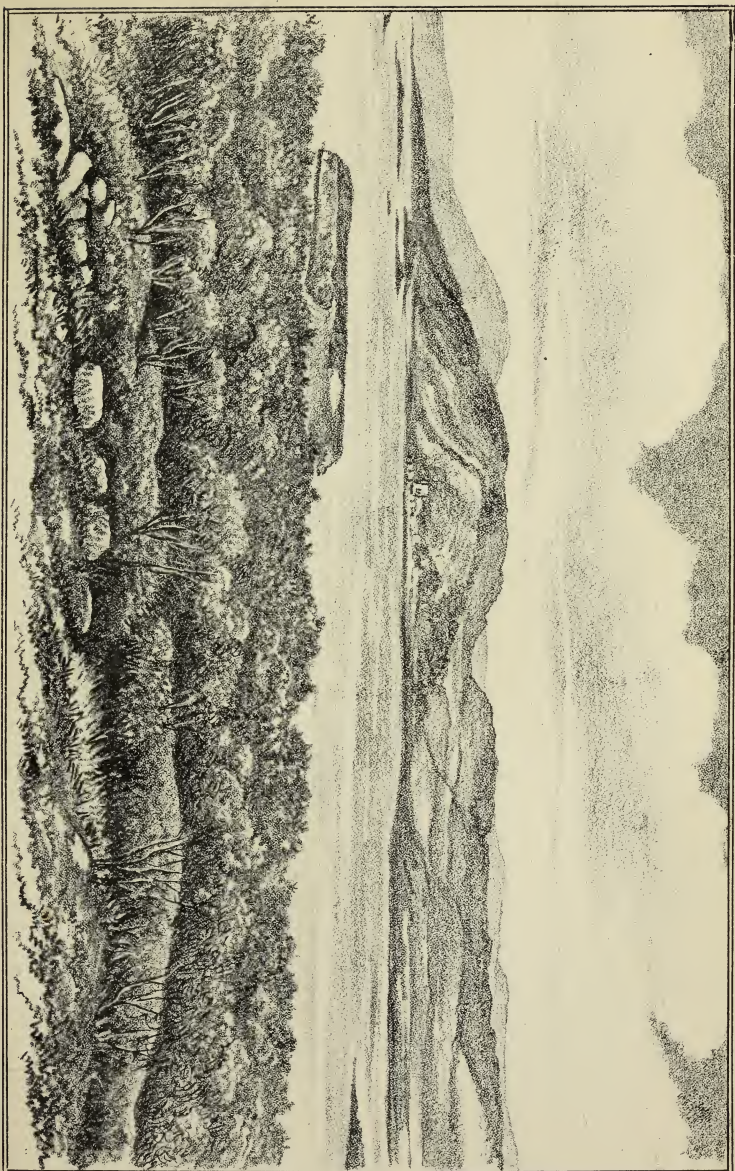
Ramelton (Hotel: *Stewart Arms*), which, with its pleasant boulevard or shaded promenade, is prettily situated on the Lannan, a mountain stream that flows into Lough Fern, and emerges under the same name, only a few yards from its point of entrance. Like the Bann, it was at one time remarkable for its pearls, and at present it furnishes good sport for the angler. From Ramelton the tourist may take the direct route to Milford, four Irish miles, or go round by Tilly Bridge to feast his eyes on the abundance of interesting scenery to be met with in this peninsula, formed by Lough Swilly and Mulroy Bay, between Ramelton and Milford, and only five miles from sea to sea. First, there is a picturesque valley with the pretty seats of Claragh (— Watt, Esq.), and Ballyarr (Captain Hill), then Lough Fern and its circumference of four miles in the heart of a lovely country all the way to

Milford.—Here the visitor must pause to explore the Bunlin, a river which pursues a romantic course until it forms a fine cascade at the Golden Loup. From the back of the inn the stranger is greeted by

The Mulroy, an estuary which for irregularity of coastline is hardly equalled anywhere. To explore this inlet of the great Atlantic, so striking and so full of various incident, go to Carrigart by the road that keeps along the western shore of the bay of whose calm waters, and bold, broken shores a splendid prospect may thus be gained. Leaving Milford, therefore, on this journey, the visitor soon descends into the shadow of Cratloe Wood, on the shore of the Mulroy.

The Murder of Lord Leitrim.—Here at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd April, 1878, the notorious Lord Leitrim, as he drove with his servant and clerk from Manor Vaughan, received a sudden check from an armed band, who in the name of a tenantry, long smarting under the lash of his arbitrary laws, commanded him to prepare for instant death. He answered the ringleader at once by a discharge of fire-arms, when in a few seconds the old man with his gray hairs streaming in the wind, was literally slaughtered, and his mangled body flung into the ditch. The terrible deed produced a most profound sensation over the kingdom, but the murderers escaped. The place selected was the most suitable that could be imagined for the purpose. All the circumstances seemed to favour them; they were supposed to have come up the Mulroy in the early dawn, when the tide and wind were favourable, and found a place for their boat in a dark recess, where it could not be seen. Lord Leitrim had left his house that particular morning half an hour earlier than his usual time for starting, and if he had not done so, the police on patrol from Milford would most probably be on the spot, or quite near to it when the murder took place.

The chorus of condemnation for Lord Leitrim's treatment of his serfs was general, and over his estates, as well as in the neighbouring districts there seems to have been a universal feeling of relief on his being removed. We read of a Roman noble, who had his thousand white slaves, whom he could drive to market and sell, whom he could flog until they expired, and we sicken at the thought. But the day has come when the reader may peruse with deep indignation the account of the Irish noble, who scourged his thousand tenants with scorpions, and had it in his power to turn them out any day to die by the roadside. Lord Leitrim pushed his distorted notion of "landlord's rights" to cruel extremities. Even ludicrous instances of this are related. On his property there was a rule in force by which everything that was yielded up by the great deep, and floated in upon the sea-board of the estate, belonged to the lord of the soil. It happened that a dead horse was flung upon the beach, and the skin of the animal sold by a tenant. The fact came to the ears of the landlord, when he insisted on the skin being brought back and placed in his possession. His lordship was the patron as well as manager of fourteen or fifteen National Schools on his estates, and in that capacity he governed teachers and pupils with a rod of iron. One of his hobbies was to prohibit absolutely the children from having books for home-use. What is called the Home Lesson was an unknown scholastic resource to the poor children of his schools. He used to defend this extraordinary regulation on three grounds—1st, the children, he said, were unable to buy books—a strange reason, when it is well-known that the



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

pupils of the National Schools throughout the country purchase, according to the returns of the National Board, upwards of £30,000 worth of school-books and requisites as a rule every year ; 2nd, the children, he said, had no time for the use of lesson-books at home, as every moment when not actually at school, should be devoted to the work of their parents' farms, farmyards and households ; and 3rd, that if the children conned over and learned their lessons at home, the teachers, who were paid for their work, would have nothing to do in their schools. Yet this eccentric nobleman, one would think, ought to be mindful of the fact that the building-up of his own family to its peerage in 1783, was begun by a man, who decidedly won in the race of life by his brains, and not by his arms, however powerful they may have been. This was Daniel Clements, who accompanied Cromwell to Ireland as a Cornet, in one of those sanctimonious regiments who sought the Lord by the light of their pistol shots. He left an only son, who held the lucrative office of Deputy Treasurer for Ireland, and his children's children rapidly advanced into the front rank of the Irish landed aristocracy, not, as might be expected, from Daniel Clement's connection with the regicide chief, for, as far as the writer knows, the Leitrim estates have no place in the records of the Cromwellian Settlement.

But the oppressive system, pursued by the murdered Earl, was entirely reversed by his excellent nephew and heir. In the depth and breadth of his sympathy, he spent nearly all his time at Manor Vaughan in the midst of his struggling tenants, teaching and encouraging them to make their little farms more productive. Then turning a generous attention to the development of local resources, he lost

not a moment in framing plans and giving them practical effect. The fine steamship *Melmore* was soon built and launched at his own expense, to convert the waters of the Mulroy into a highway of commerce. This splendid vessel is plying regularly between Glasgow and Milford, while in the summer months she is employed for a few days at a time in conveying excursion parties to the various resorts round the North-west coast. With the same object, as well as to attract the rising current of tourist traffic, an hotel on the Scandinavian principle had its foundation laid near Downing's Bay. What a public loss, therefore, when this enlightened and benevolent Lord Leitrim was prematurely taken away for ever from the splendid projects he loved so well? No wonder the expression of sorrow for his early death last year found responsive echo in many an humble cottage in Donegal. This exhibition of tender feeling, as well as the vast throng of people and priests, who followed his funeral-car to the peaceful cemetery of the crumbling little Protestant church of Carrigart, Milford, show conclusively how a good Irish landlord lives in the affections of a grateful tenantry.

Carrigart.—Bidding farewell to Cratloe Wood, and its instructive lesson, the traveller hurries rapidly by Manor Vaughan over Cranford Bridge to the "Narrows" where the rushing tide leaps and frets through its contracted channel. Carrigart is the next halt, and the scene from it of rolling desert, swept by the wail of the melancholy ocean, produces a feeling of depression. This, however, is soon cheered by a bright parochial house, and a Catholic parish church, so spacious in its dimensions, and so ornate in its style, as to make it worthy of a Cathedral town. Then its internal

arrangements are very simple, but very devotional, and the scrupulous care with which they are kept, loudly proclaim "zeal for the glory of God's house" on the part of the presiding priest, whose heart seems to be as large as his presence is imposing. Not more than a mile from Carrigart is

The Buried Mansion of Lord Boyne.—Early in the 17th century Sir Frederick Hamilton, belonging, like the ancestors of the Duke of Abercorn, Barons Court, near Strabane, to one of the best and oldest families in Scotland, came to this country in the interests of King James I., and was presented with a very substantial settlement, chiefly in County Leitrim. Before casting his lot in Ireland he fought abroad, under the standard of the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, and felt so proud of the fact that he had his youngest son baptized with the name of the illustrious Swedish monarch. This Gustavus Hamilton grew up to be foremost in the defence of Enniskillen against the Jacobite forces, a Captain in the Williamite army of the Duke of Schomberg in 1689, and in command of a regiment at the Battle of the Boyne. He then served under General Ginkell, and distinguished himself at the capture of Athlone, where he also acted as Governor. After sitting as a commoner in the first Parliament of Queen Anne, he was, in 1717, raised to the House of Lords as Viscount Boyne, in the peerage of Ireland.

The noble Lord's estates in Donegal included Rossgull, which in those days, as far as the eye could reach, rejoiced in the highest state of cultivation and prosperity. Here on Rosapenna, clothed with the richest verdure, stood for many a day, in all the pomp of that time, the seat of Lord Boyne. The state apartments and lofty halls, on the first

floor, opened into a velvet lawn, laid out in terraces, and studded with rare Italian sculpture ; while the shaded avenues, the teeming garden, the luscious fruit, the soft-smelling flowers, and the spreading park, gave the impression, especially in that remote region, of Oriental luxury. So sweet, indeed, was the vegetation all round that his Lordship, on coming home, after his usual morning walk among the hills, invariably found his boots dripping with wild honey. But at present all this proud and flourishing existence is like the grave of a "buried city." In little more than a hundred years, Lord Boyne's display at Rosapenna has disappeared beneath the waves of red sand, leaving only a few pieces of broken masonry to record its fate. "For miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure, but hills and dales, and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface, of one uniform flesh-like hue."

It would appear that one of the Lords Boyne was so dominated with the hatred of the old faith that, in the persecuting spirit of the age, he determined to expel all his Catholic tenants from the homes of their fathers. This terrible purpose was so strong upon him that, on a certain occasion, when leaving home for his place in the Irish House of Lords, he vowed "to make the Papists in Rossgull as sparse there as the eagles." A few weeks afterwards, during a heated debate, he flung across the benches a remark, so cutting, that the Catholic Peer to whom it was addressed, seizing his chair, in a fit of fury, hurled it at the head of Lord Boyne, smashing his skull, and scattering the brains over the floor. Such is one of the traditions, common in Rossgull, and told quite recently to the writer as he stood

amidst the ruins of Rosapenna. According to my informant, it was this occurrence that caused members' seats in the old Parliament House of College Green to be made fast to the floor with strong iron chains! The glory of Lord Boyne has departed from Rossgull, but its fine Celtic population, so far from being extirpated, is spreading its wings like the eagles. There is at present great joy among them for having given, within the last few months, to the Catholic Church a great Prince; to Ireland her only Cardinal; and to the Primatial see of Armagh its first Cardinal, since the foundation of St. Patrick, in the middle of the 5th century.

Rosapenna Hotel.—About ten minutes' drive from this scene of fallen greatness, you are, with agreeable surprise, ushered into a spacious suite of drawing, dining, coffee, reading, and billiard rooms, with large sleeping accommodation attached, on the most approved modern principle; lawn tennis, and the best natural golf links in the country. This is the Rosapenna Hotel, just opened by the trustees of the good Earl Leitrim, who, dying not long ago a comparatively young man, left to his son and heir what is infinitely more valuable than his coronet, namely, the bright example of a compassionate landlord. Stepping from the lofty verandah of this comfortably equipped Scandinavian structure, the visitor may saunter for miles on a pleasantly sanded beach, listening to the voices from the great deep, and inhaling the purest air in the whole world. The numerous lakes and rivers on the estate afford as much of gentle exercise as a jaded system may desire, while one day in each week the new fast screw boat, *Melmore*, leaves Downing's Pier close by for an excursion round the coast to Portrush, and a well-appointed coach plies every week day

between the Hotel and Rathmullen, which is about one hour from Londonderry. Thus by leaving Dublin or Belfast with the limited mail in the morning, one can lunch in Derry, then proceed by train and steam ferry to Rathmullen. Here at 3 p.m. the Rosapenna conveyance is waiting to whisk you off during three hours' fast trotting through a shifting panorama of bold but delightful scenery to the Hotel. The arrival is timed for a dinner, prepared, in every way *a la mode*, by a French *chef*, under the intelligent

management of Mr. and Mrs. Wain, who are sure to make your stay more than comfortable at the very moderate charge of 10s. 6d. per day.



Fanad of the Galloglasses.—From Carrigart the tourist shall again seek the

Mulroy shore by the nearest way. Crossing the ferry from Lowertown, let him follow the road on the eastern side, traversing Fanad, the land of the Galloglasses, “the MacSwines of the axes” (see page 84, *et seq.*). Fanad in the beginning was the property of the sept of the O'Breslans, descendants of Connaing, third son of Conall-Gulban, sovereign of Tyrconnell. The O'Breslans, however, were succeeded by the MacSwines, who established themselves there in formidable strength at an early period. “Physically speaking, Fanad is intersected by three short ranges of hills, running across the peninsula, viz., the Rathmullen

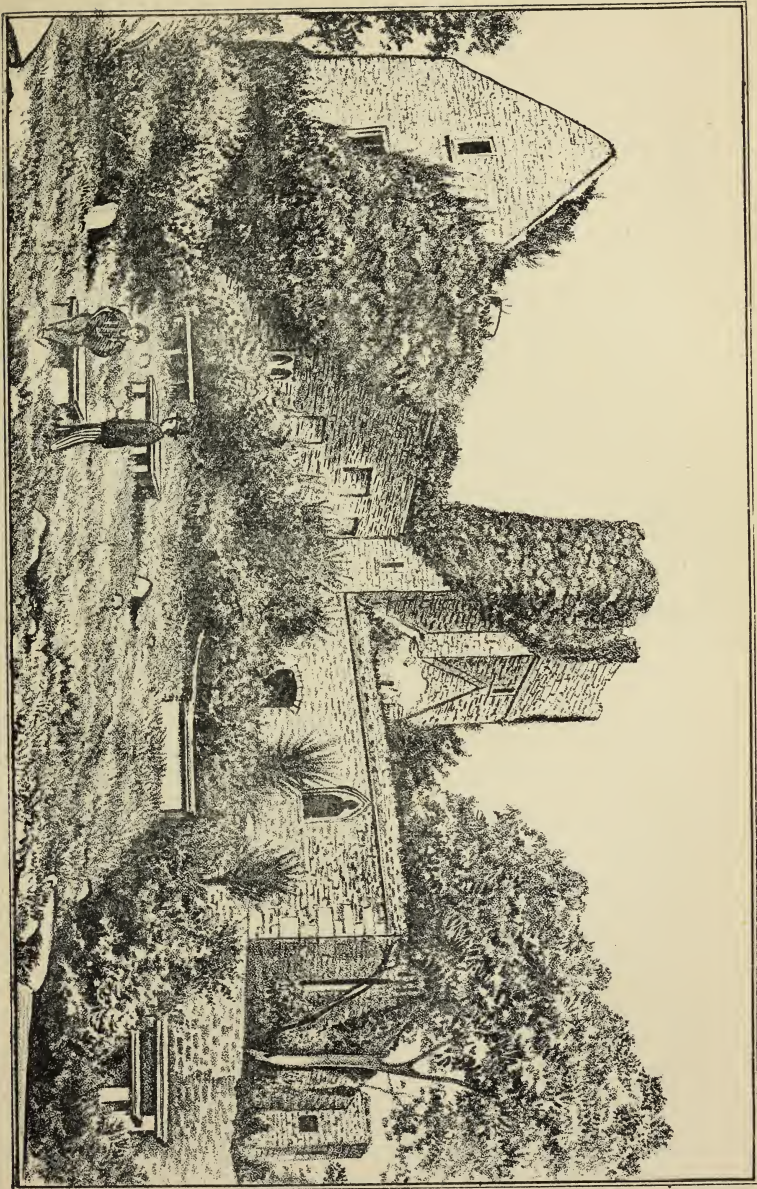
range, the Knockalla Hills, which attain to a height of 1,200 feet; and a still more northerly group about 800 feet" (*Murray*). The road skirting the base of Knockalla, and keeping close to the sea-shore, abounds in all the incident of exciting coast scenery, and mountain ranges away to the left. About a mile or so from Rosnakill, on an inlet of the Mulroy, opposite Tamney, is Moross Castle, one of the many fortresses that belonged to the MacSwines. Some two miles from this near Kindrum, the mountain of Cashelmore presents a height of 560 feet, from which it is easy to survey the old tower of Melmore, commanding the entrance to the Mulroy. Below, at the foot of Cashelmore, is a farmhouse, from which the historic Miss Patterson emigrated to America in the beginning of this century, and was there led to the altar by Jerome Bonaparte, who swore to cherish her as his wife till death did them part. But his brother, the great Napoleon, presuming to dissolve the marriage tie, ordered a divorce, and Mrs. Bonaparte bore the wrong with edifying resignation until her death, at a ripe old age, in the land of her adoption.

Portsalon or Croughross.—The pedestrian should now proceed northwards by one of the pathways to explore the cliffs at Rinmore Point, and continue on to the light-house (ninety feet above high water) on Fanad Head. Turning down along the coast, after stopping at Doagh to examine one of the most primitive native villages it is possible to conceive, he will find himself in good time to rest his weary limbs in the neat little hotel, opened a few years ago at Portsalon or Croughross. The house, though it does not pretend to much, is exceedingly comfortable, and in the centre of all the attractions to be seen in this land of

wonders. It is built near the beach of golden sand on Ballymackstoker Bay, where the frigate *Saldanha* was wrecked in 1811, whose captain, the Hon. W. Pakenham, has his tomb in front of the old Abbey at Rathmullen. The coast scenery is particularly fine, especially at the *Seven Arches*, a series of marine caves, accessible by land. The visitor, who is not disposed to make the walking tour, which has just been sketched, can reach Portsalon by the car-road running from Rosnakil, or Kerrykiel on the Mulroy, across the peninsula, and from this pleasant hotel in due time direct his course southward.

The Lake of Shadows.—Leaving the Knockalla Battery on the way, and looking up and down the Lough, one rests his eyes with welcome on its heaving bosom, in which, with marvellous precision, are reflected those crowding visions of cloud, sunshine, and sylvan pomp, that make the Swilly in reality what it is in name, the “Lake of Shadows.” Close on the right are the Knockalla heights, whose broken summit-line and numerous off-shoots give grandeur and variety to the soft beauty of the landscape, while on the left there is a receding glimpse of the Inishowen sea-board, and mountains in the background, culminating in Slieve Snaght. Near Lamb’s Head Bay at the village of Drumhallagh, there is a tolerably perfect Giant’s Bed, formed of large flat stones, placed on their edge. From Lamb’s Head Bay, the road descends into a warm country, skirting Kinnegar strand, and, first passing Fort Royal then the “sweet home” of T. Batt, Esq., you enter

Rathmullen (Hotel: *Denny’s*; pop. 500), a little town, charmingly placed on the very margin of Swilly’s gay shore. Behind is a range of hills, the highest point of



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

which, Crockanaffrin, is 1,137 feet. It is worth while to make an excursion to the top of Croaghan (1,010 feet), which is nearer, in order to gaze on the indentations which put the traveller in mind more of Norwegian fiords than of Irish scenery. In the town are the ruins of an Abbey in tolerable preservation, thus forming an exception to the rule of thorough "rooting up," which has been pursued with vandal effect towards the most venerable of the ancient Ecclesiastical establishments in Tyrconnell. This was originally a Carmelite priory, and exhibits some fine specimens of pointed Gothic, while over the east window there is still to be seen a striking figure of St. Patrick—life size.

Adjoining the priory are the remains of a strongly built castle, and in one of its gables a slab is inserted with the armorial bearings of the MacSwines of Fanad, sculptured on it, showing thereby the seat to have been the ancestral home of that family, once so powerful in these parts. In 1618 Turlogh Oge MacSwine was compelled to hand over possession of this castle, with its manor and appurtenances, to Dr. Knox, just appointed Protestant Bishop of Raphoe, who introduced many improvements after the Tudor style, to make it a place befitting his rank and high office.

Flight of the Earls.—It was while dining one day in 1588 in this castle with his friend, MacSwine of Fanad, that the gallant Red Prince, heir presumptive to the throne of Tyrconnell, was treacherously spirited away by the English Lord Deputy in Ireland, and lodged as hostage in a prison cell at Dublin (see p. 47). But some nineteen years later the little town of Rathmullen witnessed another incident far more important and far more touching than the kidnapping

of the young Hugh Roe O'Donnell. This is known as "the Flight of the Earls," and chronicled by the Four Masters in the following passage :—"A ship carried from Rathmullen the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Ferdorah) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Manus), and many other nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons—Hugh the Baron, John and Brian. . . . These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely Caffar, his brother, with his sister Nuala, Hugh the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old ; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Caffar. . . . They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross in Autumn (1607). This was a distinguished company, and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritance until their children should arrive at the age of manhood ! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the counsel that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should to the end of their lives be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies " (*Annals*, A.D. 1607).

Sir John Davis or Davies, who accompanied Lord Deputy Chichester in a careful inspection of Ulster, and was one of the first two English Sheriffs, appointed for that province, concludes his curious narrative of "The Flight of the Earls" with a few pregnant words. The difficulties England had

to contend with in conquering Tyrone (Earl O'Neil) are there acknowledged with all the frankness of a generous foe :—"As for us that are here," he says, "we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majesty of the law and civil government hath banished Tyrone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe and the expense of two millions of sterling pounds, had not been able to bring to pass." The memorable event came about in this way. Upon the failure of the Earl of Essex (1600) to crush the rebellion in Ulster, Lord Mountjoy was entrusted with the task, and the discomfiture of the O'Donnell and O'Neil at Kinsale, towards the end of 1601 (page 65, *et seq.*) gave him an advantage which he did not fail to make the most of. He established a network of strongly-garrisoned fortresses all over the north, and employed a large force during the summer in laying waste the country. A famine followed, the details of which make one's blood run cold. Fynes Morrison, who acted as Mountjoy's secretary, relates many harrowing instances of this direful visitation, such as his having seen families near Newry, maddened with the pangs of hunger, roasting the bodies of their children on piles of burning timber in the fields, and feasting like cannibals on this human flesh. He adds :—"And no spectacle was more common in the ditches and towns, and especially on door-steps sometimes, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured green from eating nettles, dockings, and all things they could rend up above the ground." Cox in his history, speaking of the same scourge, says the famine during the siege, and taking of Jerusalem by the Romans, was not greater than what took place

in Ireland at this time. Thus the black flag kept floating over the fair plains of Ulster until the proud spirit of its humbled chieftains was so completely subdued that they felt the terrible fate of their perishing subjects, demanded giving in with honour. While in this frame of mind, Rory O'Donnell, in the winter of 1603, as we are told by the Four Masters, received a message from Mountjoy requesting him to come to terms, for news arrived that his brother had died in Spain, and it would be a tremendous responsibility if he held out any longer. Rory called his advisers to consider with him what he ought to do, when some of them said the report of Red Hugh's death was not true, but fabricated to deceive. Others asserted the contrary, and, therefore, deemed it prudent to accept the overtures of ratifying a peace, which was accordingly done. On the 14th of December, 1603, Rory O'Donnell made his submission to the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, who soon afterwards accompanied him to London, where he was received with great distinction by James I. By the settlement agreed upon, Donegal shall be subjected henceforth to the administration of English law; but O'Donnell was to remain in possession of his sway, with the title of Earl of Tyrconnell, which though conferred on his grandfather, Manus, sixty-one years ago by Henry VIII., remained in abeyance until the present. O'Neil accepted the same terms as well as the confirmation of his Earldom of Tyrone, with which Conn Bacagh O'Neil had been invested in 1542, and both Tyrone and Tyrconnell returned to Ireland.

They soon felt that cupidity, jealousy, religious intolerance, and other kindred passions warred against them, the treaty of peace notwithstanding. Though continuing for

a few years to pick their steps with the utmost caution, they found themselves so unexpectedly and so alarmingly confronted with the terrible accusation of conspiring to murder the Lord Deputy and to set Dublin Castle on fire, that they deemed it necessary to fly with their lives from their native land, as swiftly and secretly as possible. The fact of this hideous charge being trumped up by Robert Cecil (Earl Salisbury) the English Secretary of State at the time, to compass the destruction of the last of poor Ireland's ancient chieftains, is stated by Dr. Anderson, a learned English divine, in his *Royal Genealogies*, published in London, 1736. At p. 786, he writes:—"Artful Cecil employed one St. Lawrence to entrap the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, the lord Delvin, and other Irish chiefs, into a sham plot, which had no evidence but his. These chiefs however, being warned that informers were to be hired against them, foolishly fled from Dublin, and so taking guilt upon them, they were declared rebels, and six counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the Crown, which was what the Crown wanted." Cecil's agent, in fastening this wicked imputation round the necks of its unsuspecting victims, was, it appears, St. Lawrence of the Howth family, who, by arrangement, dropped at the door of the Privy Council Chamber an anonymous letter, mentioning the conspiracy, and pointing to the two Northern Earls as its authors. Thus it happened, that early in September, 1607, a packet was delivered to the O'Neil, while on a visit with the Lord Deputy at Slane. He took leave abruptly of his host, and hastened to the shore of Lough Swilly, where the O'Donnell met him, when the two with their families, under cover of the darkness, rowed out from Rathmullen to a trading vessel, made

ready to start, and bade adieu for ever to their inheritance. They landed in a Norman port, and here agents of the English government, demanded their surrender. Henry IV. of France however, declined to give them up, so that they made their way to Rome, where Pope Urban VIII. not only gave them a royal reception, but maintained them with princely hospitality.

Death of the Earl of Tyrconnell in Rome.—The earthly career of O'Donnell did not last long in the Eternal City. His heart, though cheered by this affectionate welcome of the Supreme Pontiff, was breaking, when he remembered his happy home in Tyrconnell. His health gave way so rapidly under this violent wrench of exile, that he expired in the following July, and two months later, his brother Caffar, went down also into the valley of death. It was very sad, and amongst Mangan's translations from the Irish, is a tender elegy, composed by the O'Donnell's own bard, Owen Roe MacWard, who accompanied the chieftain in his banishment. This touching poem is addressed to the high-minded sister of the O'Donnell, who parted with her degenerate husband, Nial Garry, when he sold himself to the English (see p. 56). The bard finds this queenly woman in solitary grief at the grave of her illustrious brother, in San Pietro, in Montorio (St. Peter's Hill at Rome), where so many loving hearts congregated quite recently, on the occasion of the Irish Pilgrimage. MacWard's poetic soul is deeply moved, and he breaks forth into the following inspiration ;—

“O woman of the piercing wail,
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
 With sigh and groan,
 Would to God thou wert among the Gael !
 Thou wouldst not then from day to day
 Weep thus alone.



'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tyrconnell one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirches banner's wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!

.

Then daughter of O'Donnell, dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope, and wordly care
Its groans to God!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!



Look down upon our dreary state,
 And through the ages that may still
 Roll sadly on,
 Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
 And shield at least from darker ill
 The blood of Conn!"

Poor Nuala! she also left her bones in the same holy ground on the Janiculum within the shadow of "the dome of Peter." Tyrconnell's infant and only son grew up to be on the staff of the Spanish Archduchess at Brussels in 1619, but while yet very young he met with a melancholy end in drowning. The direct male issue of the great O'Donnell was thus irretrievably cut off, for the Red Prince when he breathed his last in Valladolid (see page 68) at the early age of 29, left no son, then the only boy of his third brother, Caffar, by Lady Rose O'Doherty, did not live to propagate his noble race, and Manus, fourth and last brother, while yet unmarried, was foully murdered by his brutal and jealous cousin, Nial Garv.

Romantic history of Mary O'Donnell.—Rory's wife, Bridget, daughter of Henry, Earl of Kildare, being near her confinement, at the time of "the flight," was considered a bad subject for the hardships of an exciting chase across the stormy seas that divide Donegal from the Continent. It was, therefore, arranged that she should wait until the clouds rolled by, and seek her husband abroad by easy stages. The secret, however, transpired when the Countess of Tyrconnell on attempting to leave the country was intercepted by the authorities at Dublin, who had her watched and conducted to London, where, after a few weeks, her infant daughter was born and baptized as Mary. When the interesting news came to King James I., he determined to

befriend the helpless offspring of an ill-used and expatriated Irish chieftain, whom he recently learned to respect. Accordingly, the little stranger was carried into his august presence, formally taken under his sovereign protection, and invested with the name of his royal line. He directed that in future she shall be called Mary Stewart instead of Mary O'Donnell, and upon the mother, who was introduced on this auspicious occasion, his Majesty fixed a pension of £300 a year out of her husband's forfeited estates. How her features and distinguished bearing impressed him, is told by an eye-witness in a letter to Lord Shrewsbury:—"She kissed his Majesty's hand, and a sweeter face you never saw. Indeed, the king wondered her husband left so fair a face behind him."

When the appalling intelligence arrived of Tyrconnell's sudden passing away before the tomb of the Apostles, his widow cried bitterly, and refused to be comforted. Being invited into the King's presence, she poured out her anguish in much weeping, and pleaded for permission to withdraw with her tender charge for a few years into the native glens and mountains of her dear, departed husband, there to mourn his loss and mitigate her own great sorrow. The "fair face" and its raining tears prevailed, when the afflicted Countess lost no time in seeking the seclusion of far-off Donegal. Here the days and nights were affectionately given to forming the character of her little Mary, whose first lesson consisted in lisping many a holy name and aspiration, consecrated to Catholic prayer. Then as the child's ideas began to shoot her tender intelligence was duly impressed with the story of her beloved father's reign, his devotion to, and sacrifices for the old faith, the confiscation

of his chieftaincy, his banishment, and lonely death in a foreign land. Night after night as the orphan listened to the music of her fond mother's voice in narrating the links of this pathetic tale, she sobbed herself to sleep, and the visions of what she heard deepened into indelible memories.

Twelve years were spent happily in this retirement when the mother became Countess of Kingsland, and the daughter, by direction of James I., was brought back to London under the wings of her wealthy grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Kildare, who stood high in the King's confidence. After a few years Mary Stewart's promising girlhood blossomed, and shone in the society of the Court, where she moved by favour of the Monarch. The fragrance of her mother's prayerful training not less than the striking resemblance she bore to the two great families from which she sprung, as well as the Royal dowry, which was sure to come, won the heart of many a gilded youth, whose pedigree was only inferior to Princes of the blood. She had a series of brilliant offers of marriage which were quickly rejected. There was, however, one not to be so lightly treated, for it came with all the weight of the Dowager Countess of Kildare's recommendation and, pressed by the King, with the promise of a marriage portion quite regal in its munificence. But the incomparable young nobleman in question was a Protestant, and the daughter of the proud O'Donnell regarded "a mixed marriage" on her part as false to her cherished religion, an insult to her father's memory, as well as a stain on the fair escutcheon of her ancient family. She, therefore, firmly but respectfully declined, and the importunities, as well as the Royal threats

that followed, made her heart sore. Often from the depths of its anguish did she cry, "Had I not better run away from this temptation of the world's splendour than be unfaithful to holy Church, and dishonour the traditions of my noble race?" In one of these distressing paroxysms a secret message came to her from Constantine O'Donnell, and Hugh O'Rorke—near relatives—to the effect that being compromised some years ago in the mad rebellion of poor young O'Doherty, they had just been dragged prisoners from Ireland, and lodged in the Tower of London. Here they were actually awaiting certain death unless she, through her Court connections, effected their deliverance. She succeeded in doing so, and the suspicion, directed upon her by this dangerous venture, assumed such grave consequences that a powerful friend, who knew the situation, trembled for her head. In a stolen interview he showed conclusively that to save her life there was nothing for it but either obey the King by marrying his choice, or fly immediately beyond the reach of the English Government. She elected to go, and having taken her faithful maid, as well as a Catholic young lady friend into confidence, they formed a plan of starting without delay for Brussels. After midnight three fleet horses were posted at an appointed place in a quiet London suburb, where the fugitives presented themselves in male attire as Mr. Randolph Huntly and Mr. James Hill, two young English gentlemen, with their valet, Richard Shalsi. Slowly and as noiselessly as possible the open country was gained when the travellers pushed forward in a quick gallop to a wayside inn, where fresh horses carried them out of the range of pursuit just as Aurora was appearing. From this point the journey was pursued for some days with a

sense of comparative security, and slackened pace, until, after a succession of exciting and narrow escapes from detection, the interesting party arrived within easy distance of Bristol. Here they shipped for an obscure port on the French coast ; but the channel was so rough, and the sailing craft pitched so badly that they experienced great difficulty in preserving their incognito. From their landing stage on the other side to Paris, no cause for serious alarm occurred, and still less from Paris to Brussels, where the central figure had the supreme happiness of meeting for the first time, her brother, the boyish Earl of Tyrconnell, then in the suite of the Infanta Isabella, who governed the Low Countries for Spain (see p. 272). Mary Stewart, or rather O'Donnell, on being introduced by her brother to his Royal Mistress, received an affectionate welcome, with all the honours due to her high rank. In the archducal palace she was at once proclaimed a confessor of the faith, and the story of her sufferings or adventures in that capacity, got noised in every Catholic Court throughout Europe, so that its echo after reverberating along the banks of the Tiber, came back to the heroine in the following paternal congratulations of the then Roman Pontiff :—" Urban VIII. to our daughter in Christ, Mary Stewart, Princess of Tyrconnell, greeting ; health and Apostolical benediction. The sacrilegious mouth must be at length closed, which has dared to affirm, that the inspiration of Christianity enervates the soul, and checks the generous emotions of the heart. You, our dear daughter, have given to the world a proof of the contrary, and have shown what strength and courage are imparted by the true faith ; how superior to all dangers, and to the very efforts of Hell itself. This heroic courage is

worthy the protection of Rome, and the praises which fame confers. Your horror of an alliance with a Protestant has been fully displayed, and resembles that terror which an apprehension of fire produces. The allurements of Court, and the menaces of its Sovereign, have tended only to excite your abhorrence of both. The sea and its accompanying dangers have placed no obstacle to your flight, the honour of which is more glorious than a triumph. Even though mountains were to be overwhelmed and buried in the deep, your confidence in the mercies of the Lord remained unshaken, and that country is now yours where religion is triumphant. You have succeeded in escaping from the English inquisitors, and, protected by angels, you have been preserved from every accident throughout your journey; accompanied by our paternal regards, you have arrived at the Court of the Infanta, where religion hath received you into its bosom. We, therefore, implore the Lord, who has been your support, to reward you as your virtues have merited. We write with a hope of dispelling the remembrance of your fatigue and sufferings which are worthy to be envied since they have earned for you a crown of glory. Receive our most tender benedictions, and as you have abandoned both relatives and country in obedience to the love for Jesus Christ and us, receive also our assurance that instead of exile you have found a mother who loves you tenderly—you yourself know that such is the name and character of the Roman Church; she will cherish you as her worthy daughter who does honour to the British Isles.

“Given at St. Peter’s, under the Fisherman’s Ring, on the 13th February, 1627, the fourth year of our Pontificate.”

This sensational episode in the life of the last of Earl

Tyrconnell's children, so interested the learned Dr O'Donovan that he had it translated from the French of the Abbè MacGeoghan into his own editorial notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*. His conclusion is that Mary Stewart is the daughter of Rory O'Donnell, mentioned by Lodge in his *Peerage*, as the first wife of Luke Plunkett, created Earl of Fingall on the 28th September, 1628.

The Great O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone.—The renowned Tyrone broke down also very soon in exile. The shock of losing O'Donnell so soon made a serious inroad on the declining strength of his old age. As early as 1616, a few years only since the green shores of the Swilly faded for ever from his tearful vision, a funeral procession wound its mournful way up the steep ascent leading to San Pietro in Montorio, and there consigned the remains of the great Earl O'Neil to dust in the grave next to that of Tyrconnell, the partner of his flight. His obituary is thus noticed in the *Annals*:—"O'Neill (Hugh), son of Ferdoragh, who was styled Earl of Tyrone at the parliament of 1585, and was afterwards styled O'Neill, died at an advanced age, after having passed his life in prosperity and happiness, in valiant and illustrious achievements, in honour and nobleness. The place at which he died was Rome, on the 20th of July, after exemplary penance for his sins, and gaining the victory over the world and the devil. Although he died far from Armagh, the burial-place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life, that the Lord permitted him no worse burial-place, namely, Rome, the head city of the Christians. The person who here died was a powerful, mighty lord, with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike,

valorous, predatory, enterprising lord in defending his religion and his patrimony against his enemies ; a pious and charitable lord, mild and gentle with his friends, fierce and stern towards his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority ; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period ; a lord with the authority and praiseworthy characteristics of a prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity to prevail during his reign, and had kept all under the law as was meet for a prince."

His Countess, the daughter of Macgennis, Lord Iveagh, was a most holy and accomplished person, and lived after him for many years. He married her after the death, in 1596, of his second wife, Mabel, the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, who succeeded his father as Marshal of the English military occupation in Ireland. The match was most objectionable to the head of her family, and in order to prevent it the young lady had been removed from her home in Newry to her sister, the wife of Sir Patrick Barnwell, at Dublin. The O'Neil followed, and while engaged successfully in disarming the suspicion of her friends, his fiancée disappeared, and having joined him at the time and place appointed, they were duly united in the bonds of matrimony, with all the solemnity of religion. The Marshal stormed to no purpose, and gave vent to his feelings thus :—"Having procured the good-liking of the girl, he (O'Neil) took advantage of her years, and caused her to steal away with one William Warren, at whose house the Bishop of Meath stood in readiness and married them.

. . . I can but accurse myself and fortune, that my blood, which in my father and myself, has often been shed in repressing this rebellious race, should be now mingled with so traitorous a stock."

The first Lady O'Neil was Joanna, sister of Hugh Roe, and she died in 1590. The Earl's youngest child, Con, was so frail at the time of his father's escape that he had to be left behind. Lord Deputy Chichester, however, had him carefully shadowed; but after being in Eton for some years, the Tower became his enclosure, until he there succumbed to a severe attack of illness, or was murdered, as some strongly suspect. The second boy, Bernard, while at school in Brussels, had his vital spark put out by the hand of an assassin, evidently hired to do away with him (page 200). In 1600 Henry, the third son matriculated in the University of Salamanca, and after some time received the Knighthood of St. Iago, as well as the command of an Irish regiment in the Spanish service. The English Envoy, however, at the Court, intrigued against his advancement, so far as to deprive him of the hand of a noble and wealthy Spanish heiress. Though the exact year of his death does not appear, it is certain that he did not live long after coming of age. The eldest brother, John, was appointed to Henry's command, but fighting against the insurgents in Catalonia, he fell at St. Flew, and thus all the sons of the Great O'Neil passed away without issue.





FROM RATHMULLEN TO BUNCRANA.

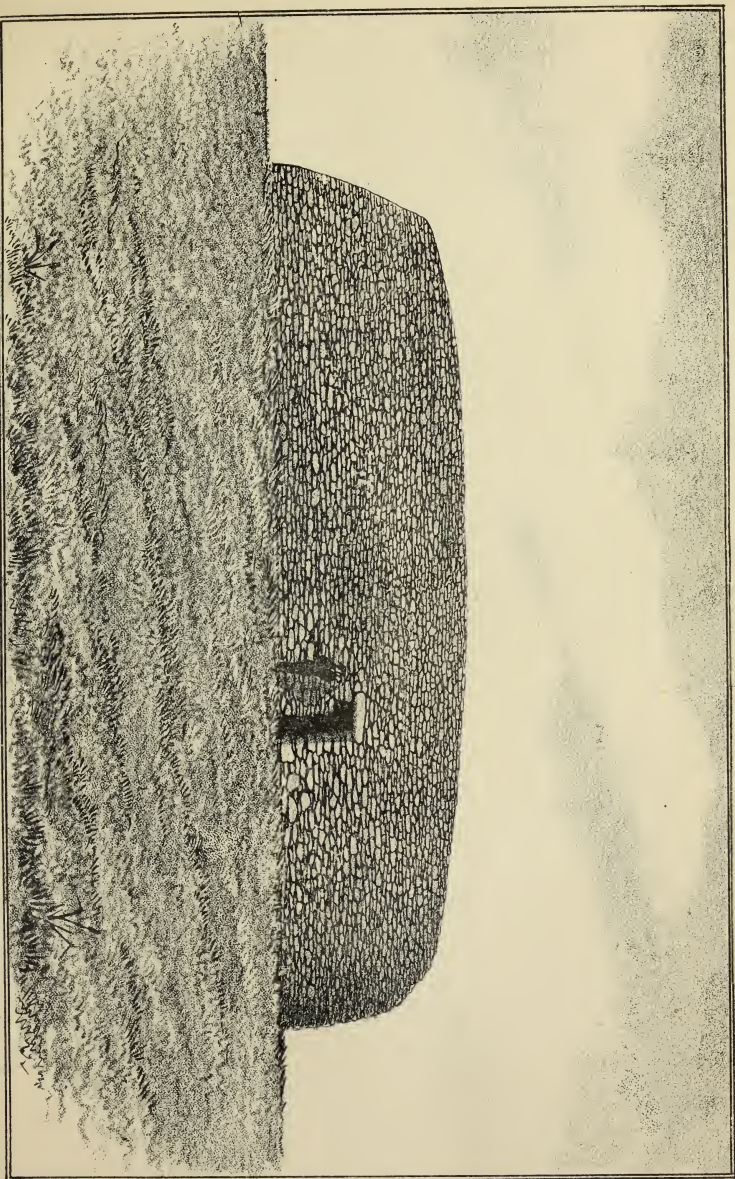
THE Abbey of Fahan.—From Rathmullen the tourist crosses the Lough by the steam-ferry to the pier, built in upon the valley of Fahan, so often mentioned in the Ecclesiastical records of Ireland :—"A.D. 657, Ceallach, son of Saran, Abbot of Otham-Mor died ; A.D. 716, a shower of silver fell here ; A.D. 757, Robhartach, son of Cuana, Abbot of Atham-Mor died" (*Annals*). From these entries it appears the Abbey of Fahan (Fatham) went by the name of Atham-Mor, and Otham-Mor. It was called Fatham (Fahan)-Mura from St. Mura or Muranus, who once governed it as abbot with extraordinary success, and left an illustrious name behind him. The life and character of St. Mura, the destruction of his monastery, and all its sacred belongings, are described at length and eloquently by Colgan in his *Acta Sanctorum* :—"In the Northern parts of Ulster in the peninsula, commonly called Inis-Eoghan, about the beginning of the 7th century, flourished a holy man, named Mura or Muranus, who was descended from most noble ancestors, but he far surpassed the nobleness of his family by the splendour of his virtues. Though this holy man is ranked among the chief Saints of his own province, so that even at this day, his memory and veneration flourish in the fresh observances of his festival among our people. Still we have not yet seen

his acts, which certainly were formerly in existence. I have, however, resolved to produce the very few notices, which I have collected about him in the following points. He derived his descent from the most illustrious family of the O'Neills (*i.e.*) Kinel-Owen, being the son of Fredacius. The father of Romanus was Eugenius (Owen), but this is not the Eugenius who was the great progenitor of the famous family (O'Neill), but his grandson by his son Muredacius, who for distinction sake, was surnamed Merchrom. The mother of St. Mura was called Derimilla, famous for her descent from the great rank of nobility ; but now renowned for the happy and blessed fruit of her womb. This fortunate woman was the mother of six children, who were all engaged in the service of God, and honoured by posterity with the veneration and respect of Saints, though all were not the fruit of one marriage. Their names were—St. Mura, Abbot of Fathan (Fahan); St. Mochurra, Abbot of Drumbo ; St. Cillenius of Aichadh-Cail ; St. Domangard, son of Eochadius, St. Ailanus or Ailevius, and St. Ardanus. Though the want of ancient monuments and the injury of time have withdrawn from us the knowledge of the masters and disciples, and the acts of this Saint, enough, however, remains to show that he was an abbot, and ruled a convent of monks in the monastery of Fathan (Fahan) in the diocese of Derry, at the distance of a few miles towards the West from the city of Derry. That monastery, which was endowed with much lands, was for several centuries held in great veneration both on account of the noble monuments of antiquity, which were preserved there until the time the heretics got possession of the place, when they with abhorrence and rabid fury, carried off and destroyed all its sacred things. But by the ravages of time,

and neglect of the rulers, that monastery, formerly celebrated, became afterwards delapidated and demolished, and at length a parish church. There existed one little book in which St. Mura had written, in the metre of his country's language, the Acts of St. Columbkille, and fragments of it are extant at this day, which are often quoted in other acts of the same Saint. There was also another large and very old manuscript of chronicles and other histories of the whole country, which was always held by antiquarians in great esteem, and often highly praised by them. Besides there were until lately various relics of St. Mura and of other Saints, who dwelt in the same place, but how many of them were saved from the fury of the heretics and preserved to the present time is altogether unknown to me, who am now living in Belgium, at a great distance from my native land, though formerly I was intimately acquainted with this very place. There remains at this day, and is preserved as a most valuable treasure, the crozier or pastoral staff of the holy Abbot, which is commonly called BUCHALL-MURA, the staff of Mura, studded over and adorned with gems, and enclosed in a case, which is gilt with gold. By this several miracles have been wrought, and on it were accustomed to swear the poor people, and the nobles, particularly those descended from the family of the O'Neills; in short, all those who wished to vindicate virtue and revenge falsehood, or to remove all ambiguity from their assertions, and terminate angry dissensions, by the solemnity of an oath. There existed also before the troubles of those times, the OFFICE, belonging to the Saint, of which we formerly saw fragments, and in which many of his virtues are recorded; but now neither in this nor in any other is to be found such docu-

ment in which his miracles and acts are to be seen. It is well to remark that St. Mura is the great patron of the family of the O'Neills, from whom he is descended, and that in the church of Fathan (Fahan) in the country of Inis-Eoghan, his festival is celebrated as the patron of the place, on this day, the 12th of March." Not a trace exists at present of this remarkable crozier of St. Mura, which Colgan mentions as having seen. It is idle to speculate as to what happened to it, but in all human probability it was brought to the Continent by some pious Catholic, or destroyed in the Revolution of 1688. Even St. Mura himself is now hardly known throughout the scene of his great triumphs. It is right, however, to state that much has been done on the spot to rescue the memory of Fahan's illustrious abbot and monastery from that effacement of which Colgan so loudly complains. Fahan in our day is clothed with the richest vegetation. It was a howling wilderness when the monks of St. Mura fixed themselves in its solitude, but soon a great abbey rose, and what was barren waste became green with heavy meadow, or yellow with golden corn. This is all that has come down of this historic institution. The venerable buildings, once the pride of Fahan, are dispersed or lying in the dust.

Grianan of Aileach.—Quitting the railway station at Fahan, the visitor in very little time arrives at BURT (page 205), where Greenan Hill rises 800 feet, and on its summit is the GRIANAN OF AILEACH (page 8). No one who knows anything of ancient Ireland will omit a visit to this enchanted dwelling of our early kings. As the word Grianan signifies a SUNNY CHAMBER, some have fancied that there was at one time here a temple dedicated to



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

the worship of the sun ; but this opinion seems to have no other foundation than the etymology of the word. It is certain that it was the principal palace of the Northern Hy-Niall Kings down to the twelfth century. It is a Cyclopean construction, consisting of a cashel, whose circle encloses an area seventy-seven feet in diameter. The fence is not vertical, but rises with a curved incline, and around the thick wall on the inside are galleries, beginning at the gateway, from which they are strongly separated, and embracing one-half the entire circumference, they are ascended from the interior. In the centre of the cashel is a small oblong building, which probably was a chapel, and a more recent erection than any other portion of the structure. On the outside, the cashel is defended by three extensive ramparts, running in concentric circles, and built of earth, mixed with lines of uncemented stones. During the last decade or more, Aileach's SUNNY CHAMBERS have been repaired as nearly as practicable on the old plan, at the expense of Dr. Bernard, of Derry, a gentleman, whose study of his country's ancient civilization, is evidently not of the cheap, sentimental kind, so common in these days. To this wonderful monument of ages, there is but one entrance, and from the bare round height above it, a fine and varied prospect spreads out. The visitor may behold again the blue pomp of Lough Swilly, and the pageantry of its shores already traced from the venerable, Killydonnell, on the opposite side. Southward, the view extends over the whole of the *Laggan* (low country), the district between Letterkenny and Derry. When Ith, the adventurous pioneer of the Milesians, sailed from Spain to seek "the land to the West" (Inisfail), it was on the shores

of the *Laggan* he landed, and here on the plain, called Magh-Ith after him, the Tuatha de Dannans attacked his army on march. Ith escaped to his ship, but not before he received a wound, that proved fatal, and was carried back to Spain. Then followed that second expedition, which led to the establishment of the Milesians in the land.

Legend of Aileach.—One of the most familiar legends of Inishowen is that a troop of Hugh O'Neil's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under the hill of Aileach, where the Princes of the country were formerly installed. These bold troopers only wait to have the spell removed in order to rush to the aid of their country, and a man (says the legend), who wandered accidentally into the cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and holding the bridles in their hands. One of these entranced warriors lifted his head, and asked, "Is the time come?" and when he received no answer—for the intruder was too much frightened to reply—dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old people about consider the story an allegory, and interpret it as they desire; the legend has inspired a stirring ballad beginning as follows :—

" God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal !
God bless royal Aileach the pride of them all ;
For she sits evermore like a queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valleys of green Inishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have known,
Enjoy the fair valleys of green Inishowen."

Rye or Ryemochy's ancient Cloister.—

Having thus gone over royal Aileach, and its wonderful relics, the industrious visitor could not do better than turn aside for a few hours in the direction of Manorcunningham.



About a mile from the village he will come upon BELLAGHAN, where the glory of Rye or Ryemochy's grand old cloister has departed, and the place is now occupied "by a spacious Gothic church, about which the people know nothing" (*O'Donovan*). A very beautiful incident in connection with Rye or Ryemochy's monastic fame is told by Colgan in his *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 510: "St. Cruthnecanus (the tutor of St. Columba)," he says, "was on a certain solemnity of our Lord's nativity, invited by the holy Bishop Brujacius, son of Degadius, to go to him at the Church of Rath-Enaigh, now Rye or Rye-mochy, in the territory of Tircvna. He did so, and brought with him the holy youth Columba. After they arrived the office was recited, but the holy Cruthnecanus, worn with old age and the fatigue of his journey, was obliged to stop in the middle of the Psalm, '*Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo*,' when the boy Columba, immediately took up the Psalm just where St. Cruthnecanus left off, and continued to recite his every alternate verse till the office was concluded, though he had never been taught to read this or any other Psalm." BALLAGHAN is the English for Baile-aghadh-chaoín (plain of the beautiful aspect), where in 1557 the aggressive attempts of the proud Shane O'Neil to bully his rival of Tyrconnell into subjection by force of arms, met with a signal repulse from the skilled generalship of Calvagh O'Donnell (page 44). Six years afterwards Calvagh

himself, while living in the same neighbourhood, was suddenly struck dead by the hand of God, chiefly, as people believed, for having behaved so badly towards his sagacious, pious, and eminent father, the chieftain Manus O'Donnell (page 46).

In their account of this awful occurrence the Four Masters mention a well *Cabhartach* as being in the vicinity. It is, no doubt, the same as the Tober-Slaun (healing-well) in the townland of Drimoghil. Ryemochy is now the name of the three parishes that make up the Laggan, and nowhere else in the province is "the Plantation of Ulster" more *en evidence*. To this day the district is almost entirely covered with the planters' descendants, of whom O'Donovan in his notes remarks that "probably the Scotch Murrays came from this territory, seeing that one of its most prominent leaders, in A.D. 1267, was Hugh O'Murray. Moreover, from an early period, a considerable number of the Tyrconnell families emigrated to Scotland, and returned with the plantation. They emigrated as MacSwines, MacLoughlins, &c., and they returned as Maxwells, MacClaynes, &c."

Inishowen.—Back from Manorcunningham to Burt, whence the tourist should proceed northward to spend a few days in INISHOWEN. This is the peninsula of Eoghan (Owen) or the O'Neill family (pages 11 and 84). They possessed it down to the fifteenth century, from which time the O'Dohertys, descendants of Conal-Gulban, were lords of the territory till 1610 when their young chief, Sir Cahir was slain in red rebellion against the English (page 204, *et seq.*). Leaving Burt or rather Burnfoot, the railroad from Derry keeps along the Swilly's shore until it enters.



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Buncrana—(Hotel:—*Heron's Commercial* ; pop. about 800), situated on the Lough, between the embouchures of two rivers, the Mill and Crana, which supply the angler with some agreeable pastime. Its harbour is practically without trade, and though Her Majesty's fleet might ride in safety within its waters, there is only a solitary guard-ship as a rule, and that stationed opposite Rathmullen. We are told by Lewis in his *Topographical Dictionary* that Buncrana was a place of comparative importance in the reign of Elizabeth, but declined until 1717, when it revived under the care of Sir John Vaughan, who built a modern castle there in connection with the old stronghold of the O'Dohertys, and laid out the grounds with their fine approach in the present picturesque form.

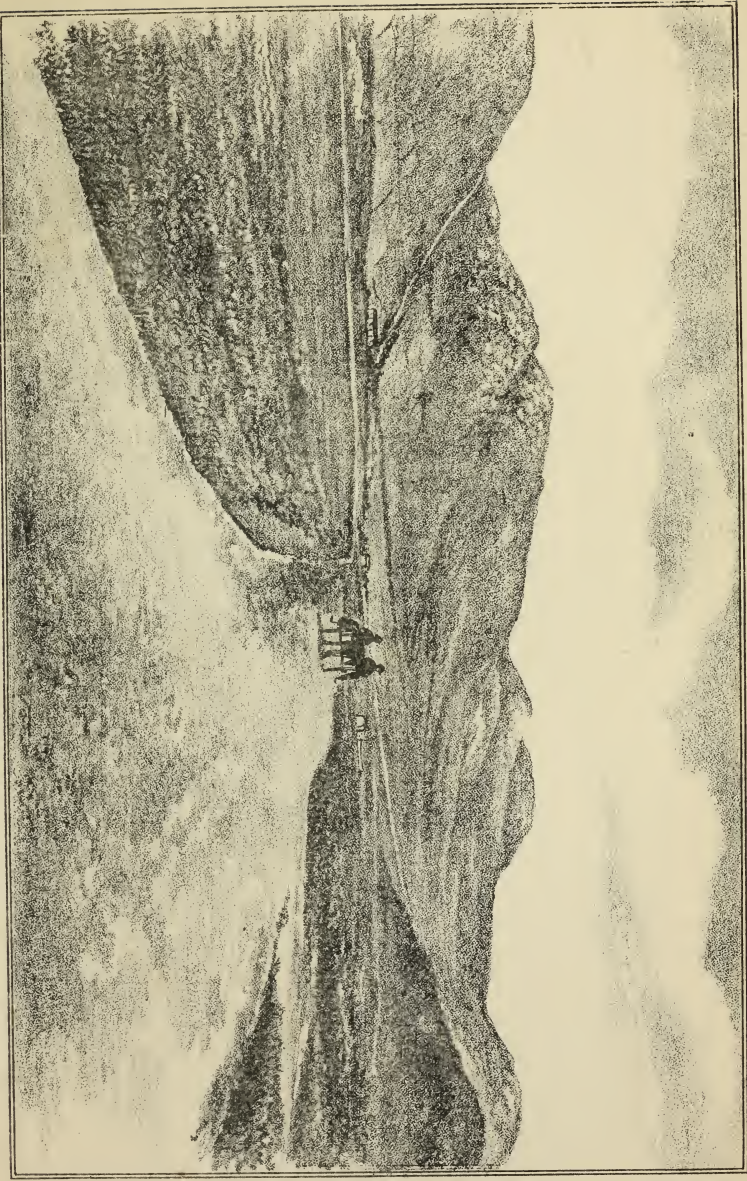




XII.—EXCURSION TO DUNREE, GAP OF MAMORE AND CLONMANY.

KEEPING along the base of Aghawell (1,106 feet) near the shore, and passing Linsfort, as well as the ruins of Ross Castle at Castleross bridge, the road at the seventh mile runs out to DUNREE HEAD (329 feet) where there is a fort commanding the entrance into Lough Swilly. The scenery here, and indeed all along to DUNAFF (622 feet) a noble headland, defending Lough Swilly from the Atlantic, is, indeed, very exciting. But, seeing that a good part of this precipitous journey is more suited to the pedestrian, let the general tourist on arriving at the Urris Hills make for the Gap of Mamore, and over the rough steep road ascend to the top of it, 760 feet.

Standing here, or still better on the peak of Raghtin More in front, one surveys a glorious prospect, extending in clear weather to the Paps of Jura and to Islay. The traveller having descended slowly from his watch-tower can lunch at CLONMANY, a village, with some wooded surroundings, and a tolerably good river for fishing. Clonmany is also a parish, and in it on the site of the old graveyard in the townland of Binnion, flourished in days of yore BOTHCONNAIS, where a holy and renowned community of monks occupied cells, edifying the country round with the sanctity of their lives, and keeping the lamp of learning



GAP OF MAMORE. CO. DONEGAL.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

burning brightly in this remote corner of the Island of Saints. In the *Acta Sanctorum* there is a very interesting chapter on this religious foundation, in which Colgan speaks with enthusiasm of its fame, and no better testimony than his on the subject, for he was born near it, and in his boyhood often sauntered within its ruins :—"Bothconnais," he says, "was formerly a great and celebrated monastery in the diocese of Derry. It stood in Inishowen, but the place is now profaned, and a great many of the books written by the hand of St. Melisa are still in the possession of some poor man in the neighbourhood." St. Melisa whom Colgan mentions as the ornament of Bothconnais belonged also to Inishowen, and to the royal stock of Eugene. His family gave many distinguished ecclesiastics to the churches of Derry and Armagh. His learning was of the same high order as his holiness of life, for he wrote a number of very remarkable books as Colgan states. But not one of them can be found, nor in the neighbourhood does there appear to be any clue to their whereabouts.

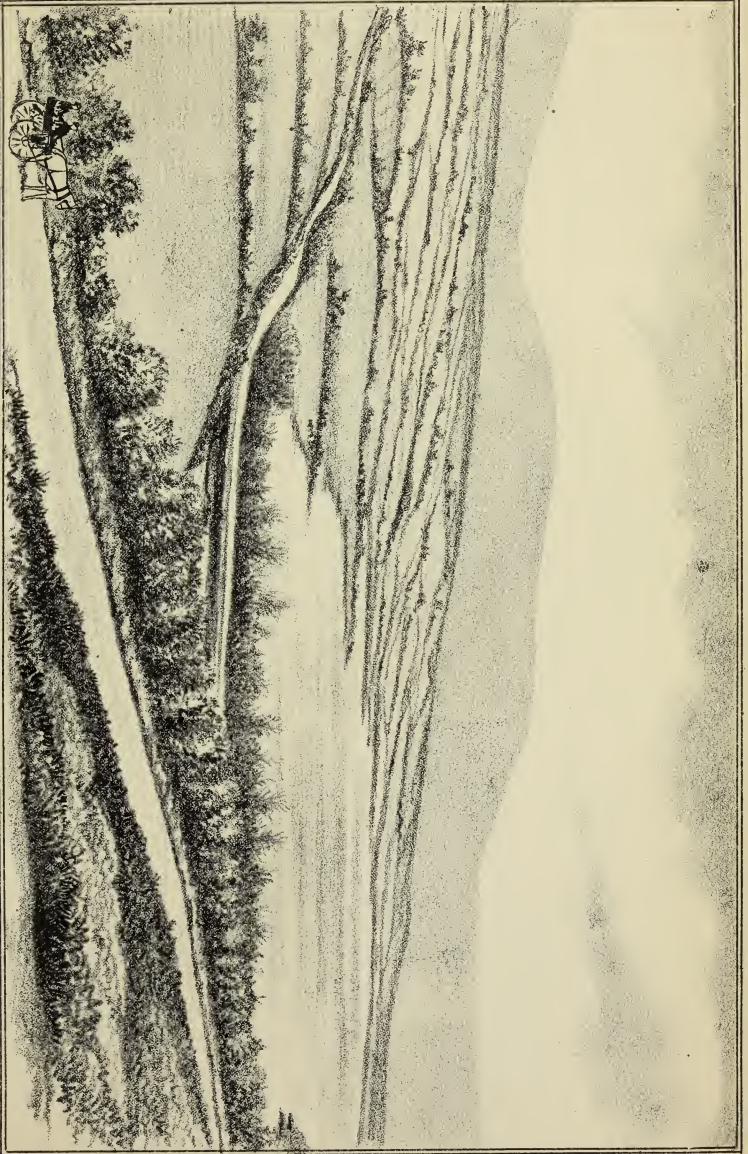




BUNCRANA TO MOVILLE.

THE distance from CLONMANY to BUNCRANA is ten and a-half miles, yet it will repay the visitor to return to Buncrana for the night, in order to start from there early in the morning for Carndonagh, and thus have an opportunity of seeing the pretty Mintiagh's Lough, basking in the sunshine of its natural charms. Leaving Buncrana, therefore, the direct way to Carndonagh is inland, by the left bank of the Owen Crana for some three miles. The road then runs into the heart of the mountains, holding its way by Mintiagh's Lough, with Slieve Snaght (2,019 feet) on the left, which is easily climbed, if one be so minded, and at the end of the twelfth mile reaches

Carndonagh—(Hotels :—*O'Doherty Arms, Canny's*; pop. 720), "a neat little town, which chiefly supplies the commissariat of the Inishowen district. There is, however, but little to see here save a fine cross in the churchyard" (*Murray*), or rather opposite the church, at the corner of a lane, half-a-mile from the town to the west. Cardonagh is the capital of the parish of Donagh in which, Rev. John Colgan, the learned Franciscan, was born (pages 81 and 292). In one of his notes to the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick he mentions the fact, for speaking there of Donagh, he adds:—"This was formerly an Episcopal See, of which the first Prelate was MacCarten, brother of the Bishop of Clogher. *In the lands of this very Church*

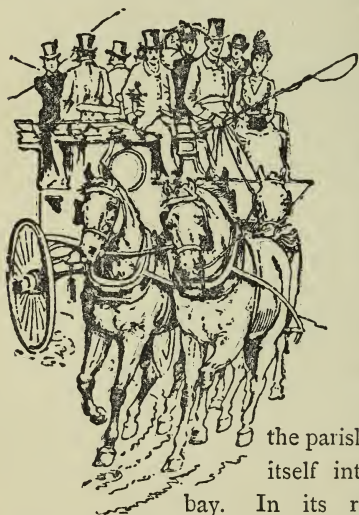


MINTIAGH'S LAKE, CO. DONEGAL

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

I was born (townland of Glentoher) ; it is at this day only a parish church in the diocese of Derry, and commonly called DOMNACH, GLINNE TOCHAIRE. It is frequented every year by a great concourse of pilgrims from the neighbouring country, especially on the feast of St. Patrick, patron of the place." That this Domnagh-Glinne-Tochaire was a foundation of St. Patrick is stated at Ch. CXX. of his Tripartite Life:—"Returning into the territory of Eugene, which is called Inis-Eoghan, he (St. Patrick) came into that part of it which belonged to Fergusius, the son of Eugenius, and then set about measuring at *Achadb-Droman*, a site for a church, but Coelbadius, son of Fergusius, prevented him and drove him off by violence, whereupon St. Patrick foretold to him the disagreeable news of his future punishment, and that one of his race should never build a dwelling on that site. This prophecy was fulfilled soon after in the person of Commanius, son of Algasacus, a descendant of the same Coelbadius, for he began to build a house at Eas-Mac-Eric, but before he got the roof on, some of the clergy, belonging to the church of Domnagh-Mor-Minghe-Tochaire, pulled it down and rooted up its very foundation. Aidius, son of Coelbadius, grieved at the treatment St. Patrick received from his father, Coelbadius, went to the Saint and pressed him to accept a site for a church in his territory, which was separated from his brother's patrimony neither by wall nor mound. St. Patrick readily accepted the kind and pious offer, and at once set about measuring the site, and laying the foundation of the church of Domnagh-Mor-Minghe-Tochaire, in the disposition and arrangement of which he spent forty days, and leaving therein a Bishop, Maccarthen,

one of his own disciples, he proceeded eastwards to Bredach, and there established the church of Mach-Bile or Moville." The spot on which St. Patrick ventured at first to clear the foundations for his church, and from which he was thrust violently by Coelbadius, was, according to the account given



in the extract just quoted, near Eas-Mac-Eric. Now Dr. O'Donovan says Eas-Mac-Eric is a ledge of rock over which the flood is precipitated into a deep basin below, and the river with this same obstruction in its channel still courses through a district of Inishowen. This river rises in Sliab Snachta, flows through

the parish of Donagh, and empties itself into Trawbrega estuary or bay. In its rapid progress the waters meet at a certain point with a bar of rocks, which makes them leap and fret until they dash over in a white sheet of foam—opposite this but away from the bank stood the church of Domnagh-Mor-Tochaire. The place furnishes plenty of scope for the antiquarian, and is situated within a lovely glen, guarded at the entrance by a remarkable looking stone, with which there is connected a curious local tradition. It appears the valley was in Pagan times enchanted ground, and protected by a terrible serpent called Tochaire. The story runs that St. Patrick on ventur-

ing into this fairyland found himself suddenly challenged by a sentinel, namely Tochaire, the serpent, when the Apostle, with the sharp end of his crozier, immediately chiselled some sacred emblems on a rough block of stone beside him, and having set it up at the entrance where he stood, Tochaire vanished for ever. The foundation of Domnagh-Mor-Tochaire has fallen from its early importance. St. Patrick erected it into a Bishoprick, and though now reduced to the level of a parish, it retains its ancient name and has recovered much of its former glory by having given to literature and religion the illustrious author of the *Acta Sanctorum*. This distinguished writer in the sketch he has left us of Donagh, and from which so much has been already quoted, says that even so late as his time, at Domnagh-Mor-Tochaire, "the penitential bed of St. Patrick and other ancient monuments of that kind are frequently visited by a great number of devout people." At present not one of these sacred relics can be seen in Donagh. That the bell with which St. Patrick used to summon the faithful to prayer is the very one now swinging in the tower of the Protestant church there, a good many believe, but erroneously, for the bell in question bears no marks whatever to justify such antiquity.

Malin.—From Carndonagh the tourist should proceed to Malin, a village at the head of Travbreaga bay, in which is Doagh Island, having at its north-western extremity the walls of Carrickabrahay Castle, one of the O'Doherty's fortalices. The lover of cliff scenery, especially if he be disposed to walk long and difficult distances, should explore the coast from Malin on to Malin Head, Ireland's most northerly point, following the cliffs from the

“Five Fingers,” a prominent assemblage of rocks, where there is a lighthouse and a coastguard station. From Malin Tower, which stands 226 feet over the waves, the cliffs trend to the south-east, forming a line of grand mural precipices, running some eight miles to Glengad Head :—“The cliffs are very magnificent, being upwards of 800 feet in height, and resembling those of Moher in county Clare, though not presenting the same sheer wall of precipice” (*Murray*). From Glengad Head one had better return to Malin.

Culdaff.—Leaving Malin, and after covering about four miles of a good road, the tourist will cross the peninsula to CULDAFF, a village, well-protected from the bitter blasts by a thick clump of trees, attached to the residence of the local landlord. The tide comes up, and there is a river of the same name which, rising a few miles off in the mountains to the south, joins the sea :—

“See the bountiful Culdah careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestrown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Inishowen.”

SIR C. G. DUFFY.

From Culdaff the way runs through a wild but not uninteresting district. After the sixth mile or so it enters a broad valley, with Squire’s Cairn on the right, and Craignamaddy on the left, from which it emerges upon Lough Foyle, reaching after nine and a half miles.

Moville—(Hotel :—*McConnell’s* ; pop. 1,200)—“A watering-place which the citizens of Derry love to frequent in the Summer” (*Murray*), and it were hard to find a more delightful sea-side resort. It is situated near the entrance

to the Lough, so that all the shipping of Derry, which is of late very considerable, passes under the windows. There the Anchor Line boats, plying between Glasgow and New York, call off Moville to deliver and receive the Irish and English mails, which are conveyed to or from Derry by steam-tender. Northward the blue Atlantic bounds the horizon, while eastward the view extends from the coast away to the county Derry mountains, showing a fine range behind Limavaddy.

From Moville to Inishowen Head

the visitor ought to drive along the coast, passing Greencastle, where there is a good modern fort, guarding the entrance into the Lough, between the Head and McGilligan Point opposite. Here also are the ruins of a formidable old



fortress, belonging to the O'Dohertys, and three miles further on Inishowen Head is reached (300 feet high) from which the lover of stern coast-scenery may set off on a most enjoyable scramble over the precipices that here face the Atlantic.

From Moville to Strabane.—In the summer months the tourist may go from Moville to Derry by steamer, and enjoy a most delightful trip. About half way up, the Lough expands into a splendid bay, narrowing again into an estuary some four miles from Derry. It were hard to conceive a more pleasing bit of country than that which greets the eye

as one passes up the river. Before him rises the "Maiden City," an amphitheatre of houses, surmounted by the Cathedral spire, and supported on either side by green heights with handsome suburban villas. The highly cultivated shores rise fresh and luxuriant from the calm water, going off gently to the peaceful hills of Inishowen on the right, and on the left to the blue forms of the more distant mountains of the county Derry. Should one, however, wish to travel by the road, it is a superb drive of about nineteen miles. The route skirts the shore almost the entire way, affording a panorama of great sylvan beauty. At the end of the eighth mile, you come to the village of Carrowkeel, off which the Foyle attains its greatest breadth. Having Crockglass (1,296 feet) close upon the right, and crossing the Cabry stream, the way holds by the coast, passing some four miles further on, Eskaheen, the place where the renowned Eoghan (page 111), first lord of Inishowen, was buried, though the exact site of the grave has not been determined. It was in this neighbourhood also that Toland, the teacher of Bollingbroke, and leader of the Deistical School in the reign of Queen Anne, was born. At a short distance from Eskaheen the traveller lights upon Muff, a small place, adjoining which is Kilderry, and down at the water's edge is the historic

Fort of Culmore (page 207).—About two miles from the city the visitor will notice over the river an imposing residence called Boom Hall, and underneath, near the water, a red object. This is to mark the spot from which the famous "boom" or barrier was thrown across the river to cut off all hope of aid coming by sea to the perishing but no-surrender citizens during the memor-

able siege of Derry. On the 30th of July, 1689, a hundred and five days after the siege began, two ships, carrying provisions, swept down upon the blockade in full sail and forced their way through. Another short mile, and one is landed in the grounds of Belmont to see St. Columb's Stone, which long served for the inauguration of the chief in this district—thence to

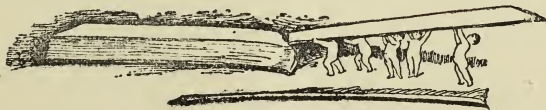
Derry.—(Hotels :—*Imperial, Jury's, Rody's, the City, &c.*; pop. 30,000). Here the visitor, after reviving his memory of Lord Macaulay's stirring chapter on the siege of Derry, and making a circuit of the "walls," may leave the Great Northern Railway Station. The line runs close to the estuary of the Foyle, passing Carrigans, then St. Johnston (eight miles). Quitting St. Johnston, one sees on the right a pretty Catholic church, and near it "a square tower, all that is left of the Castle of Mountgevin, in which James II. held his court till the termination of the siege of Derry" (*Murray*). But this refuge of Royalty is still more remarkable for having been a principal residence of the celebrated Ineen Dubh, daughter of Macdonnell, Lord of the Isles, and mother of Red Hugh, the Bayard of Tyrconnell. She has come down to us as "excelling in all the qualities that become a woman ; yet possessing the heart of a hero, and the soul of a soldier." Her connection with Mountgevin is recorded in a State paper document to this effect :—"The poynte of lande, whereon Burt standeth, maketh a boge, in the bottome of which stands an old fort, called Cul-Mac-Tryan, this was wont to be held by (The) O'Donnell. From Cul-mac-Tryan runs a bogg three myles in length to the side of Lough Foyle—in the midst of the bogg is a standing loughe, called Bunaber,.....here at

Bunaber dwells O'Donnell's mother (Ineen Dubh Macdonnell). Three miles above Cargan stands a fort called McGevyvelin (Mongevlin) upon the river of Lough foyle—O'Donnell's mother's chief house." Other neighbouring places from which the ancient families were turned out to make room for the English and Scotch favourites of King James I., in 1610, are also mentioned in the same official list. Thus, for instance, "Four miles up the river of Loughfoyle is the Liffer—here dwelt the O'Donnell. Four miles above the Liffer stands Castle fene (Finn)—Nial Garvs's (O'Donnell) house. Four miles above Castle fene is a fryers house called Drumboy (Drumboe). Three myles above Drumboe stands a fort called Ballakit—here dwelte Donnell Gallocar (O'Gallagher), one of O'Donnell's chief Counsellors. Ten miles above Ballakit is Lough fene (Finn) upon the river Fene (Finn) where the river hath its first head." Then in the Letterkenny and Rathmullan direction similar confiscations are enumerated:—"Fyve miles above Ramullan there is a Castle of Hugh McHugh Duffe's (O'Donnell) called Ramalton (Ramelton) standing upon the Lannan (river) which falleth in Lough Swilly—Hugh Duffe's own house. Three myles above Ramaltan upon the Lough syde in a baye is the Abbey of Kil O'Donaell in Hugh McHugh Duffe's country—here dwells only fryers. Five miles above Kil O'Donnell there is a ford passable at low water, wherein hath sometime been a fort called the Farcet (Fearsad) of Soloughmore. Three miles from the ford, towards Birt stands an Abbey, called Ballaghan, over against Kil O'Donnell—here dwelt fryers. Three miles from Ballaghan towards Birt is a poynte of lande which runs far into the Lough when hath been a strong

fort, but now broken downe, and is called Dunboye—here dwells Shane Mac Manus Oge (O'Donnell)."

The train pursues its way along the stately stream, crossing it above Porthall, where it passes into Tyrone, in which county is

Strabane.—Hotels :—*Abercorn Arms, Commercial* ; pop. 4,200). From this convenient point the Great Northern Railway Company has a "limited mail" to Dublin and a splendid service to all the great centres in the North. But the tourist in Ireland with "the Donegal Highlands" on his programme, who may find himself at Belfast or Derry, will make for this thriving town of Strabane as his starting-point. In this event he shall begin his Donegal visit just where it has been brought to an end by the tourist, who may have chosen to enter the county from Enniskillen, and reverse the order of excursions traced in this little book—that is, follow them from finish at **Strabane** to start at Enniskillen instead of start at Enniskillen to finish at Strabane.





INDEX.

- ADAIR, John George (Derryveagh Evictions), 234-242.
Adamnan, St., Abbot of Hy, 233.
 " Biographer of St. Columba, 230.
 " Canon of, 234.
Aghawell (Mt.), 290.
Aghla (Mt.), 155.
Aghla Beg (Mt.), 166.
Aghla Mor (Mt.), 166.
Aidan (King of Albanian Scots), 232
Aileach, Grianan of, 8, 284, 285.
 " Legend of, 286.
Ainmire (Monarch of Erin), 232.
Allingham, W., Occasional poems, 18
 " Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, 27, 28.
Altnapaste (Mt.), 74.
Alton (Lough), 166.
Amiens Street (Gt. Northern Railway Station), 7.
Anderson, Dr. (The plot to get rid of the Earls),
Annagray, 153, 154.
Anure (Lough), 154.
Annals of the Four Masters, 61-64.
Annesley, Lord (rise of the family), 213, 214.
Aquila del Don Juan (Spanish Commander at Kinsale), 58.
Ardnagarry (Battle of), 46.
Ardara, 137.
Ardnamona, 72.
Ardrummon, 252.
Ards, 186.
 " Famous Master of Ards (old William Wray), 187-189.
 " Stewart of Ards, 189.
Armada (Spanish), 67, 153.
Arranmore (North Arran), 152, 171.
Arran, Lord, 167.
Asharoe (Cataract of), 16, 17.
 " Abbey of, 17, 18.
Ashdown (Waterfall), 72.
Asherancally (Waterfall), 136.
Asicus, St., 94, 95.
Athseanni (Ford of), 19.
Ath-an-Charpaid (Ford of the Chariot). See Burndale, 10.
Awark Mor (Slieve League), 98, 99.

BAGNAL, Sir Henry, 279, 280.
Baithen, St., 233.
Ballinagrath (Mt.), 75.
Ballindrate, 246.
Ballintra, 37.
Ballaghboy (Pass of), 54.
Ballyarr, 254.
Ballybofey (Strath-bo-Fiach), 74.
 " Battle of, 44.
Ballyduff (River), 86.
Ballymacool (Demesne), 222.
Ballycross, 180.
Ballyness (Bay), 173.
Ballyconnell, Residence, 176.
 " Scene of the Plan of Campaign, 176, 177.
Ballymote (Sligo), 52, 53.
Ballyshannon (Falls of), 16.
 " Castle of, 19, 20.
Ballysaggart, 84.
Balleehan (Battle of), 45, 287.
Ballymackstoker (Bay), 264.
Ballakit (Ancient seat of O'Gallagher), 300.
Balor (Pagan King of Torry), 175-177.
Banagh (Tir Bochain), 85.
Barnesmore Gap, 73.
 " Mountain of, 73.

- Barnes Gap (Tarmon), 200.
 Barn Hill (Residence), 252.
 Barran, St., 24.
 Barra (Lough), 149-158.
 Bayard of Tyrconnell (Red Hugh),
 47, 69, 52, 248, 299.
 Bawan (Lough Doon and Lough
 Birroge), 144.
 Bedlam, 173.
 Belgoley, 66.
 Belleek, 7, 22.
 Bellevue (Residence), 229.
 Belmont (St. Columb's stone), 299.
 Beltany (Stone Circle), 245.
 Benbulbin (Mt.), 2, 26.
 Bernard, Dr. (repaired Aileach), 285.
 Benburb, Battle of, 197, 198.
 Binbane (Mt.), 83.
 Bingham (Governor of Connaught
 in Torry), 178.
 ,, His barbarities and recall,
 51.
 Binnion, 290.
 Birroge (Lough and Bawan), 144.
 Bloody Foreland, 173.
 Bloomfield, Laurence (Poem), 27, 28.
 Bluestack (Mt. range), 72.
 Bollingbroke (Deistical School), 298.
 Bonaparte Mrs. (Miss Patterson).
 263.
 Bonyglen (Residence), 83.
 Boom (Barrier on Foyle at Siege of
 Derry, 1688), 298.
 ,, Hall, 298.
 Borrowed Pride (Poem), 154.
 Bothconnais (Monastery of), 290, 291.
 Boyne, Lord, 259, 260.
 ,, Buried Mansion of, 259.
 Boylagh (Barony), 80.
 ,, Bay of, 135.
 Bredagh (Moville), 294.
 Brian Boru (Law of assuming sur-
 names), 12.
 ,, Deposed from his su-
 premacy, 19.
 Broadhaven, Stage of, 102.
 Brownhall (Pullens at), 37.
 Browne, Frances (Blind Poetess of
 Donegal), 77.
 Bruckless, 86.
 Buncrana, 289.
 Bundoran, 25, 26.
 Bunbeg, 167.
 Bunlin (River), 254.
 Bunglass (Slieve League), 98.
 Burndale, 10, 246.
 Burnfoot, 284.
 Burren, 17.
 Burt, 284, 288.
 ,, Castle of Sir Cahir O'Doherty,
 205, 206, 208.
 Burton Port, 151, 152.
 Butt's grave, 75, 76.
 CABHARTACH (Tober Slaun) healing
 well, 288.
 Cabry (Stream), 289.
 Cairnechus, St., 250.
 Callaghan (King of Munster), 11.
 Camlan Castle, 15.
 Caracéna (Spanish Governor), 69.
 Carbery (Son of Niall of the Nine
 Hostages), 8, 9.
 Carew, Sir George, 66, 70.
 Cargan, 300.
 Cark (Mt.), 10, 246.
 Carker (River), 86.
 Carmgan Hibernicus (Bp. of Raphoe,
 1515), 64.
 Carndonagh, 292, 295.
 Carnegilla, 186.
 Carnaween (Mt.), 83.
 ,, Cromlech, 83, 144.
 Carr, Father (Story of the Spaniard),
 110-119.
 Carrigan Head, 97, 98.
 Carthac, St. (Kilcar), 93.
 Carrick (Glencolumbkille), 96.
 ,, Glencolumbkille Hotel, 96.
 Carrickabrahy Castle, 295.
 Carrickfergus, 213, 214.
 Carrigart, 258, 259.
 Carrowkeel, 298.
 Cashelmore (home of Mrs. Jerome
 Bonaparte), 263.
 Cassidy, P. Sarsneld (Author), 154.
 Castledoe (see Doe Castle).
 Castleross, 290.
 Castlefin (Castle of), 246.
 ,, (Camp of Red Hugh).
 Castlegrave, 252.
 Castle-point (MacSwine Castle), 85.

- Castlewray, 252.
 Catherine, St., 88.
 „ Well of, 89.
 „ Priory of, 89.
 Caithairs or Duns, 139, 140.
 Cearc (Companion of St. Columba),
 122, 123.
 Cecil, Robert (Lord Salisbury), 269.
 Chichester, Sir Arthur (Lord De-
 puty), 213, 214.
 Churchill, 228.
 Claragh (Residence), 254.
 Clements, Daniel, founder of the
 Leitrim family, 257.
 Cliff (Residence), 14
 Clifford, Sir Conyers, 19, 20, 51,
 52, 55.
 Cloghan Lodge, 74.
 Cloghaneely, 176.
 Cloghteach (Bell House, Torry), 178
 Clondahorky, 186.
 Clonleigh (Famous School and
 Church), 248, 250.
 Clonmany, 290, 291.
 Coarb of Columbkille, 50, 201.
 Cobos Alonso (Spanish Envoy),
 87.
 Columba, St. (Birth-place of), 229.
 „ Sketch of him by
 Adamnan, &c., 230,
 233.
 „ His Ecclesiastical
 Foundations, 231.
 „ His presence at the
 Nat. Convention of
 Drumceat, 232.
 „ His Death and Burial-
 place, 232.
 „ Cathac of, 234.
 „ Cross of, 180.
 Colgan, 81, 292.
 „ *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*.
 81, 82.
 Conall-Gulban, 8.
 „ His Conversion by
 St. Patrick, 9.
 Confederation of Irish Catholics
 (1641), 192-200,
 Congested Districts Board, 147-149.
 Connor (King of Connaught), 11.
 Connolly, Rt. Hon. William, 14, 15.
 Connolly, Tom, M.P., 14.
 Connell, St., Abbot of Iniskeel, 141.
 „ Bell of, 143.
 Conwall, Abbey of, 222.
 „ Battle of, 223-225.
 Convoy, 245, 246.
 Conyngham, Marquis of, 78, 80.
 „ Rev. Alexander (Dean
 of Raphoe), 80.
 Coote, Sir Charles, 200.
 Coxtown, 39.
 Corcan, (father of one of St.
 Patrick's Disciples), 10.
 Cormac, Mac Art (King of Ireland),
 126.
 Corunna, 68, 69.
 Courcey, De John (Anglo-Norman
 Knight), 223.
 Craignamaddy Castle, 236.
 Crana (River), 289.
 Cranford Bridge, 258.
 Cratloe Wood (Scene of the murder
 of Lord Leitrim), 255.
 Creadran Killè (Battle of), 224.
 Creeslough, 200.
 Croaghan (Townland), 250.
 „ Hill of, 250.
 „ Battle of, 250, 251.
 Croagh-an-Darchadas (Cave of), 136.
 Croaghballaghdown (Mt.), 136.
 Crockanaffrin (Mt.), 264.
 Crockglass (Mt.), 298.
 Crockbrack (Mt.), 159.
 Crocknalara (Mt.), 166.
 Crock-na-neach (Hill of the Horses),
 226.
 Crohy Head, 151.
 Cromlech (Carnaween), 83.
 „ (Kilclooney), 144
 Cronarad (Mt.), 91.
 Croom, 66.
 Crossroads, 173.
 Crove (River), 137.
 Croughcross, 208.
 Cruthnecanus, St., 287.
 Culabber (River), 166.
 Culdaff, 296.
 Culmore (Fort), 298.
 „ Slaughter of the Garrison,
 207.
 Curliew (Mt.), Battle of, 53-55.

- Curiosa Hibernica (Battle of Scariff Holles), 226, 228.
 DALLAN, St. (Iniskeel), 142.
 Danes, 12.
 Daol (Deel), Lough, 21.
 „ „ River, 10.
 Davis (Davies), Sir John, 226.
 Davoc, St (Lough Derg), 30, 31, 34.
 Deorba (Pagan King of Ireland), 16, 19.
 Derry (sacked and burned), 191, 206, 208, 211.
 „ Changed into Londonderry, 211.
 „ Diocese of, 244, 245.
 „ Siege of, 298, 299.
 Derrybeg (Gweedore), Flood in the Church, 167, 168.
 „ Fatal attack on Police Inspector Martin, 167, 168.
 Derryloghan (Mt.), 141, 149.
 Derryveagh, 234.
 „ Evictions of, 234, 242.
 Devenish Island (Ruins). 7.
 Doagh (Village), 263; Doagh Island, 295.
 Doe Castle, 194.
 „ MacSwiney Doe, 189, 190.
 „ Landing of Owen Roe O'Neil (in 1642), 192.
 Doire Calcagh (Derry), 230.
 Doherty, W. J. (Bell of St. Connell), 143.
 Doiremel, St. (Nunnery of), 27.
 Donnagh-Glinne-Tohair (Donagh), 292, 295.
 Donagh (Parish of), 292-295.
 „ (Monarch Irish), 11.
 Donaghmore (St. Patrick's Visit), 19.
 Donegal (County of), 39.
 „ (Town of), 39.
 „ (Abbey of), 40, 41, 50, 57, 58, 59, 62, 71.
 „ (Castle of), 64, 65.
 „ (*Martyrology of*), 31, 32.
 Doon (Rock of), 202.
 Doon (Well of), 202, 203.
 „ (Sir Cahir O'Doherty killed here), 204, 210, 214, 215.
 „ Lough of (Bawan) in Boylagh, 143, 144.
 „ Port of (Torry), 175.
 Dowcra, Sir Henry, 56.
 „ His Arrival in Derry, 56.
 „ His Sketch of Nial Garv's character, 60.
 Downing's (Bay), 258; Downing's Pier, 261.
 Dowros (Head and Bay), 132, 135.
 Drimohill, 288.
 Drumboe (Castle), 74.
 „ Abbey of, 300.
 Drowes or Duncarbery Castle, 26.
 Drumceat (National Convention in 575), 252.
 Drumholme (Parish), 37.
 „ (Monastery), 37, 38.
 Drumkeelin (Fossil Remains), 80.
 Drumhallagh, 264.
 Drumbollog, 228.
 Ducarry Bridge, 149, 158.
 Dunaff Head, 290.
 Dunaveragh, 54.
 Dunboy (Castle), 216.
 Dunfanaghy, 181.
 Dungannon, 12, 23.
 Dungloe, 150.
 Dunkineely, 84.
 Dunlewy (Gweedore), 166.
 „ (House and Church), 166.
 Dunmore (Ancient Fort), 143.
 Dunree Head, 290.
 Dubdubaun (Disciple of St. Patrick), 10.
 Dysert (Ancient Chapel and Holy Well), 83.
 EA (Lough), 75.
 Eagle's Nest (Slieve League), 09.
 Eanybeg (River), 83.
 Ea-Rua (Pagan King drowned in Falls of Ballyshannon), 16, 17.
 Eas-Mac-Eric (Foundation of St. Patrick), 293, 294.
 Eden (House), 144.
 Elders, 123.
 Emania (Palace of), 17.

- Engus (King of Munster), 81.
 Enniskillen, 7, 259.
 Eoghan (Owen, on of Niall of the Nine Hostages), 8, 10, 11, 288, 298.
 Errigal (Mt.), 170.
 Erinn (Monarchy of), 8.
 Erne (Lough), 7, 13.
 „ (River), 7, 8, 9, 16.
 Ernan (St.), 38, 39.
 Esk (River), 72, 73.
 „ (Lough), 72, 73.
 „ (House), 72, 73.
 Eskaneen, 298.
 Ethnea (Torry Island), 175, 176.
 Eugene (Son of Niall of Nine Hostages), 10.
 Eunan, St. (first Bp. of Raphoe), 243, 244.
 Excursions, (see Contents in front).
- FAHAN, 281.
 „ Abbey of, 281-284.
 Fairy Bridge (Bundoran), 25.
 Falcarragh, 173, 174, 179.
 Falls (Ballyshannon), 16.
 Fanad (of the Galloglasses), 262.
 „ Head, 263.
 Farcet or Farcetmore, 300.
 Fate and Fortunes of Earls Tyrone and Tyrconnell, 208.
 Fear-Gowan (Fenian hero), 155-157.
 Fergus (son of Connall-Gulban), 9.
 Fern Lough, 254.
 Fingalla (wife of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Donegal Abbey), 40.
 Finn (Lough), 155.
 „ „ Legend of, 155-157.
 „ River, 74.
 Finntown, 157, 158.
 Finn Mac Cumbhall (giant), 123, 144.
 Fintra House, 91.
 „ Bay, 91.
 Fitzgerald. Maurice (single combat with Godfrey O'Donnell), 223, 224.
 Fitzwilliam Sir W. (Lord Deputy), 48.
 Flight of the Earls, 265-270.
 Four Masters, 61, 62.
 „ *Annals of*, 62-64.
- Fort Stewart, 254.
 Fort Royal, 264.
 Foyle (Lough), 296, 300.
 „ River, 299.
 Foxhall, 228.
 Frasses, 82.
 „ Catholic Church and Schools, 83.
- GALLOWGLASSES, 85, 86.
 Garrison, 28.
 Gaugin (Mt.), 75.
 Gartan Loughs, 228.
 „ Birth-place of St. Columba, 229.
 „ (Mountains), 220.
 Glen (Village), (Rosgul), 166, 221.
 „ Lough of (Rosgul), 221.
 „ Poisoned (Gweedore), 166.
 „ (Bay of), 126.
 Glenal'a Hills, 120.
 Glencolumbkille (Sean Glean), 120.
 „ Parish of Glen, 120.
 „ Bed and Well of St. Columba, 120.
- Glendowan (Mt.), 159, 228.
 Glengesh (Pass of), 136, 137.
 Glengad Head, 296.
 Glen Head, 126.
 Glenlehin (Mt.), 156.
 Glenleck, 165.
 Glenlough (River), 134.
 „ (Hill), 135.
 Glenmalure, 49.
 Glenna, 173.
 Glenties, 75, 138-140.
 „ (Big Glen of), 75.
 „ Pillar Stone and Cathair, 75.
 Glentoher, 81, 292.
 Glenveagh, 159-161.
 „ Castle of, 159.
 Golden Loup (Cascade), 254.
 Gortlea, 252.
 Granny (Glen), 136.
 Great Northern Railway, 7, 301.
 Greencastle, 297.
 Gweebarra (Estuary), 141, 149, 151, 158, 159.
 Gweedore, 147, 148.
 „ Hotel, 167.

- Gweedore, Police Inspector Martin,
fatal attack on, 167,
168.
- HALL, the (Mountcharles), 78.
- Hamilton, late Mr., Recorder of
Cork, 144.
- „ Lt.-Colonel, 144.
- Hammond, Mr., 152.
- Harte, Family of, 191.
- „ Captain, 206, 207.
- Hebrides, 11.
- Herdman, Mr., 151.
- Hill, Lord George (Gweedore),
167.
- Hoche, 221.
- Horne Head, 181, 182-185.
- Hugh Finliath, 11.
- Hy Niall, 8.
- INAUGURATION (of the O'Donnell),
13, 202.
- „ (of the O'Neil), 12, 13.
- Inishtrahall, 183.
- Innishannon, 67.
- Innisboffin, 173, 182.
- Innisbeg, 173, 182.
- Inissaimer (Erne), 7, 18.
- Inishowen (origin of), 11, 288, 297.
- „ 204, 205, 213, 216, 291.
- Iniskeel (Island), 141.
- „ Abbey of, 142.
- Inver (Parish of), 80, 81.
- Iona (St. Columba), 231.
- KADU, 152.
- Keadew, 159.
- Keenaghan (Lough), 32.
- Kerns (Ceithern), 85.
- Kerrykiel, 264.
- Kilbarron (Castle), 24.
- „ (Old Church), 24.
- Kilcar (Town), 93.
- „ Abbey of, 93.
- „ Holy Wells, 94.
- Kilclooney, 144.
- „ Cromlech of, 144.
- „ Lebacha Diarmid agus
Grainné, 149-151.
- Kildare (Dowager Countess of),
274.
- Kilderry, 298.
- Killaghtee, 84.
- Killybegs (Town), 86.
- „ (Harbour), 86.
- „ (Arrival of Spanish Fleet),
87.
- Killygordon, 246.
- Killydonnell (Abbey), 252, 253.
- „ (Bell of), 253-6.
- Kilmacrenan, 200.
- „ Eccl. Remains, 201.
- Kilmallock, 66.
- Kilrain, 83.
- Kiltooris (Lough), 144.
- Kiltroy Lodge, 252.
- Kimbahe (Pagan King), 16, 17.
- Kincora, 12.
- Kincaslugh, 153.
- Kindrum, 263.
- Kinlough, 26.
- Kingsland (Countess of), 274.
- Kinel-Conall, 8.
- Kinel-Owen (Eoghan), 8.
- Kinsale (arrival of Spanish Army),
65.
- „ Battle of, 65-7.
- Knocavoe (Battle of), 43.
- Knockalla (Hills), 262, 263, 264.
- Knockraver (Mt.), 155.
- LACKBEG, 152.
- Laggan, 285, 286.
- Laghy, 39.
- Lambert (Sir Oliver), 59, 214.
- Lamb's Head (Bay), 264.
- Lannan River, 254.
- Larkfield, O'Donnells of, 61.
- Leighton, Sir F. (at Malinbeg),
104.
- Leitrim, Lord (murder of), 255.
- „ His notion of landlord
rights, 256, 257.
- „ His benevolent suc-
cessor, 257, 258.
- Lebacha Diarmid agus Grainné
(Legend of), 149-151.
- Letterkenny, 221, 251.
- Lettermackaward, 149.
- Lewis (*Topographical Dictionary*),
138, 289.
- Lifford, 248.

- Lifford, Castle of, 248.
 Lisnenan, 252.
 Linsfort, 290.
 Lorcan (King of Leinster), 11.
 Loughros (Point), 134, 135.
 „ Bay, 138.
 Lough Derg (St. Patrick's Purgatory, 29, 32.
 „ Description of, 33-36.
 „ Penitential Practice of, 36, 37.
 Loughfad, 146.
 Loughunshagh, 120.
 Loughveagh, 160-165.
 Lowertown, 262.
 Lcwreymore River, 73.

 MAAS, 141.
 Macaulay, Lord (Siege of Derry), 299.
 MacBracken, Hugh, St., 94, 102.
 Macha Mongruadh, 17.
 MacClancy or MacClanchy, 26.
 MacCormack, Menelaus (Bishop of Raphoe), 64.
 MacGee's *History of Ireland*, 70.
 MacLoughlin (King of Aileach), 19.
 MacCarthy (Reagh), 66.
 „ Cormac, 66.
 MacDevitt, Sir Phelim, 204, 205, 208, 210, 215, 217.
 MacGilligan Point, 297.
 Mackineely, 175, 176.
 MacMahon (Bp.). Battle of Scariff Hollis, 225-228.
 MacMonagle (Donatus), Bp. of Raphoe, 89, 90.
 MacSwine (Origin of Clan), 84, 85.
 „ Of the Galloglasses or Battle-Axes, 85, 86.
 „ Of Banagh (Castle and Bay), 85.
 „ Of Doe, 190.
 „ Of Fanad (Castles of Rathmullen and Moross), 262, 263, 265.
 MacSwine's Gun, 185.
 MacSwine, Jack (story of), 161-165.
 MacWard, Poet, 270.
 Maghery (Caves of), 136.

 Magrath, (Myler), 33.
 „ (Termon), 32.
 Magh Ith, 286.
 Maguire, Reginald, 21-23.
 Magheramenagh Castle, 32.
 Malin, 295.
 „ Head and Tower, 296.
 Malinbeg Bay, 104, 110.
 Malinmore, 110.
 Mamore (Gap of), 290.
 Margan, 70, 270.
 Manorcunningham, 287.
 Manor Vaughan, 257, 258.
 Martin, Police Inspector (Gweedore), fatal attack on, 165.
Martyrology of Donegal, 31.
 Meenglass, 74.
 Meenmore, 151, 152.
 Melisa, St., 291.
 Mella, St., 27.
 Melvin (Lough), 27.
 Melmore (Tower of), 263.
 „ Steamer, 258, 261.
 Milford, 254.
 Mill (River), 289.
 Mintiagh's Lough, 292.
 Monasticum Hibernicum, 17.
 Monroe (General), 194, 198.
 Moross (Castle), 263.
 Morrison, Fynes, 57, 267.
 Mossville, 144.
 Mountcharles, 78.
 Mourn (Lough and River), 74.
 Mountgevin Castle, 299, 300.
 Mountjoy (Lord Deputy), 56, 60, 66, 267.
 Merville, 296.
 Muckish (Mt.), 179, 180.
 Muff, 298.
 Muineagh (Mt.), 104.
 Muckross (Point), 92.
 Muir Kertoch, 11.
 Mullafin (Mt.), 245.
 Mullaghderg, 153.
 Mullaghnashee, 9, 17.
 Mura, or Muranus, St., 281.
 Mulroy Bay, 255, 258.
 Murphy, Rev. Denis, S.J., 70.
 Murray (Laird of Broughton), 76-78.
 Murray, Stewart, 80.

Murray's Handbook (*passim*).
 Musgrave, Messrs. (Carrick), 96.
 Myrath (Graveyard), 180.

NAALIS, or Natalis, St., 81, 82.

Nacung, Lough, 166.

Narin, 141.

Narrows, The, 258.

Nephin, Mt., 102.

Niall of the Nine Hostages, 7.

Niall Caille, 11.

Niall Glundubh, 11.

Nial Garv (see O'Donnell).

Nuala (wife of Nial Garv), 57, 272.

Nun's Grave (Torry), 178, 179.

OAK Park, 187.

O'Boyle, Chief of Boylagh, 144.

„ Castle of, 144.

O'Boyle, Dr. Nial (Bp. of Raphoe, 1593), 87, 88.

O'Brien (Brien Boru), 12, 19.

„ Murtagh, 15.

O'Ferghail (O'Friel), 201, 202.

O'Cananan, Prince of Tyrconnell, 17.

O'Cherballan, Bp. of Derry, 245.

O'Clery (Kilbarron Castle), 23, 24.

„ *Martyrology of Donegal*, 31, 32.

„ *Annals of Four Masters*, 61-64.

O'Connellan, Owen (*Annals of Four Masters*), 62.

O'Connor, Nuala (begins Abbey of Donegal), 40.

O'Connor, Dr. (Stowe Library), 62, 63.

O'Connor (Chief of Sligo), 53, 55.

O'Curry, Professor, 62, 63.

O'Doherty (descended from Conall-Gulban), 288.

O'Doherty, Chief of Inishowen from 15th century to (1610), 288.

O'Doherty, Sir John, 204.

„ Sir Phelim, 204.

„ Sir Cahir, 204-218.

„ Lady Rose, 195, 200, 266.

O'Donnell (Origin of name), 12, 13.

„ Castle at Ballyshannon, 19, 20.

„ Inauguration of The O'Donnell as Chieftain of Tyrconnell, 201, 202.

„ Helen (Story of), 20-23.

„ Godrey (1257), Battle of Creadran-Kille, 224.

„ Godrey, Battle of Con-wall, 225.

„ Nial the Bold (1428), 40.

„ Hugh Roe, the Augustus of the North West Europe (Donegal Abbey), 40, 41.

„ Hugh Oge (1500), successful wars with O'Neil, 42, 43.

„ Manus, marries the Aunt of Gerald of Kildare—Visits Henry VIII.—Got the title of Earl of Tyrconnell—Built O'Donnell Castle at Lifford, and wrote the life of his kinsman, St. Columba, 248.

„ Calvagh, treason of, &c., 44, 45, 46, 287, 288.

„ Hugh maintains autonomy of Tyrconnell, 39.

„ Final defeat of the O'Neil (Shane the Proud), 46, 47.

„ Hugh Roe (Red Hugh), the Bayard of Tyrconnell—Kidnapped at Rathmullen—Escaped from Dublin Castle—Inaugurated Chieftain of Tyrconnell—Becomes Master of Con-naught—United with Hugh O'Neil—Defeats Clifford in the battle of the Curlew Mountains—Is defeated at Kinsale—Mission to Spain and

- death there, 47-70.
- O'Donnell, Nial Garv betrays Red Hugh—He seizes the Castle at Lifford, and Abbey of Donegal for the English—His character—Dies in the Tower of London—His branch of the family is now represented by the O'Donnells of Larkfield, 57-61.
- „ *Rory*, succeeds in the Chieftaincy to his brother Red Hugh, 68—Submits to England and takes his title of Earl of Tyrconnell—Quits Ireland with his family for ever, and dies in Rome, 265-270.
- „ *Caffar*, brother of Rory and Red Hugh—Marries Lady Rose O'Doherty—Quits Ireland with his brother and family—Dies in Rome, 270.
- „ *Mary* (daughter of Rory)—Her romantic history, 272-278.
- „ Castle at Donegal, 64, 65.
- „ Hugh Balderg (1689), 61.
- O'Donovan, Dr. (Editor of *Annals of Four Masters*), 62.
- O'Donovan (his unpublished notes, R. I. Academy), see *passim*.
- O'Donovan (his conclusion about the story of Mary O'Donnell), 278.
- O'Ferghil (O'Friel), Coarb of Columbkille, 13, 201.
- Oghter Lough, 199.
- Oiley Bridge, 86.
- O'Loughlin, Donal (King of Aileach), 19.
- O'Malley, Owen (Chieftain), 88.
- O'Muldory (Lord of Kinell-Connell), 18.
- One Man's Path (Slieve League), 100, 102.
- O'Neil, Origin of name and Chieftaincy, 12.
- „ Con Mor (1500) Wars with Hugh Oge O'Donnell, 43.
- „ Shane (the Proud), Wars with the Chieftains, Calvagh (1556) and Hugh O'Donnell (1570),
- „ Con Bacagh, created Earl (in 1542), 268.
- „ Hugh, grandson of Con Bacagh, joined Red Hugh O'Donnell against the English—Battle of the Yellow Ford, &c., 47, 50, 53, 66. He submits to England and adopts the title of Earl of Tyrone, 268. He quits Ireland for ever with his family, 266-270. His death in Rome, and the end of his direct issue, 278-280.
- „ Sir Turlough, 50.
- „ Owen Roe, head of the army of the Catholic Confederation in 1642-49—Battle of Benburb, 192-200.
- „ Sir Phelim, Lord of Kinair, 194.
- „ Col. M'Tully O'Neil, in the army of Owen Roe, 196-198. End of Owen Roe's branch of the family, 200.
- Oona Lough, 120.
- O'Rourke of Bressai, 79, 80.
- O'Sullivan Bear (the Chief of Dunboy), 66.
- „ Author of the *History of Irish Catholics*, 215.
- O'Toole, Felim (Wicklow), 48.

- Otway, Rev. Caesar, Sketches in Donegal, 34.
 „ Sketch of Lough Derg, 33-35.
 „ Sketch of Barnesmore, 73, 74.
 „ Sketch of Glenveagh and Jack McSwine, 161-165.
 „ Sketch of Horn Head, 182, 183.
 „ Sketch of Lough Salt, 217-220.
 Owenea River, 138.
 Owey Island, 171.
 Owentucker River, 83.
 Owenwee River, 120.
 Owencrana River, 292
- PACATA HIBERNIA (Sir George Carew), 66-69
 Pakenham, Colonel, 15.
 „ Hon. W., 264.
 Partholan (Scythian), planted first colony in Ireland, 7.
 Patrick, St., Visit to Tyrconnell, 8-11.
 Patterson, Miss (Mrs. Bonaparte), 263.
 Paulet, Sir George (Governor of Derry), 205-207.
 Perrott, Sir John, 39, 47.
 Petrie, Dr., 120.
 Philip II. (of Spain) supports O'Neil and O'Donnell against Queen Elizabeth, 87.
 Philip III. (of Spain)—His letter of assurance to the Northern Chieftains, 52, 53. He sends an Expedition to Kinsale, 65.
 Pillar Stones, 159.
 Poisoned Glen (Gweedore), 166.
 Portachurry, 141.
 Porta-delg, 175.
 Port Doon, 176.
 Portnoo, 143.
 Porthall, 301.
 Portsalon (Croaghross) Hotel, 263.
 Presbyterians, 193.
 Preston, Hon. Mary (wife of Sir Cahir O'Doherty), 205.
- Prince Charles the Pretender hiding in Donegal, 131.
 Puliska (Cascade), 132.
 Pullens, The, 37.
 Puritans, 193.
 Purt (Ballyshannon), 16, 25.
- RAHAN (Rathaine), 85.
 Raheen Fort, 15.
 Railway, Finn Valley from Strabane to Stranorlar, 246.
 „ West Donegal, from Stranorlar and Killybegs, 77, 78.
 „ West Donegal, from Stranorlar to Glenties, 39.
- Railways Act (Light) of 1889, 78.
 Ramelton, 254.
 „ Castle of Hugh M'Hugh Duff O'Donnell, 300
- Raphoe, 243.
 „ Monastery of, 243.
 „ Church of, 243.
 „ Diocese of, 244, 245.
- Rapin (Huguenot historian), residence of, 74.
- Rathcunga, 95.
 Rathlin O'Beirne (Island), 84.
 Rathmullen, 265.
 „ Castle of, 265.
 „ Priory of, 265.
 „ Flight of the Earls, 265-270.
- Rathan Mor (Mt.), 290.
 Ray River, 180.
 Raymochy (Rye) Cloister, 287, 288.
- Reelan Bridge, 75.
 Rinmore Point, 263.
 Rock of Doon, 202.
 Rosses, 147-154.
 Rosgull, 259-261.
 Rosapenna Sands, 259.
 „ Hotel, 261, 262.
- Rossarell Point, 104.
 Rossclagher stronghold, 26.
 Rosnakill, 264.
 Rosinver, ruins of, 27.
 Rotten Island (Killybegs), 81.
 Rutland Island, 132.

SAMPSON (Ards), 181, 182.
 Saimer, Erne), River, 7.
 Saint John's Point, 84.
 Saldanha (wreck of), 244.
 Saint Ernan's (Residence), 39.
 Salt Hill, 80.
 Santa Lucia, 69.
 Sawpit (cliff), 127, 128.
 Scardangle (Waterfall) 158.
 Scariff-Hollis (Battle of), 225-228.
 Schruhan-Crolee (Waterfall), 158.
 Scraigs (Mt.), 158.
 Sean-Glean, 121-125.
 Seissagh (Lough), 186.
 Seven Arches, 264.
 Shadows Lake of (Swilly), 264.
 Shallagan River, 155.
 Shellfield, 254.
 Sheephaven Bay, 187.
 Simancas, 70.
 Sitric (Danish King), 11.
 Slieve League (Carrigan Head), 97,
 98.
 ,, One Man's Path, 100,
 102.
 ,, Awark Mor, 98, 99.
 ,, View from the top,
 102, 103.
 ,, The great cliff, 103,
 105.
 ,, Tale of Slieve League,
 105-110.
 ,, Story of the Spaniard,
 110-119.
 Slieve Snacht (Lough Barra) Mt.,
 158.
 ,, (Inishowen), 292.
 Slieveatooley (Mt.), 126-132.
 ,, Cliffs of, 132-135.
 ,, Hiding place of
 Prince Charles
 Stewart, 131.
 Soloughmore (Fearcet), 300.
 Squire's Cairn (Mt.), 296.
 Stags, The (Group of Ocean rocks),
 153.
 Staigue Fort, 140.
 Staunton, Lady (incident in her
 life), 100.
 Stewart of Horn Head, 182, 188.
 .. of Ards, 189.

Stewart, Sir William (Lough Derg),
 35.
 Stokes, Whitley, Mr., 9.
 Story of Macha (Red haired), 17.
 Story of the Spaniard, 110-119.
 Strafford (Earl), 192.
 Stranakirke, 123.
 Stranorlar, 75, 77.
 Sturrell (Cliff), 127.
 Swilly Lough, 221, 252, 253, 264.
 ,, River of, 225.
 Sydney, Lord Deputy (Donegal
 Castle), 64.
 TALE of Slieve League, 105-110.
 Tamny, 263.
 Tarmon, 200.
 Teelin Bay, 97.
 Templecrone, Parish of, 151.
 Temple Douglas (Abbey), 228.
 Termon River, 32.
 ,, Magrath, 32, 35.
 Thomond, 12, 19.
 Three Rock (Mt.), 48.
 Tigernagh, St., 27.
 Tilly Bridge, 254.
 Tochaire, 295.
 Toland (Deist) birth-place of,
 298.
 Todd, Rev. Dr., T.C.D., 120.
 Tone, Theobald Wolfe (place of
 arrest), 221.
Topographical Dictionary (Lewis),
 136, 289.
 Tormore, 128-131.
 Torry Island, Antiquities of, 174-177
 ,, Balor the giant, 175, 176.
 ,, Colony of St. Columba, 177,
 178.
 ,, Nun's grave, 178-179.
 Traban (Malinbeg), 104.
 Traubrega Bay, 294.
 Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, 9,
 10, 292.
 Truskmore (Mt.), 26.
 Tyrconnell, 8 and *passim*.
 ,, Countess of, 272-274.
 Tyrone, 8 and *passim*.
 Tulloghobegly, 173.
 Tourist Development Scheme, 158
 and Preface.

ULSTER chiefs, 196.
 Usher, Primate, 192.
 Urban VIII., Pope.
 „ His hospitality to the exiled
 Earls O'Neil and O'Don-
 nell in Rome, 270.
 „ His letter to Mary O'Don-
 nell (Stewart), 276-277.
 Urris Hills, 290.

VALLADOLID, 70.

WARD, Father (Colgan's associate),
 79.

Wakeman (*Antiquities*), 140.
 Walker, Miss (Hotel), 104, 126.
 Ware, *Irish Antiquities*, 245.
 Wasp, wreck of gunboat, 121.
 Waterfoot River and Residence, 32.
 Windermere, the Irish (Lough
 Erne), 7
 Woodhill, Residence, 137.
 Wingfield, Marshal, 210.
 Wray (Master of Ards), 186-189.

YELLOW Ford, Battle of, 53.

ZAMORA, 69.

